THE NOVEMBER

ROYAL

4D

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Pointed Paragraphs.

Millions of people the world over rely on BEECHAM'S PILLS to keep them in good health. Does not that prove that they possess merit? *That's the Point!*

When you know that BEECHAM'S PILLS will relieve you of Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, and Indigestion, is it not worth while to have a box always handy? *That's the Point!*

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BEECHAM'S PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box.

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The Moral of This Life:—

ADAPTABILITY!

'OF ALL THE DISCOVERIES WHICH MEN NEED MAKE, THE MOST IMPORTANT AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IS THAT OF THE SELF-FORMING POWER TREASURED UP IN THEMSELVES,' viz.:

'SOW AN ACT AND YOU REAP A CHARACTER, SOW A CHARACTER AND YOU REAP UNAVOIDABLE FATE!' Or in other words, you may gather the honey of wisdom only by obedience to natural laws. Read the pamphlet given with each bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' How to Prevent Suffering and Disease by Natural Laws. It is the province of character to adapt circumstances to noble results. Then dare to be wise, as ill-health is the first step to disease and short life!

SUCH IS HUMAN LIFE, SO GLIDING ON;
IT GLIMMERS LIKE A METEOR AND IS GONE!

MORAL FOR ALL—

'I need not be missed if another succeed me;
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.'

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—"After 25 years' use I have found a cup of hot tea, taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of 'FRUIT SALT,' a great boon."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered, Sleepless or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and is an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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If you buy here you buy at actual makers' prices, and do not sacrifice one iota of style or quality.

We offer nothing commonplace, nothing old-fashioned, and nothing that cannot be honestly recommended.

Our best argument for post buying is the merit of the garments we ask you to buy. We therefore offer to forward you any model on approval on receipt of price and postage, and hereby undertake to return your remittance instantly if you are dissatisfied with what we send you. Will you give us a trial? There can be no fairer system of trading than ours.

From **9/6** Model 274

Coat-and-Skirt Costume, for maidens blossoming into womanhood. Made in our renowned **Cheviot Serge** and in **Vicuna Cloth.** Colours as stated separately. Front panel of Skirt finishes in inverted pleats, giving the garment a tailored appearance. The Sac Coat is trimmed fancy galon on collar and cuffs. Note the tempting prices:—

Lengths 36 ins. 39 or 42 ins. 46 or 50 ins.
Prices **9/6** **10/-** **10/6**

Carriage, 6d. extra.

Also to measure in **FA Range Costume Fabrics** from **14/9** Measure Guide free with Patterns.

Model 35 **10/6** Carr. 6d. ex.

Lady's Superior Sac-Coat Costume, developed in **J.N. Cheviot Serge** and **J.N. Vicuna Cloth** (colours as stated below). Strappings of silk afford effective relief to the Coat, which is 28 ins. long. The stylish cut and ample proportions of the Skirt cause it to drape the average figure to perfection.

Price **10/6** for stock sizes: **Skirt alone 5/6**, carr. **5d.** ex.; Costume made to measure and lined through for **6/6** extra.

The same design can be made to order in **Range FA Costume Fabrics** from **18/6**. Patterns Free with Size.

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OUR GREAT ADVERTISEMENT

MODEL 37.

This Coat is our season's masterpiece. Money cannot buy it anywhere else; but if it could, you would have to pay double the price we ask. Our reason for offering at

8/6 A CHESTERFIELD COAT THAT WOULD COST 15/-

in the ordinary way, is to advertise the wonderful value we offer all who shop with us by post.

This Coat is the very thing for immediate wear, and no lady should rest contented until she has posted her order to us. WE SEND COAT CARRIAGE PAID FOR 6d. EXTRA, and undertake to refund money to every dissatisfied purchaser who sends it back to us unsoiled.

Description: Chesterfield shape, sac back, improved sleeves and cuffs, well-bound seams. In four durable cloths: **New Fashionable Grey Stripe; Black-and-white Flake; Plain Grey Frieze;** and **Plain Black Cloth.** Length 40 ins. Bust, 34, 36 or 38 ins. Special sizes 2/6 extra.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

WRITE US NOW!

COLOURS of Models 274, 35 and 30:—
Black, Grey, Navy, Fawn, Royal, Electric, Ruby, Myrtle, Helio, Wedgwood, Turquoise.

MONEY RETURNED FAILING SATISFACTION.

From **1/6** Model 30

Improved **KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.** Made in **J.N. Cheviot Serge, Special Zibeline** or **Vicuna Cloth** (colours as above). Front has two box-pleats hanging from tailor-stitched yoke. Patch pocket. The low prices are clearing these Frocks by thousands. Note the figures:—

Lengths:	21	24	27	30	33	36	39 ins.
Prices:	1/3	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/-	4/6

Carriage, 4d. extra.

Tam o'Shanter Caps, in Cream, Cardinal, Navy, or Black, **9½d.** and **1/0½.** Post **2d.** ex.

Model 275 **5/11** Carr. 5d. ex.

Would cost you 9/11 elsewhere—and then you couldn't get the same clever cut. The panel front of this **Stylish Walking Skirt** is finished with 3 pleats and ornamented with buttons. The effective drape of the garment fully justifies the use of the extra material we have put into it. Made in good **Black** or **Navy Serge,** in the usual sizes: Waist, 24, 26 or 28 ins. Front length, 38, 40 or 42 ins. Money returned failing satisfaction.

JOHN NOBLE Ltd. **44 Brook St. Mills MANCHESTER**

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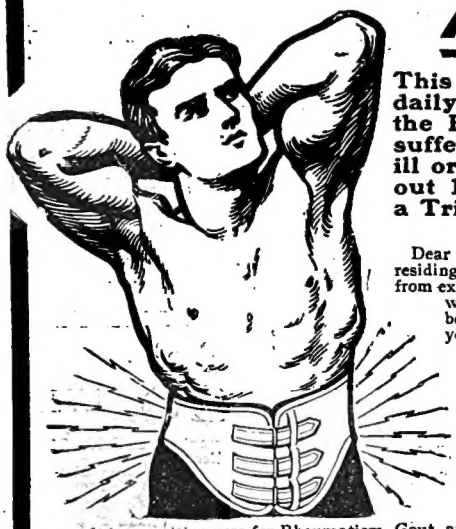
"Saved Me From An Early Grave."



This is one of the many cures that we are daily adding to the grand list of cases where the Pulvermacher Battery Belt has banished suffering after all else failed. If you are ill or "run down" and have tried drugs without benefit, do not despair. Give Electricity a Trial.

Cradock, Cape Colony, March 14, 1904.

Dear Sirs,—It will be interesting to you to know that when I was residing at Tunbridge Wells, England, some years ago, I was suffering from extreme nervous debility, and was in a very weak state; but after wearing your Battery Belt I gradually improved, and I always believe that it saved me from an early grave. I was then twenty-one years of age. When going abroad I took one of your Belts with me, and I never intend to be without one in case of a relapse at any time.—Yours faithfully, GEORGE CHRISTIAN.

In the Pulvermacher Battery Belt we have a positive cure for all functional disorders. It has an unchallenged reputation of over 50 years. It alone has received testimonials from the leading Physicians of NINE London Hospitals, the Academy of Medicine of Paris, over fifty members of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and Physicians to Royalty both in this country and on the Continent of Europe. It is recommended by leading medical papers, such as the "Lancet."

It is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Gout, and Kindred Ailments, speedily removes Indigestion and all Liver Troubles, and proves an unfailing remedy for all forms of Kidney Disease, Pain and Weakness in the Back. It quickly restores health to Delicate Women, and is a certain cure for every form of Nervous Weakness and General Debility to Men.

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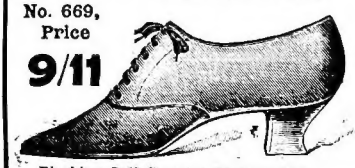

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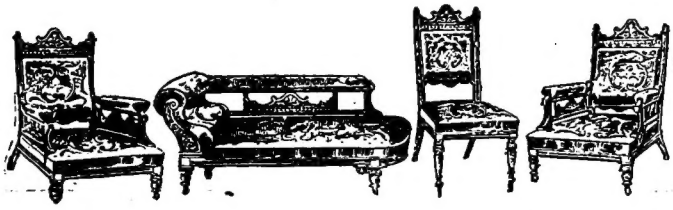

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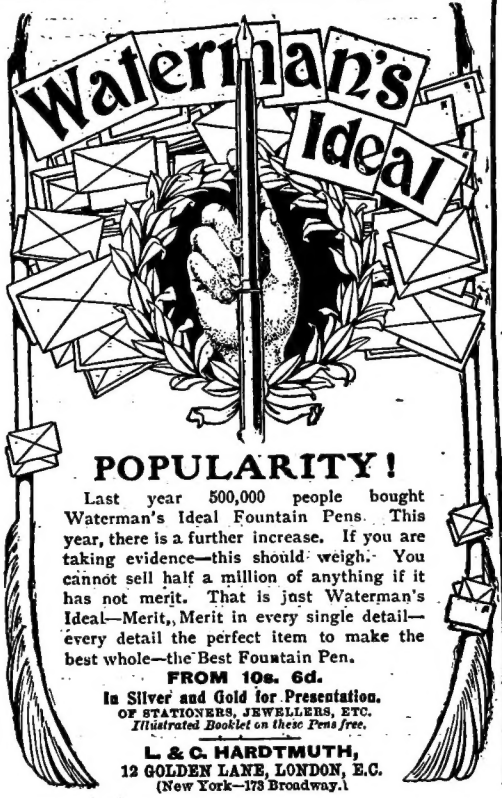

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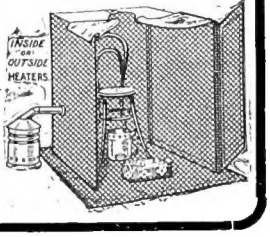

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Skirt alone 5/6

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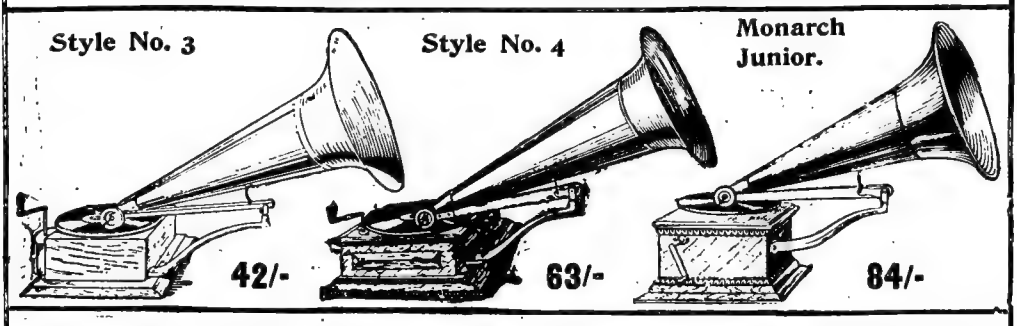

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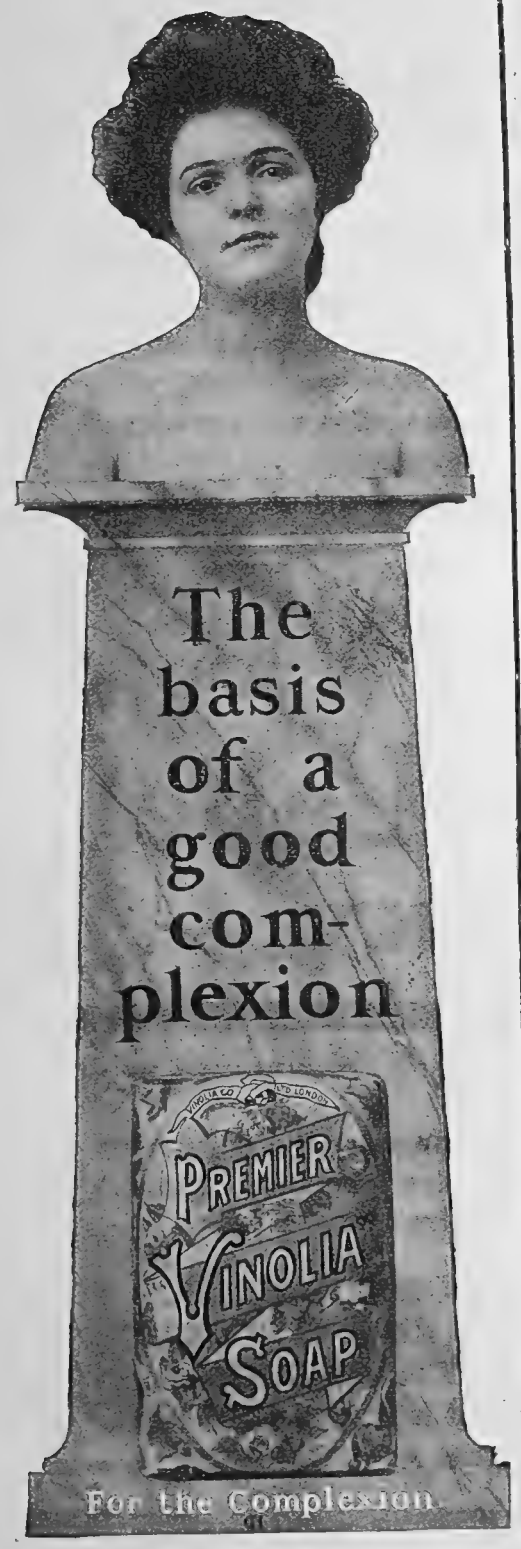

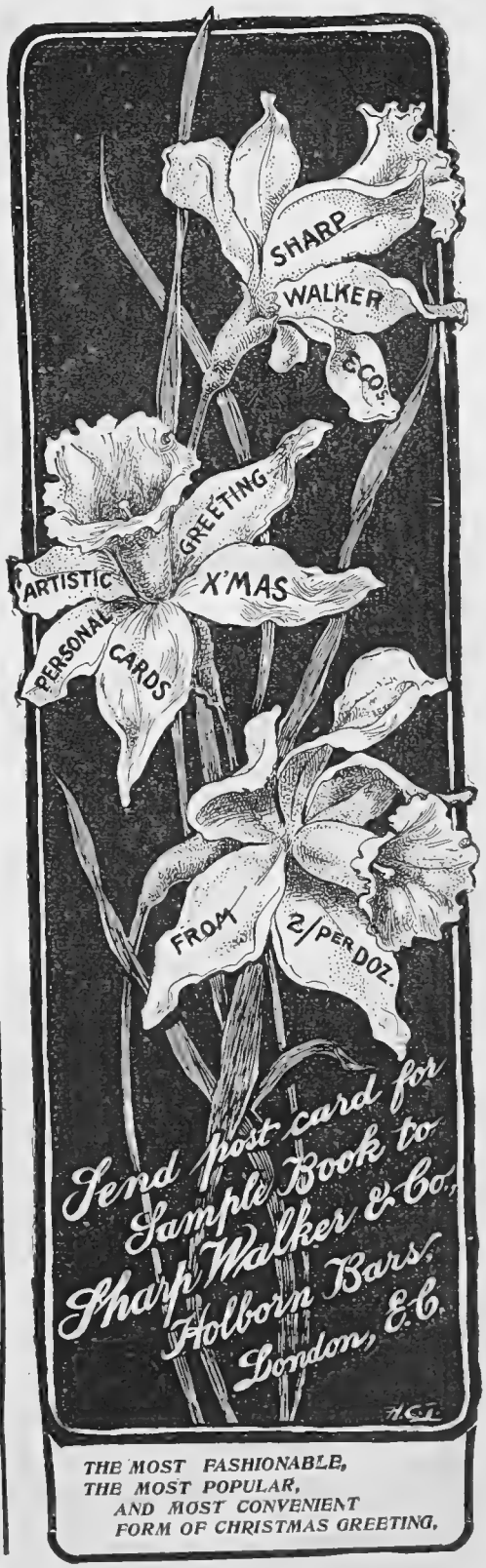

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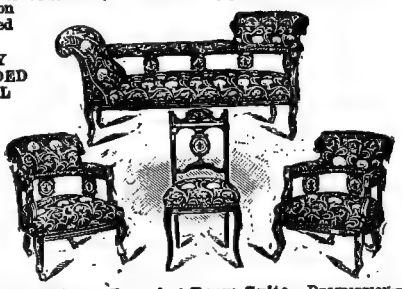

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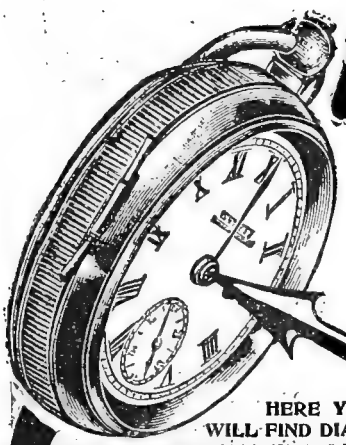

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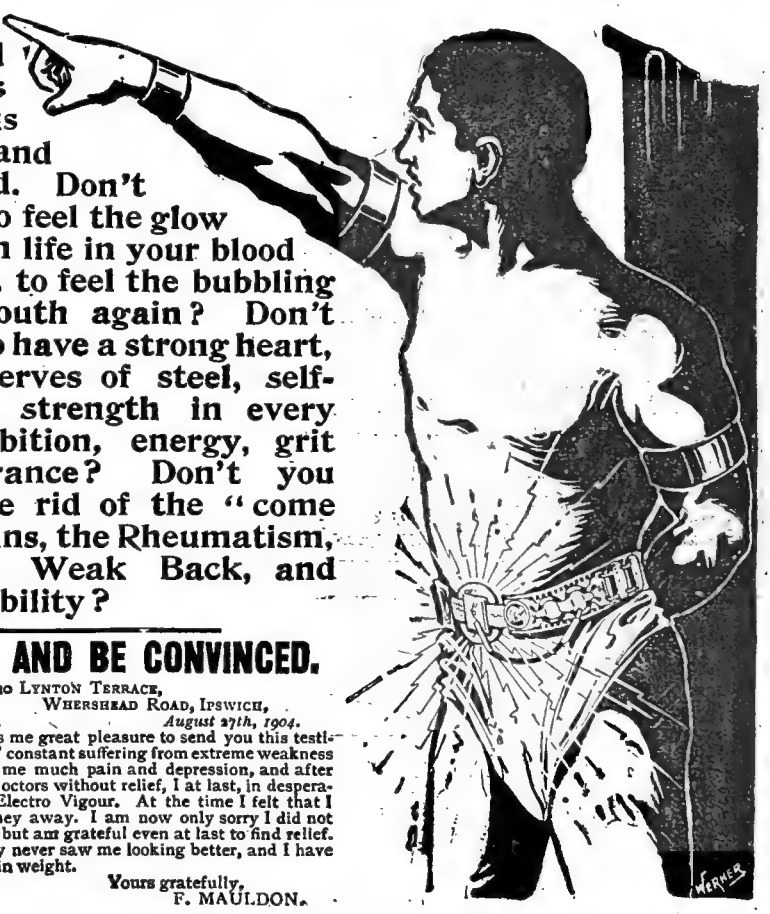

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Yours gratefully,
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Isn't that food for sceptics? Such letters as we receive would convert even a bigoted old school doctor, and he can see no good in anything but physic. Give us a man with pains in his back, a dull ache in his muscles or joints, "come-and-go" pains in his shoulders, chest, and sides, Sciatica in his hip, Lumbago, Rheumatism, or any ache or pain, and Electro Vigour will pour the oil of life into his aching body and drive out every sign of pain. No pain can exist where our

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Photo *Ellis and Walery.*

My Lady and Her Furs.

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A DANCING LESSON.

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Animals on the Stage.

A Few Four-footed Actors that have Walked the London Stage.

By Bertram Stower.

The people of this country are admittedly the greatest lovers of animals in the world. "Love me, love my dog," stands as a typical illustration of this. Therefore it is only a national characteristic to appreciate the sight of animals on the stage.

By the stage I do not mean the green ring of the circus. The sight of the strange antics of elephants has become of too common occurrence to attract attention. Neither do I include performing lions, monkeys, birds, or other animals common to music-hall and circus-ring.

Photo, Ellis and Walery.

Mr. Lewis Waller and his beautiful horse in "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner."

But what I do mean are animals and birds that have contributed in no small way to the success of a play.

Naturally, the dog takes a prominent part amongst animal actors. A scene, that otherwise would be more or less colourless, is instantly lightened by the introduction of a dog; he seems to add a homely touch of naturalness to the incident depicted. The scene is no longer commonplace; and this effect is brought about entirely by the addition of one small canine actor.

Photo, Langfier.

Binkie proved himself to be a clever actor, and was a great favourite in Rudyard Kipling's "The Light that Failed."

One of the cleverest animal actors that ever barked before the footlights was Mr. Aubrey Smith's terrier, Binkie. Binkie took part in every performance of "The Light that Failed," and was a perfect marvel of cleverness, despite the unkind remarks of some critics. But the greatest and most important of all critics—the audience—appreciated him, to judge by the goodly round of applause that invariably greeted Binkie's *entrée*.

Most London theatre-goers will remember Mr. James Welch and his bull-dog in "Glittering Gloria." Onions is the name of this canny creature. His sole duty consisted in never for a moment tolerating a red tie. And he never did.

Behind the scenes the most terrifying growls issued. Merely Onions expressing his opinion to an admirer of the red tie, his master explained. And then the hero of the incident would appear and cause considerable commotion by placing himself under everyone's feet.

No dog could possibly have played his part better, and after receiving the applause of the delighted audience, Onions trotted off the stage to partake of a juicy bone from his master's hand.

Needless to say,

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Photo, Reinhold Thiele.

Mr. Welch and his favourite bulldog, Onions, took part in "Glittering Gloria" at Wyndham's, and the latter created almost as great a sensation as the former.

the very natural behaviour of some animals on the stage is attained not without much patience and coaxing. Not a little of Mr. Welch's success with the pets that assist him in his part is due to his fondness for animals.

"You have had 'Actresses and their Pets' in the ROYAL MAGAZINE," he once remarked, "then why not have 'Dogs and their Favourite Actors'? Onions will choose me, I am sure!" And he patted fondly the broad forehead of his pet.

Besides his bulldog, Mr. Welch created quite a flutter by bringing on the stage a donkey, bearing the delightful name of Ping-Pong. This took place at Terry's Theatre, in "The New Clown."

Although his master, who, by the way, took the part of the clown, plaintively came on the stage and assured the audience "that donkey is an awful ass," Ping-Pong proved these words to be very far from the case.

Not only did the donkey go through his part with the most perfect composure, but one night he brought down the house by a little impromptu that was all his own. It happened that some sawdust lay scattered on one part of the stage. Ping-Pong noticed this, and trotting up to it, coolly proceeded to indulge in three or four rolls on his back, to the immense delight of the audience. Indeed, such a success was Ping-Pong's impromptu that ever afterwards sawdust was laid on the stage to tempt him to renew the performance.

Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the part of the Chevalier d'Artagnan in "The Musketeers." The Chevalier is mounted on his famous yellow horse, and creates no end of fun by the numerous duels he fights with all who jeer at the animal.

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Next to the dog, the horse undoubtedly occupies the chief place in man's esteem amongst four-footed animals, and he makes an admirable actor. What would Chevalier D'Artagnan have been in "The Musketeers" without his uncanny coloured steed? The part of the Chevalier was taken by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who trotted on to the stage mounted on a yellow horse. The very funniest parts of the play centred around this animal. Whenever anyone threw a disparaging remark at his steed, the Chevalier regarded it as a personal insult, and promptly silenced the scoffer at the point of the sword.

Photo, Bassano

Mr. Lawrence Rea, and Miss Ruth Vincent in "Veronique" at the Apollo Theatre. She is mounted on Edna June, her naughty little donkey, on whose back she sings a song.

But, alas! wherever he went the villagers gathered around and laughed and jeered at the queer animal, so much so that the redoubtable Chevalier D'Artagnan fought no fewer than seven duels on his journey to Paris.

In spite of the decorous manner with which our English four-footed actors go through their parts, they are at their best a trifle unreliable. Even a donkey will sometimes put into practice some whim that has just entered its head.

Google

So Miss Ruth Vincent found when she came on the stage at the Apollo Theatre, in "Veronique," mounted on her donkey, Edna June. At the time, Edna was by no means a novice before the footlights, so there was really no excuse for her to "make such an ass of herself."

as Miss Vincent commenced to sing the donkey commenced to prance. All in vain Mr. Lawrence Rea endeavoured to still Miss Edna June. Not even the fact that her namesake was Edna May would keep the mischievous little

Photo, *Barnard.*

Mr. Bertram Wallis and Miss Kate Cutler in the "Love Birds." The little birds within the cage give their name to the play, but it is round the two "birds" outside that the fun centres

Well, Miss Vincent had to sing a pretty little song, seated on Edna June's back.

Why it was, no one could tell, but as soon animal quiet. And it was only with the greatest difficulty that Miss Vincent succeeded in getting through her song

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Birds sometimes take a passive, though important, part on the stage. Unfortunately, their intelligence seldom allows them to come under the classification of feathered actors.

At the Savoy last year "The Love Birds" proved a great attraction. But the introduction of a pair of love-birds, although giving a name to the play, served mainly to show up the escapades of a pair of love-birds by no means so docile, but of a much more substantial and intelligent character.

Many people will remember Mr. Fred Terry's clever impersonation of King Charles II. in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." His dress and general get up was most realistic, but the effect was heightened to an extraordinary degree by the actor invariably appearing followed by two small spaniels.

Mr. Terry spent a long time before he succeeded in finding two spaniels to suit his purpose. The main difficulty consisted, not in getting the little dogs, but in securing a couple that would refrain from bursting into a howl at every song.

The actor relates an amusing story of one of his spaniels. It occurred at that part of "Sweet Nell" where King Charles is about to sign the death warrant. As he was about to do this, one of the little dogs, evidently scenting danger, suddenly sprang from his Royal master's knee, and, careering for a few moments around the stage, finally made his exit by bolting up the chimney.

Such an incident must be trying even to the most accomplished actor. Nothing can be more unnerving than to have one's audience convulsed with merriment during the most tragic or pathetic part of the piece, by the extraordinary antics of an animal actor. But the audience is invariably most indulgent on these occasions. Indeed, such momentary diversions delight rather than annoy, and the introduction of animals into a scene makes it decidedly well worth while for the actor to overlook any occasional prank.

Photos, Ellis and Walery.

Boris, Mr. George Alexander's famous hound, that went through his part in "Rupert of Hentzau" with the most perfect decorum.

Whilst taking the part of Charles II. in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," Mr. Fred Terry delighted the audience by coming on the stage followed by two little spaniels.

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MRS TIMMINS'S TEA PARTY

Telling how a Little Strategy Won the Day.

♣ ♣ ♣

By Archibald Marshall.

♣ ♣ ♣

"'Ave a tea party!" exclaimed Mr. Timmins. "No, you can't have a tea party. What next, I sh' like to know! Here am I earning my living by the sweat of my brow, and hard put to it to find enough for next quarter's rent, let alone the gas and the water, and you want to get in a set of clacking females to guzzle cake and swill tea at my expense. No, thank you. Tea parties off!"

Mr. Timmins was an undersized clerk, with a pimply face and a chronically dirty collar. Mrs. Timmins washed his collars, but she couldn't wash his hands, and as he showed a marked disinclination to perform that office for himself, and was continually fingering his neck, Mr. Timmins's appearance was a constant source of annoyance to his neat little wife.

"But Albert!" expostulated Mrs. Timmins. "I've got the money for it, the five shillings mother gave me at Christmas. I've been saving it up."

"That's it," commented Mr. Timmins bitterly. "Me working my fingers to the bone to keep a roof over our heads, and you hoarding money to spend on pleasure! It's the way of the world. I don't complain."

"Then what do you want to mention it for?" asked Mrs. Timmins, with some show of reason. "I've kept that money in my purse for nearly three months. You have spent twice as much since Christmas on tobacco alone."

"Go it!" pursued Mr. Timmins. "Grudge a man his pipe! After toiling and moiling all day, cut him off his only pleasure!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Albert," said Mrs. Timmins. "You know I don't grudge you any little pleasure that you can afford. And you oughtn't to grudge me. I've been to tea with Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Blake, and Mrs. Telfer, and Miss Oddie and other ladies, and I want to give them some return. I can get a very nice tea for five shillings, and I'm not asking you to pay for it."

"You needn't tell *me* you go gadding about while I'm keeping my nose to the grindstone," said Mr. Timmins. "Very well. I give my permission. Have all the cats in the place to tea, if you want to, but mind this, they'll all be out of the house and everything as usual when I get home at half-past five."

"Well, dear, I'm afraid I can't promise that," said Mrs. Timmins. "We don't have tea till five, and we always work together afterwards and one of us reads a book. They wouldn't go away till half-past six or a quarter to seven."

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"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Timmins. "I thought there was something behind. Well, nobody can say I don't put myself out to give other people pleasure. I can sit in the dining-room till they have gone—I suppose you're going to light a fire for them in the drawing-room, for which I shall have to pay. It will only be for once. I can put up with it."

"Of course you could put up with it, considering we always sit in the dining-room," said Mrs. Timmins. "But I should have to open the doors and throw both the rooms into one. There would be too many of us for the drawing-room."

"And, pray, where do you propose that I shall sit, then?" inquired Mr. Timmins. "In the kitchen with the girl?"

"I thought, dear, you would not mind staying out till half-past six or seven, just for that one evening," said Mrs. Timmins. "You do sometimes go for a walk with Mr. Gollop."

"That's enough," replied Mr. Timmins peremptorily. "I definitely refuse my permission. A nice thing, indeed, after a hard day's work to be turned out of your own home! There will be no tea party at No. 11, Laburnum Villas, Charlotte."

"Oh, but Albert!" expostulated Mrs. Timmins. "It can't do you any harm to let me have just this one little bit of pleasure. And it's lovely weather. I'm sure you would enjoy a country walk with Mr. Gollop. You were only saying the other day that you should ask him to go with you soon."

"When I wish to go for a walk with Jim Gollop, I shall say so," replied Mr. Timmins loftily. "I do not choose to do so on Thursday week." This was the date that Mrs. Timmins had mentioned for her tea-party.

"I think you are very unkind," said poor little Mrs. Timmins. "I'm sure, if it had been you, I should have said 'yes' at once, and done all I could to help you."

"Don't snivel," said her lord and master. "You won't get anything out of me by that."

"You're a brute," said Mrs. Timmins angrily. "And I shall ask my friends to tea whether you give your permission or not."

"Very well," replied Mr. Timmins. "And I warn you that if I come home and find them here, I shall turn them all out."

"You won't dare."

"You'll see."

* * * * *

A few evenings later, when Mr. Timmins came home from his arduous day's work in the city, which was connected with shipping, and involved a good deal of leisurely strolling from one office to another and a long interval for lunch and dominoes, his wife met him with a gratified smile on her face.

"I've had some good news," she said.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Timmins. "Anybody left you a fortune?"

"I'm afraid not," she replied. "Did I ever tell you about my cousin, Tom Manning?"

"Not that I know of," said Mr. Timmins. "But you've got so many relations who never do a thing for you that I can't be expected to keep them all in my head."

"Well, he's a sailor," said Mrs. Timmins. "And I haven't seen him, oh! for years. But our families were great friends when I was a girl, and he and I were always together."

"Oh, you were, were you?" said Mr. Timmins.

"Yes. And I've had a letter from him to say he's in England for a few weeks, and he's coming to see me."

"No, he isn't," said Mr. Timmins decisively. "If he comes here I'll punch his head."

"I don't think I should try that," said Mrs. Timmins sweetly, "He stands six foot two in his stockinged feet, and, even as a boy, I've seen him thrash a man twice your size."

"I should like to see him try and thrash me," said Mr. Timmins valiantly. "He wouldn't try twice. But I don't want him here. You can write and tell him you are not receiving visitors."

"He wouldn't take any notice," said Mrs. Timmins. "He says he's determined to come and see me; and I shouldn't like to miss him. He was always very kind to me, though he's some years older. I remember once when I was a little bit of a thing and a rude boy was teasing me in the street, he happened to come round the corner, and he took him by the scruff of the neck and dropped him into a horse pond. He was only fifteen then, and of course he is three times as strong now."

"Oh," said Mr. Timmins. "Well, I'm always one for keeping up family friends. Ask him to come and have a bit of supper here, Charlotte, and I'll bring something home from the City, and a bottle of whisky. We'll show him we know how to treat our relations well."

"Thank you, Albert dear," said Mrs. Timmins. "I've written and asked him to come next Thursday. He sails on Friday.

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I didn't say anything about supper, but he will be here when you come home and I ll ask him to stay. I shall enjoy having a talk over old times with Tom. He is sure to want to know all about me, and whether you are kind to me and all that. You can't hide anything from Tom. He gets it all out of you sooner or later."

"Oh, he gets it out of you, does he?" repeated Mr. Timmins, rather uneasily. "Well, I daresay we shall get on all right together. I like sailors. They are so bluff and hearty. And I'll show your cousin I like him. I can talk to him about shipping. What line is he on?"

"He is first officer on the—dear me, I've forgotten the name of the ship. Now what was it? The *Victoria?* No. The—"

"Well, where's his letter? You can tell from that."

"I've sent it on to mother. But it doesn't matter. He'll tell us everything on Thursday. Only I'm afraid he won't want to talk much about himself. It is me he'll be interested in. I shouldn't envy anybody who didn't behave well to me if Tom heard of it. He's fiery, and you never know when he's going to blaze up."

"I hope he won't blaze up here," said Mr. Timmins somewhat uneasily.

"Oh no, dear; there wouldn't be any necessity for it, would there?" replied Mrs. Timmins. "I should like you to know Tom, Albert. He doesn't take to everybody, and if he dislikes a man you never quite know what he will do. He was always a little uncertain in that way. But he is sure to like you. At least, I should think so. You can never tell for certain with Tom."

"What day did you say he was coming?" asked Mr. Timmins.

"On Thursday, about half-past four, he said. We shall be able to have a nice long chat before you come home."

"Thursday. Well now, that's very unfortunate," said Mr. Timmins. "I don't know, but I'm almost certain I shall have to be late at the office on Thursday."

"Oh, Albert!" exclaimed Mrs. Timmins. "I hope not very late, shall you?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Timmins. "I hope not, but it's on the cards."

"How aggravating that is, now! And the only day Tom has got free! Shall I write and ask if he can't manage to make it Wednesday?"

"No," said Mr. Timmins hastily. "I daresay I shall be able to get back. What time will he have to go, do you think?"

"He said he always had to be on board at ten o'clock, so he would have to leave here about nine, I suppose."

"Funny!" commented Mr. Timmins. "A first officer having to be on board at ten o'clock!"

"Perhaps it's something to do with the cargo," said Mrs. Timmins.

* * * * *

Mrs. Timmins talked a good deal about her cousin Tom Manning during the next few days, and the salient points of his character emerged with great distinctness during the course of her conversations. It appeared that he was a person of prodigious muscular power, unaccountable prejudices, and extremely uncertain temper.

But what she laid most stress on was his cousinly devotion to herself. This seemed to have displayed itself during her girlhood in violent paroxysms of rage against anybody who he had reason to suppose, had ill-treated her in the slightest degree. His devotion, indeed, had been something quite out of the common. Mr. Timmins would have been quite jealous of Tom Manning if his opinion of his own personal attractions had been less. On the evening before the proposed visit he discovered, to his great annoyance that his duties at the office would certainly prevent his having the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Timmins's cousin. He was loud in his expressions of regret, but explained that work was work and couldn't be thrown aside. Mrs. Timmins also expressed her regret, but less volubly.

"Well, I suppose it can't be helped," she said. "But now we've once come together again, it won't be the last time Tom will come to see us. You'll have a chance of meeting him when he comes home from his next voyage."

"I shouldn't encourage him to come too much, if I was you," said Mr. Timmins. "We might not get on well together, him and me. There's no telling. However, I daresay you'll give him a good account of your husband."

"Oh, of course I shall, Albert dear," said Mrs. Timmins. "I shall tell him everything about you."

"I'm rough, but I've got a good heart," said Mr. Timmins. "He might misunderstand one or two little things if he didn't know me well. People often do. And I say, Charlotte, I've been thinking over that tea party of yours. I've no objection, if you really want to have it."

"Thank you, Albert," said Mrs. Timmins,

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stiffening slightly. "I'm afraid it is too late for that now. The ladies are already engaged for the evening."

"Well, perhaps some other time," said Mr. Timmins. "At any rate you can't say I've refused to let you have it. I shouldn't say anything about it to Tom if I was you."

"I hadn't thought of doing so," said Mrs. Timmins. "But now you mention it I shouldn't wonder if he didn't drag it out of me. He is a terrible one for finding out things, is Tom."

"I hope Tom's ship will go down with all hands on board next voyage. *I* don't want to see the beast," said Mr. Timmins vindictively when he next found himself alone.

* * * * *

It was half-past nine before Mr. Timmins presented himself at home the next evening. He looked jaded. Mrs. Timmins met him in the hall. "Such a disappointment!" she said. "I got a telegram from Tom at the last moment to say he was kept on his ship and couldn't come."

Mr. Timmins uttered an exclamation derogatory to the defaulting Tom. "Then I might just as well have saved myself the—" he began, but checked himself. "And all the supper wasted!" he said instead. "However I can do with a bit of it myself. I'm as hungry as I can be."

"I've only got the cold mutton," said Mrs. Timmins. "I got Tom's telegram in time to go round and stop the other things."

Mr. Timmins gave vent to another exclamation expressive of disgust.

"I thought you said you got the telegram at the last moment," he said, as he went into the dining-room, where a very meagre repast was spread out on one end of the table.

"It came about three o'clock in the afternoon," said Mrs. Timmins.

"Where is it? Show it to me?" said Mr. Timmins.

"I burnt it," replied his wife.

Mr. Timmins sat down at the table in no very amiable mood. The slight improvement which had shown itself in his manners during the last few days seemed unaccountably to have departed.

"What's that smell of coffee?" he asked, sniffing suspiciously.

"Is there a smell of coffee?" said Mrs. Timmins, also sniffing. "Well, that's funny! I did have a cup of coffee for my tea, as I'd ordered it."

"I got a telegram from Tom at the last moment to say he was kept on his ship and couldn't come."

"A *cup* of coffee!" echoed Mr. Timmins. "I should think you'd had a bucketful. The place reeks of it! I'll have a cup myself. I'm tired of cocoa. Ring the bell for the girl."

"Oh, I shouldn't to-night, if I were you, Albert," said Mrs. Timmins; "it will take ever so long to make."

"Ring the bell for the girl," repeated Mr. Timmins, in raised tones. "Can't I have what I like in my own house?"

Mrs. Timmins did as she was bidden.

"You wouldn't speak to me like that if Tom was here," she said.

"Well, Tom isn't here," said Mr. Timmins, "and I hope Tom never will be here. I'm sick of Tom."

Mrs. Timmins had no opportunity of replying to this outburst, for "the girl" appeared at that moment in the doorway.

"Make your master a cup of coffee, Sarah, if there's any left," said Mrs. Timmins.

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"Yes'm," replied Sarah. "There's plenty left It wasn't all drunk. I'll hot some of it up And, please'm, this was left in the drawing-room. I found it when I cleared up after the ladies had gone."

And she held out an unfinished calico garment with a needle stuck through it.

"You can give it to me, Sarah," said Mrs. Timmins, with great dignity and a scarlet face. "And make the coffee as quickly as possible."

"I know what you're going to say," said Mrs. Timmins, almost before the door was closed on the departing maid; "and it's quite true. I did have the ladies to tea this afternoon, and we enjoyed ourselves very much, no thanks to you. And there isn't any Tom, and there never was any Tom. But if there had been you would have been frightened out of your life of him. And I should like to ask a question before you begin. If you've been working overtime at the office, how is it that your boots are covered with mud and your trousers splashed, when it's all pavement between this and the station? Answer me that."

Conflicting expressions chased themselves across the face of Mr. Timmins as this voluble harangue was poured out without a pause. Amazement was followed by anger, and anger by amazement again, while the final state of his features was significant of embarrassment.

"You'd better not deny it," continued Mrs. Timmins, after the short pause which followed her inquiry. "You've been for a long country walk with Mr. Gollop, and you went because you were afraid to meet a man who'd heard about your bullying your wife. If you say you haven't I shall ask Mrs. Gollop after church on Sunday. And I don't want to hear anything more from you about my tea-party. I've had it, as I said I would, and that's enough. You're a coward, Albert Timmins, and I've found it out." And Mrs. Timmins swept out of the room, with as near an approach to stateliness as her inches would allow.

And, strange to say, she never did hear anything further about her tea party from Mr. Timmins. Stranger still, that gentleman's behaviour towards his wife improved from thenceforward. And if ever he showed signs of relapsing into his former attitude, an allusion by Mrs. Timmins to her mythical cousin Tom was pretty sure to bring him to a more becoming frame of mind.

"And please'm, this was left in the drawing-room. I found it when I cleared up after the ladies had gone."

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Animals as Weather Prophets

BY MARCUS WOODWARD

How to be Weather-wise without a Barometer.

When a cat repeatedly "washes her face" with her paw, rain is in the air.

THE household cat, seated at ease beside the fire, carefully applies her tongue to her paw, and then her paw to her head.

"The cat is washing her face—we shall have rain!"

Someone is sure to say this. Children have greater faith in this sign as a certain emblem of coming rain than in any fall of the barometer. Old grandams do not let the sign pass unnoticed. It is the very commonest example of how weather is foretold by the behaviour of animals, though why our fireside tabbies should be at pains to wash their faces when they expect the coming of a natural shower bath is something of a mystery!

The weather-wise reputation that cats have earned in all countries deserves note. So extensive a belief is likely to have a certain amount of foundation, and, as a fact, none can deny that often it *does* rain after cats have washed their faces. The fur of cats is full of electricity, and we may readily believe that atmospheric influences affect their sensitive feelings just as damp weather sets our rheumatic old people groaning.

Cats are domesticated only to a very slight degree. They retain their primitive wild-cat instincts almost unimpaired—see how a cat raises its body and hisses in imitation of a snake when sudden danger arises, just as wild cats do in the forests. They return to a wild condition sooner than any other domestic animal, and go a-hunting with all the skill of a cat that has never seen a human being. And since, to wild cats, weather must be a matter of great moment, as affecting their supply of prey, there is nothing preposterous in supposing all cats to be more or less weather-wise.

The remarkable liveliness and skittishness of cats of all ages, even of the most sedate, when thunderstorms are in the air, has often been noted.

Dogs are more domesticated than cats, and show few signs of weather-wisdom. The weather affects the average dog as it affects a human being. Hot weather makes him sleepy, cold braces, wet depresses.

But some dogs are better weather prophets than others. There is a certain dog who is given a supply of bones every morning, and who has been seen time after time to bury one or more of his store when rain has been in the air.

Many dogs have inherited this instinct from their wild ancestors to hide and save their food against days of bad hunting, and it is certain that many dogs are aware when thunder is in the air, and show their prescience by hiding in sheltered places before a thunderstorm, and by other signs of uneasiness.

Like our other domestic animals, some horses are able to foretell the coming of rain. They then stretch their necks and sniff the air, as if scenting rain; and they start more than usual, and show signs of uneasiness. But horses' temperaments vary so greatly—some being so full of natural instincts and some so thoroughly domesticated and so full of trust in their master's care—that it is impossible to draw accurate conclusions.

For instance, some horses, when loose in a field, will start and gallop at the sound of a clap of thunder, and show every sign of fear.

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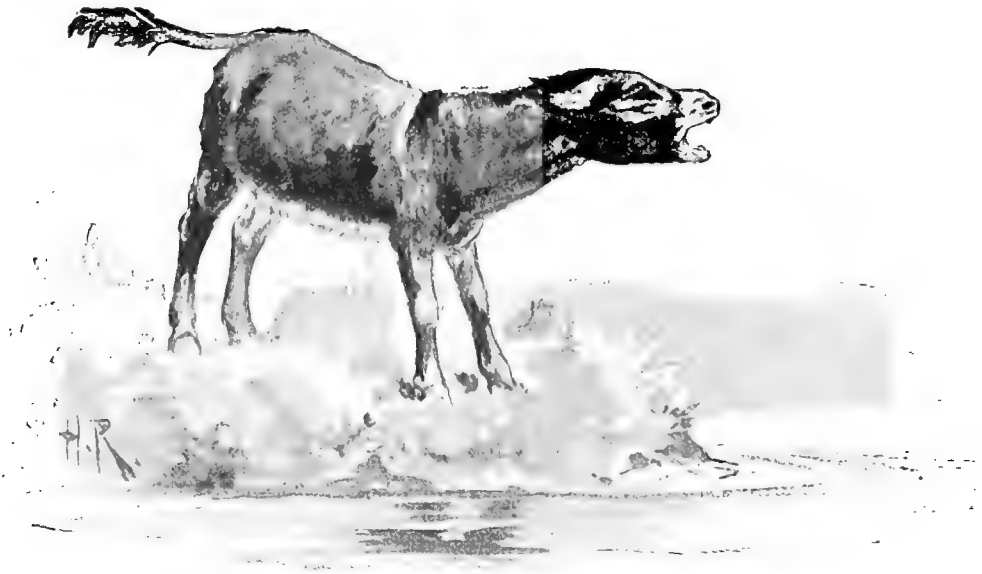

The loud and incessant braying of the ass tells of the approaching storm.

Others will take no notice of thunder. They may know that a thunderstorm is in the air; but when the thunder roars they hear only a natural sound, which has no terrors for them. I have known a very nervous horse, who, being a trifle blind, would shy at every opportunity, start at any unexpected sight, bolt at a sudden noise, like the rattling of a milk-cart—he turned something like a double somersault when he first met an electric tramcar—but who would endure a sudden thunderstorm with perfect calmness, taking not the slightest notice of flashing lightning or ear-splitting thunderclaps.

When donkeys bray loudly and incessantly, the weather-wise predict rain—and rain, true enough, often follows.

Many are the ideas concerning cows and the weather. Rain may be predicted when cows lie down early in the morning, when out at pasture. Not everyone, however, could give a satisfactory reason for their belief in this notion. Yet there is a very plausible inference. The cows, feeling rain in the air, lie down to keep dry at least as much grass as their bodies can cover. When the rain is over and gone, they can rise and enjoy a dry feed.

At the same time, from a human point of view—which is the worst of all points of view from which to judge an animal's behaviour under any conditions—it is rather absurd of the cows to lie down *before* the rain comes. They might go on munching, at least until the first drop of rain falls. It may be that they act on the promptings of some primitive instinct, which warns them to rest when there is rain about, so that they may not only insure dry spots for future use, but may reserve their strength against the time when the sun shines again, and they may roam and eat to their heart's content.

Once there was a traveller who, when crossing a moor on a brilliantly fine day, was surprised to be warned by a shepherd-boy that he would be wetted to the skin by the rain before he reached his journey's end. This seemed so absurd, considering the beauty of the day, that the wayfarer could only think the boy was laughing at him. However, before he had crossed the moor, sure enough, rain fell, and he was drenched through and through.

On another day, when passing over the same moor, he met the same shepherd boy. The day was cloudy; there was every sign of coming rain, and when the traveller, questioning the boy, was informed that no rain would fall, but rather that the sky would clear and the sun shine, his astonishment was greater than before. He went on his way convinced that the boy was making fun of him. But, sure enough, soon the clouds disappeared, and the sun shone.

Then the wayfarer sought out the boy to learn the secret of his weather prophecy. But for a long time the shepherd lad refused to say on what he had based his forecasts. At

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last the traveller offered him a sovereign for the information. Then the boy explained.

"You see that old ram of mine?" he said in effect. "He always knows what weather is coming, for when rain will fall, he turns his tail to the wind, and when the day will be fine, he grazes with his head to the wind. And so I know what the weather will be."

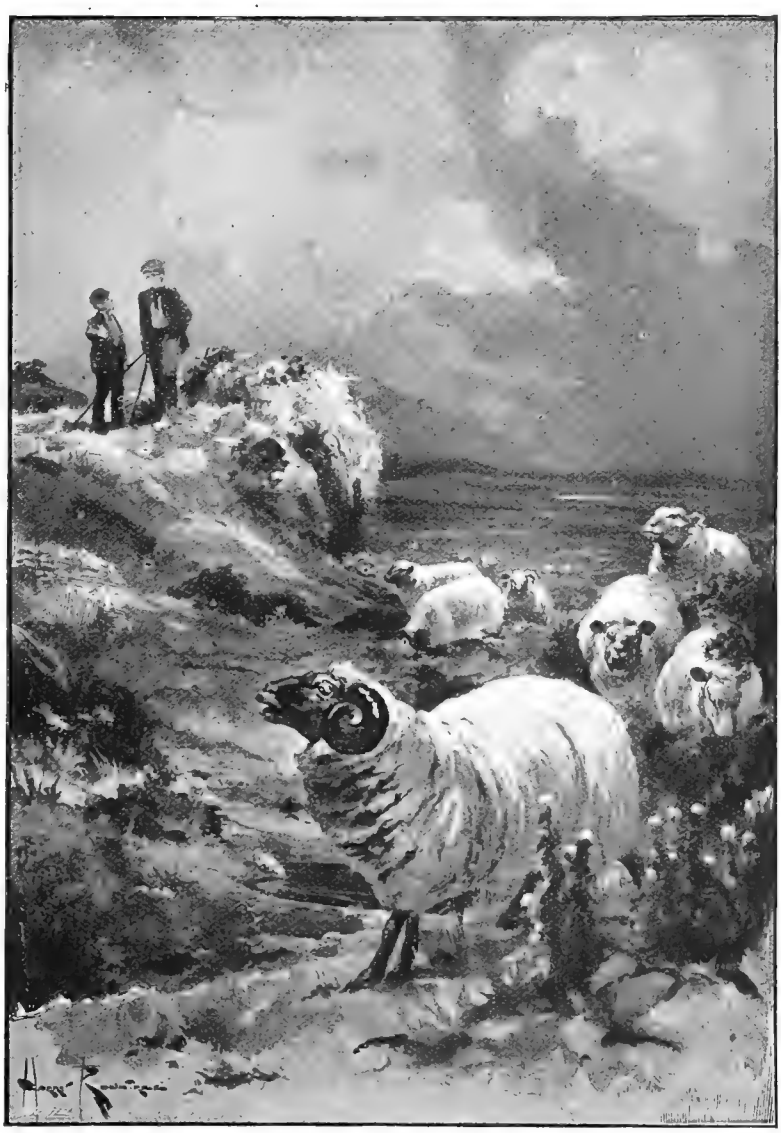
And the traveller came to the conclusion that the boy spoke the truth.

Shepherds generally agree that when their flocks turn their tails to windward, rain will come.

Another sign of coming rain or strong wind is evident when a herd of cows gathers together at one end of a pasture, with their tails to windward. Again, when cows are unusually frisky — so that even sedate old grandmother cows caper about the field and butt imaginary objects with their horns, whilst they fling up their heels—often storms are in the air. Cows are sometimes thus playful in the witching hours of twilight — to the terror of nervous ladies who must cross their pastures!

But when, in twilight, cows follow one another along a field-path unpleasantly closely, and gambol unpleasantly around one, fear of a storm need not necessarily add terror to the situation. For cows are very inquisitive, and in the light of twilight like to make careful investigation of strangers, without meaning any offence. Cows show a sign of heat and its accompaniment, annoying insects, when they thus collect together, rubbing themselves against each other—and one might read in this a sign of fair weather ahead.

Shepherds generally agree that sheep foretell the approach of a storm by showing an unusual liveliness. They frisk and gambol, as though determined to make the most of the fine weather while it lasts, butt each other, and go through surprising leaping evolutions,



When rain is about to fall, the ram turns his tail to the wind, and when the day will be fine, he grazes with his head to the wind.

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playing the lambs' great game of follow-my-leader, and jump-when-my-leader-jumps, whether there is anything to jump over or not. Another sign of a storm is when pigs cry and run uneasily, and carry their litter in their mouths.

Coming to wilder, freer animals, there is no difficulty in supposing that they are highly sensitive to the changes in the weather. Delicate human bodies respond to atmospheric changes, and aches and nervousness may be laid to the charge of that decreasing atmospheric pressure that precedes a storm. So are animals restless when the barometer falls. And wild animals, of course, are far more sensitive to weather influences than is man, the house-dweller.

Weather means so much to animals and birds. To the lions and tigers, a storm might mean the loss of a meal; to birds, and wheatears are particularly nervous about rain. If squirrels store their nuts early in the autumn, they do so because the cold has set in early—not because they can foretell that the winter will be long and hard, as folk-lore would have us believe.

About birds as weather prophets, the Americans have many beliefs.

"Everything is lovely, and the goose honks high."

This is an expressive saying, implying that the geese are flying high because the weather is fine; and the fact that birds fly high may be taken as one of the surest of all signs made by birds that the weather will be fine.

In North Carolina the birds fly south from cold weather, and north from warm weather, and when a severe cyclone is at hand, they are puzzled, fly in circles, dart about wildly, and may be easily decoyed.

Lambs frisk and gambol, and go through surprising evolutions, when a downpour is near.

it might mean washed out, ruined nests, if they were absent when the storm broke. To insects, a storm of a few minutes' duration might mean a sudden ending to their little lives. So Nature gives warning to her creatures, through some unknown sense, so that the lion may eat more heartily before the storm that may rob him of food, so that the birds may sit securely on their nests when the sudden floods descend, and so that the wise bees may stay at home, and the dragon flies may save their delicate wings from destruction.

But so far as one can observe, no animals forecast the weather more than a few hours ahead. Their actions are governed by present conditions. When wheatears fly to shelter before the storm, it is because the sky has become covered with clouds, and clouds indicate storms, as every wise bird knows.

Change of weather is indicated when geese fly past large bodies of water, not pausing for refreshment. American Indians predict a deep fall of snow when grouse drum at night.

The cuckoo is looked upon as a true herald of spring, and, naturally enough, a herald he is, because he comes in April. Another joyous token of the end of winter is found in the wild notes of the missel thrush, when they ring out like a trumpet call from the swaying tree-top. The screeching of the missel thrush before and during storms has given him the name of storm-cock, for he loves to brave the gale. A still better token of spring is the laughing call of the green woodpecker. Even though snow is on the ground, we may be sure that winter's reign is ended when the yikeing laugh of the woodpecker rings out.

Here is an odd assortment of ideas

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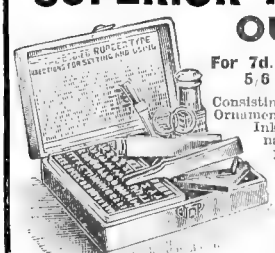

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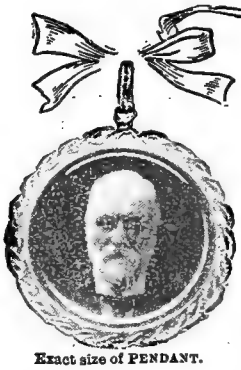

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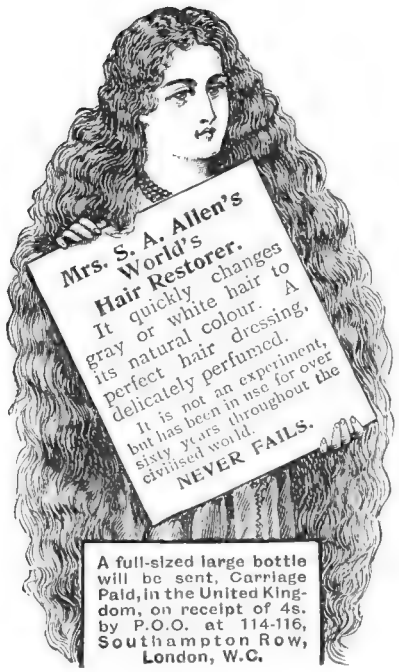

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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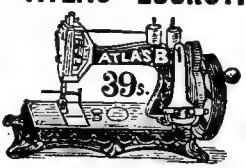

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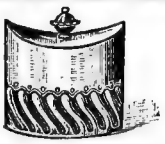

Solid Silver Tea Caddy, oval shape, elegant design, 3ins. high, **17/6.**

Heavily Silver-plated extra strong Toast Rack, on ball feet, **3/11.**

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½-pt. capacity, 5¼ins. long, **10/6.**

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CORK LINO.

Special prices to clear quarter, half, or whole pieces, so as to leave no remnants.

12 square yards for **15/-**
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Pattern right through to the back, everlasting wear.

12 square yards for **27/-**
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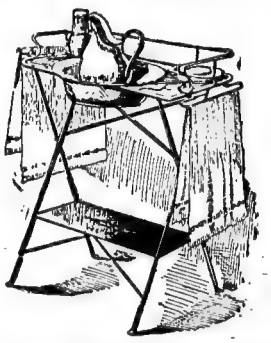
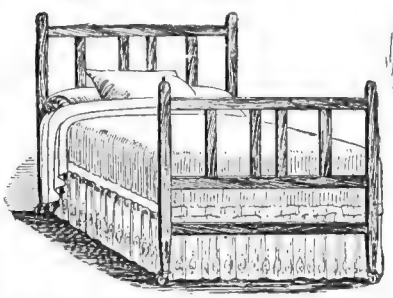


Strong Japanned Iron Wash-stand, with towel rails, white enamelled basin, jug, and soap dish, complete, **5/11.** Usual price, 12/6.



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	£	s.	d.
3ft. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long	1	1	0
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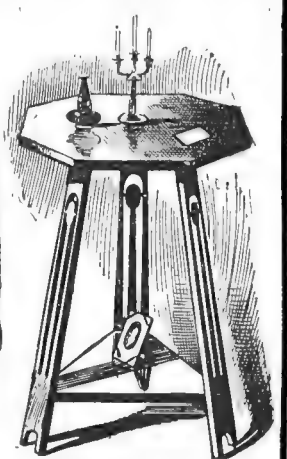
4ft. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long	1	12	6
4ft. 6ins. wide by 6ft. 6ins. long ...	1	17	6



Solid Fumigated Oak Octagon Table, 18ins. diameter, **7/6.**

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The Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defence.

The "VITAL TOUCH."
ONE OF THE 300 EFFECTIVE METHODS KNOWN TO JIU-JITSU FOR DISPOSING OF A DANGEROUS ANTAGONIST

After being jealously guarded as a national secret for over two thousand years, a full exposition of the art of Jiu-Jitsu—the most wonderful and mysterious physical science in the whole world—will be given to English-speaking people.

Jiu-Jitsu embraces a system of physical training which, without artificial means, develops every muscle and tissue, and strengthens every organ in the human body. The Japanese, though small of stature, possess the most perfect physical development of any nationality, and attribute their wonderful strength and power of endurance solely to the practice of Jiu-Jitsu.

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Mr. Y. K. Yabe, who has been the most successful teacher of the art in all Japan, has been delegated to give instruction in Jiu-Jitsu by correspondence. He has just written an intensely interesting book which explains the principles of this wonderful system, and describes the evolution of Jiu-Jitsu during the past two thousand years. So long as the edition lasts, this book, together with the first lesson in the art, will be sent free to interested persons. The lesson is fully illustrated with full page half-tone engravings, and teaches one of the most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist.

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"MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH

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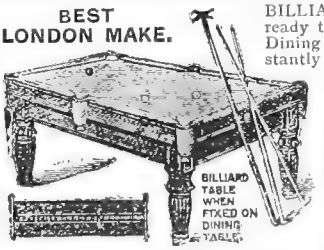

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Remarkable discovery that will interest every woman with superfluous hair. Perfectly safe treatment that permanently destroys the roots, fully described, FREE TO ALL.

Hairy women need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Their unsightly blemish can be so thoroughly destroyed that they themselves will wonder if they ever really had disfiguring hair. The Capillus Mfg. Company are in sole possession of a **marvellous home method** that removes superfluous hair for ever. It goes to the very root of the hair, and destroys its life, so that it will never grow again. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from the many powders, lotions, and cosmetics sold that only remove temporarily and hurt a delicate skin, while this new method removes the hair for all time, and is **simple and harmless.** It is a home treatment that any lady can easily use in her private apartments, and will permanently remove superfluous hair without pain.

By sending your name and address to the **Capillus Manufacturing Company, 29 Century House, 205 Regent Street, London, W.**, you will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense.

The description is posted to you free in a perfectly plain and sealed envelope, and you should have no hesitancy in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be permanently and painlessly removed, and **it will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.**

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Dr KOCH *in "Medicinische Wochenschrift"*

Woodwards Gripe Water

Supplies the defect Dr KOCH describes.

It completes digestive action,

And thereby avoids flatulence, constipation, diarrhœa and pain.

Increases development.

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Has been administered for all ailments of infants and children

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TO MOTHERS, INVALIDS, AND AGED PERSONS.

Believing it will eventually benefit our trade by convincing the public as to the great benefits derived by using MALTICO as an article of food for every day, we have decided to send every person who has bought a bottle of the 8-oz. size for the first time, at their chemist or dealer, the sum of 1/6, which they paid for same.

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CAUTION.—There are many foods at present on the market, but only one "MALTICO." If your chemist or dealer does not stock, ask him to get it for you at once, you will thus make sure of having the only genuine article and the trouble will be amply repaid by the satisfaction you will receive

This offer is only available for a limited time, as it must be obvious to everyone such a great expense could not be maintained indefinitely.

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Send a post card and we will forward by return a marvellous book, "The Maker of Nations." Every mother and invalid should have a copy, it contains much useful information.

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Purchasers of our Celebrated Packages, as set out below.

We will give **ABSOLUTELY FREE** a pair of **Beautiful Plaques,** richly decorated in dark blue and gold. Also to the **FIRST ORDER** opened every morning we will present **IN ADDITION** a **Best English China Tea Set** of beautiful design. Every piece gilt.

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DINNER SET as included in our No. 3 Package.

In Rich Brown, Peacock Blue, or Apple Green.

No. 1. **1 Dinner Set** (6 persons), **1 Toilet Set, 1 Breakfast Set,** and **1 Tea Set,** with Teapot and Hot Water Jug to match ... ... **21/-** PACKED FREE.

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A REMARKABLE REMEDY

that Reduces weight 28lb. a month.

Every person who is suffering from too much fat can easily be reduced in weight by this new remarkable remedy that quickly removes all superfluous fat in either sex at the rate of 7lb. A WEEK.

IT IS GUARANTEED TO REDUCE WEIGHT A POUND A DAY

without the slightest inconvenience. Do not be afraid of evil consequences. It is a vegetable treatment, is perfectly safe, and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excessive fat. It improves the breathing, gives the heart freedom, takes off the big stomach, enables the lungs to expand naturally, and you feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful HOME TREATMENT.

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Lady —— writes: **"Since taking your Tablets I am reduced in weight 40lb."**

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Just to prove how effective, pleasant, and safe this remedy is to reduce weight, we are sending free trials. If you want one, send us your name and address, and two stamps to pay for postage. **It costs you nothing to try it.** Each box is sent in a plain sealed packet, with no advertisement on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential. Address:

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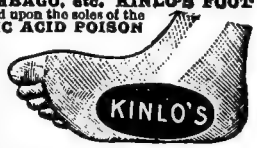

We know so well that KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will cure you completely, that we openly offer not merely to send a "sample," but to actually send a **PAIR of KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS.** If after a week's trial you find you are being cured, we shall expect you to pay the trivial price of two shillings and ninepence. If you are not delighted you need not pay us a farthing. Positively the fairest offer ever advertised. No pretended electrical device, but a scientific invention in chemistry.

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A Harley Street Physician writes: "Please send to Lady —— two pairs of Kinlo's Foot Drafts."

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Royalty, several Members of the Nobility, Officers holding high rank in the Army and Navy, Members of the Learned Professions, and in fact people of all ranks and stations in life, have been cured by **Kinlo's Foot Drafts** when every other remedy has failed even to give them relief.

We have just received from Prince —— a cablegram, ordering a further supply of Foot Drafts, and a letter from Mrs. ——, the wife of the Prime Minister of an important British Colony, making a similar request. We have also received thousands of letters from ladies and gentlemen, who, out of sheer gratitude for their cure, have given us the right to publish to the world full particulars of same. Some hundreds of extracts from these letters are sent with each sample pair of Drafts. **The following is a specimen:—**

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Good Health Alliance.

Dear Sir,—I have been free from pain during the Summer, but I want to have some Drafts by me in case it should return. I am a walking advertisement for your cure. Ten months ago I could only just get about with crutches, but your Drafts cured me, and I have been following my work since.

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DO NOT HESITATE, send your name, address, mention complaint, and enclose stamp for posting, and a pair of **KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS** will promptly come. **REMEMBER, IF NO RELIEF, NO PAY,** and we will trust you to decide.

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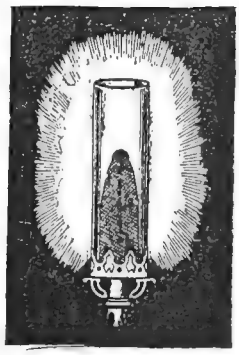

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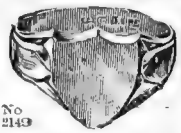

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Send **5/-** now, pay balance when you receive Ring.

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Sold by all Stationers.

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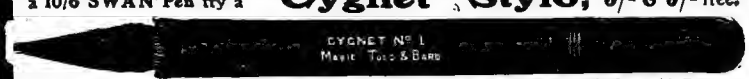

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Completely **supersedes** the use of Eggs in the **preparation** of High-Class Custard — **Greatly** increases the popularity of **all Sweet** Dishes.—The unfailing **resource** of every successful Hostess.

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We have arranged for large addit onal supplies, and all users of

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Porringers FREE as before.

2 Pint Porringer free for 30 2-lb. coupons or 2/- cash.
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Those who send cash can have it refunded on forwarding the stated number of coupons later. A coupon on every packet.

Children grow up Strong, Healthy, and Robust on "Provost" Oats. They have no equal. They are the best that Scotland produces. American and other imported Oats are far inferior.

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Time is money. The "SWAN" will save you several minutes in each letter. Really no one knows what rapidity and comfort in writing are till he has owned a "SWAN." It will outlast many a gross of the best steel pens, and thus soon save its cost.

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We give as a **PRESENT: This Complete TOILET SET** to each buyer of the above package. This **Free Gift** alone is worth almost half the amount charged.

Each Service is in beautiful Art Colours and for six persons, and the toilet set is full size (5 pieces) in nice Floral Design. **All finished in rich gold** (if required) for **10/6 extra.**

A Very Pretty Tea Service for 12 persons, consisting of 12 Tea Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Tea Plates, 2 Bread & Butter Plates, 1 Slop Bowl, & 1 Cream Jug. **Each piece tastefully decorated in natural colourings & finished in rich gold.** To every purchaser of this Service we **give** a Lo. ew **Full Size Teapot and Stand** of the same pattern which is value in itself nearly half the amount charged.

Dinner Service for 12 persons (50 pieces in gold), to match this Tea Service, **27/-.**

Rich Pair of Vases (12 inches high) given as **"Bonus"** to this dinner set.

10/6

THESE SETS MAKE AN IDEAL WEDDING OR CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Immediate delivery, packed free, satisfaction certain, and 50 per cent. saved. Bazaars catered for Hotel and School Badged Ware a Speciality. Ask for what you wish, and we send you prices by return.

Illustrated Book free to prospective Buyers.

The Mail Pottery Co., BURSLEM, STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!

Purest of the pure. Sold everywhere.

A Very Large Sample Packet sent Post Free Eight Penny Stamps.

J. Mackintosh Ltd. The Toffee Mills, **Halifax.**

If you like Extra Cream Toffee, try **Mackintosh's Old-Fashioned Treacle Toffee.**

THE FAMOUS

"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little **"Mab"** as the **finest shaving implement in the world** is confirmed in thousands of testimonials. The **"Mab"** is rapidly superseding the big clumsy razors hitherto used. Do not accept any not bearing the registered Trade Mark, **"The Mab,"** or you will be disappointed.

PRICE

Black Handle ...	2/6
Ivory ,, ...	3/6
PAIR IN CASE.	
Black	7/6
Ivory	9/6

Sent post free same day as ordered.

"MAB" CO.,

73, Newhall St., Birmingham

ALCOHOLIC EXCESS

Drink and Drug Habits cured at home in 3 to 7 weeks by the recognised TURVEY TREATMENT.

This Treatment eradicates all desire for Stimulants, creating a permanent distaste for Alcohol and Drugs in every form. The Course, with full instructions and advice, can be sent to any part of the world. Each case individually prescribed for by a highly qualified English Physician. Consultations either personally or by post without charge. MR. THOMAS HOLMES, the well-known North London Missionary (of the **Church of England Temperance Society**), referring to his cure of some of the most hopeless cases in England by the

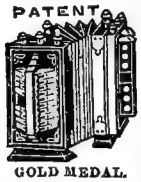
TURVEY TREATMENT,

says:—"The patients' physical condition rapidly improves, their depression of mind passes away, they become bright and hopeful—in fact, new men." **Call (10 to 5) or write for Treatise with Press Report of Successful Public Test, Annual Report, and Consultation Form (post free).**

The Sec., TURVEY TREATMENT CO. Ltd., 3 AMBERLEY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON.

(Near Somerset House.) TELEGRAMS: "Turvert, London." TELEPHONE: 5494, Gerrard.

THE MUSIC YOU LOVE BEST.



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With Orgn and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the Cheerful Song, and the Merry Dance can all be played on these charming Instruments. **No Knowledge of Music Required.** Used throughout the World.

300,000 TESTIMONIALS. PROVE THEIR MERIT.

Special Offer to the Readers of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

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Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount. Either sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland.

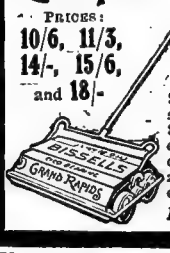
Send at once for Campbell's New Illustrated Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments: **Talking Machines** from 6 9; also 10,000 Gold Moulded Columbia Records, reduced to 1/- each. Send 1d. Stamp to—**CAMPBELL & CO.**, Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. *Established 60 Years.* N.B.—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

A Bissell Carpet Sweeper

Sold by all Stores, Ironmongers, and House Furnishers.

PRICES: 10/6, 11/3, 14/-, 15/6, and 18/-

Saves Backache.



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And many other Features.

FRY's Magazine is Like a Tonic.

SIXPENCE NET. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

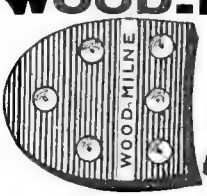
To the Ruptured.

A Printer Cured of a Severe Rupture by W. S. Rice, the Well Known Specialist, who Sends a Sample of His Famous Method Free to All.

There are people who have been torturing themselves for years with trusses. It is hoped their attention will be drawn to this free offer. A well-known printer, Mr. Thomas Levey, 18 Port Vale, Hertford, is one of the hundreds attracted to this generous announcement, and as a result he is now completely cured of a bad rupture. Although so many people told him he could not be cured except by an operation, he was determined to give this method a fair trial, with the result of a perfect cure. He now looks back to the old days of crude methods, and in comparison hails this method as a God-send to the present generations. Mr. Levey writes as follows: "Since discarding my truss four months ago, I have felt nothing of the rupture, therefore I am sure your method has perfectly cured me. I thank you for all your advice to me, and shall be pleased to answer any inquiries from rupture sufferers, if a stamp is enclosed for reply." It is some time since the above letter was received, but there has been no signs of the return of the rupture. By all means write at once to W. S. Rice, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 1727), 8 and 9 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and he will send you a free sample of his remarkable home cure for rupture. It has met with unparalleled success, and has effected thousands of cures without pain, danger, operation, or loss of time. Don't fail to write at once for a description. Now is your opportunity.

Mr. T. LEVEY.

WOOD-MILNE STATIONARY PAD.



Saves Nerve-Jar, Saves Slipping, Saves Money

With this Pad one might be walking on springy turf, so marked is the buoyant feeling. Doubles the life of your Boots.

Be sure it is the WOOD-MILNE.

BUCHANAN'S "SPECIAL" SCOTCH WHISKY

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LUNTIN MIXTURE

SPECIAL OFFER.

Send 7 stamps and we will forward a sample supply of this grand Tobacco—you will find it delightful. Send to-day.

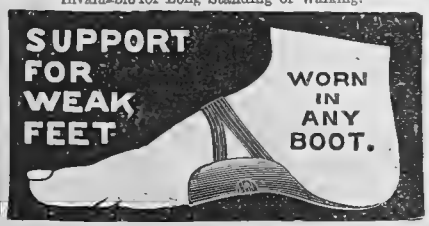
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, (Dept. 4.) Edinburgh.

POND'S "IDEAL" SUPPORT.

Prevents and Cures

SPRAINS, ACHES, and PAINS in the FEET.

Invaluable for Long Standing or Walking.



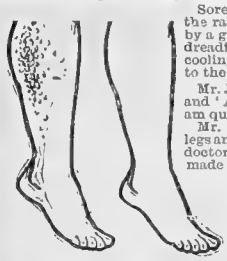
Prices: Ladies, 4/9 per pair; Gents, 5/6.

Money returned if not approved of. Made of best English Steel. The specially constructed straps increase support to instep. No extra space in boot is required. Of all Bootmakers, or

J. POND, 22, Castle Meadow, NORWICH.

ECZEMA OF THE LEGS

and BODY is cured by 'Antexema'



Before and After Use.

Sore legs that are swollen or inflamed with the rawness of Eczema can be quickly cured by a gentle application of "Antexema." The dreadful irritation is instantly stopped by this cooling remedy, which brings rest and sleep to the sufferer, while curing the trouble.

Mr. J. S. writes: "I had eczema in my feet and 'Antexema' stopped the irritation. I am quite cured now."

Mr. G. C. writes: "I suffered from bad legs and feet for nine months, and I had four doctors who could not cure me. 'Antexema' made a complete cure."

Thousands of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner.

Don't Delay. Get a Bottle To-day

"Antexema" will cure any skin complaint. Its benefits are immediately felt. Read the booklet "Skin Troubles." Copy enclosed with every bottle. "Antexema" is supplied by Chemists and Stores, at 1/1½ and 2/9, or can be obtained direct, post free in plain wrapper, for 1/3. It should be in every home. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send a stamped envelope naming ROYAL MAGAZINE for a Free Trial, also a valuable treatise on Skin Troubles and 200 Testimonials from persons who have been cured. Address:

"ANTEXEMA," 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

SNOWITE COLLARS {WASHED, DRIED, & READY TO WEAR IN 15 SECONDS.

Something fresh, useful, and never on market before. Undistinguishable from linen. Will not crack or turn yellow. Always ready for wear. When soiled, washed with soap and water and dried on towel. After this they are snowy white as before. No starching required. COLLARS 6½d. each, or 3 for 1/6 (state size, depth and style when ordering). CUFFS 1/- pair. FRONTS 1/- each. All post free. Supplied only by PARKER'S. Full Illustrated List sent. Agencies granted to persons who can devote spare time. Good pay.

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To Asthma Instant relief is gained in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **Potter's Asthma Cure.** Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/-. Test it free of charge. Send postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, Artillery Lane, London, E. for Free Sample. Kindly mention this paper.

Sufferers

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES

It is impossible to take too much care of one's eyes, and those who value their eyesight will do well to send to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for a little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight," which tells the story of a cure for all troubles of the eyes, eyelashes, and eyelids. SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT has proved its virtues during 300 years, and it may be obtained of all chemists and stores, in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each.

Torturing Eczema IS CURED BY **"ANTEXEMA"** TEST IT FREE. Don't delay, send a stamped envelope to-day, naming "ROYAL" to "Antexema" 83 Castle Road, London, N.W., for a free trial of "Antexema," also booklet on "Skin Troubles," and 200 testimonials from persons cured. "Antexema" at once stops all skin irritation, and is supplied by Chemists, etc., at 1/1½ and 2/9, or sent direct post free for 1/3.

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HYPNOTISM

Its Increasing Use in Daily Life by English People.

No Longer a Secret Art, But Now In the Hands of Thousands.

A London Publishing House Distributing Free Books on Hypnotism.

Some Strange Secrets of Personal Influence Laid Bare.

The London office of a well-known publishing house is creating a deal of surprised interest here in the subject of hypnotism and allied science by the novel method of giving away books absolutely free. By merely writing to the Research Publishing Company, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C., you can, according to their advertisement, receive by return post a most remarkable, fascinating, and instructive illustrated book called "The Power Within." This book and accompanying literature contains some most startling information, setting forth not only how to set about to study hypnotism at your own home, but revealing the fact that this mysterious art is now actually being used by English people in daily life.

According to the publishers, the aim of this startling little free book is to answer such questions as occur to all interested in the mysterious relation between mind and matter.

Such questions as these, for instance:—Can I learn how to hypnotise? Why is the art not more widely known? Just how should I set about it to learn at home, and practise it? Is instantaneous hypnotism possible? What is "personal magnetism," and how is it acquired? What is the mysterious secret of the wonderful success and influence of certain people who seem most ordinary in other ways? Is there really a a scientific mode of life or thought which attracts health, success, and happiness? Is it possible to thus radically change one's whole life in a few days, as many claim to have done? Is it true that humanity in general is, in a sense, hypnotised by conventionality, and thus blinded to splendid opportunities of success and happiness which lie on every hand? What can I do to rouse myself from this "hypnosis of custom," and rise to the attainments which my natural ability would warrant? What must I do to become a hypnotist? To develop a magnetic, attractive, forceful character? To acquire courage, ambition, cheerfulness? To kill fear and worry? To make myself a source of happiness and inspiration to my friends?

The reader will readily see that a book, especially a free book, dealing with such vitally interesting subjects as these, is arousing a lively demand, and the edition provided by the Company is being rapidly exhausted. To obtain this book, which is entitled "The Power Within," it is only necessary to send your plainly written name and address, enclosing a penny stamp for return postage, to the Research Publishing Company (Dept. 301), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.

As the nature of the contents of this book is of such vital interest and importance to many, it is requested that no one write out of mere curiosity. It is desired to upply the book only to those having a genuine wish to be informed on these subjects.

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JAY'S MAKE IT EASY WITH THEIR FAMOUS BUILDING SOCIETY PLAN.

The great point about our system is—that you get the home furnished by us completely without ready money, and pay by easy instalments, just like buying a house from a building society.

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Has stood the test of time. Over 250,000 homes already furnished. Call and see how much we can save you. Customers' fares refunded. Catalogues and estimates free.

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DON'T GROW CORNS

Wear Myers' KUMFIANEZEE

The Smartest Boots Made.
Strong as Iron and Soft as Velvet.

ALL ONE PRICE.
12/6

Make Walking a Pleasure.

In Box-Calf, Glacé, Horseskin, Patent, &c. A single pair at the wholesale price andcarriage free in Great Britain.

YOU PREFER TO PAY

fifteen shillings in a shop? Well, you know best, it's your own money. We guarantee satisfaction or refund the cash. Price Lists Free.

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PARKER'S UARDRI WATERPROOFS

DERBY. 13/6 to 21/-
WARDLOW. 11/6 to 21/-
ROTHSEY.
Pneumatic Cape (Patent). 7/6 8/11 10/6 & 11/-

Guaranteed thoroughly Waterproof or money back. Proofed with best rubber, which will not crumble off, and free from smell and stickiness. Cut full to allow for ventilation and easy movement. Unaffected by climate. Post free British Empire and Europe. Write for patterns, designs, & Catalogue to-day.

Edge is distended by one breath, & keeps knees and Machine dry; folds to small space. State height; whether lady or gent.

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Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear-

THE Y & N DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS

Will not split in the Seams | Nor tear in the Fabric.

Made in White, Black, Fawn, Silver Grey, &c.

4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11
per pair and upwards.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

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—*Lady' Pictorial.*

Please write for Price List to the

Y & N Corset Factory,
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Sold by Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters throughout the United Kingdom and Colonies.

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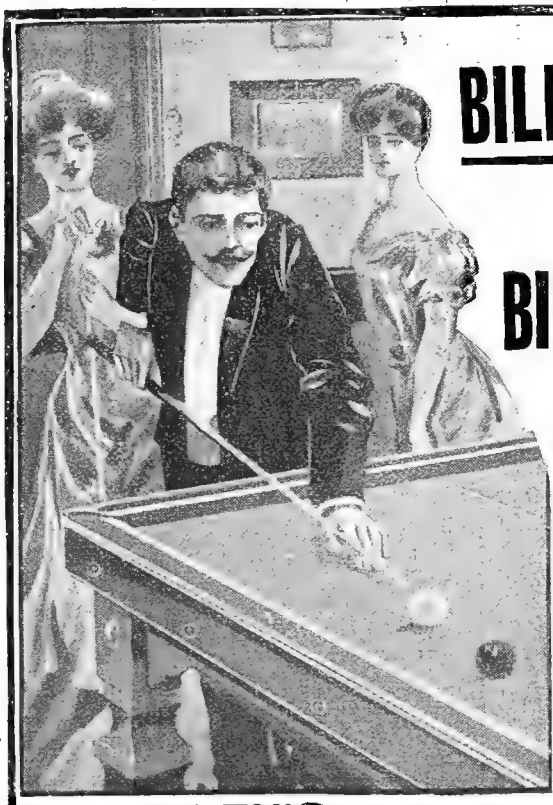

BILLIARDS at HOME.

RILEY'S BILLIARD TABLES

To place on your own DINING TABLE.

Instantly Removed. Stored against Wall. Will fit any size of Table.

Specification.—Made in Mahogany, Best Slate Bed, Adjustable Feet, Rubber Shod, Low Frost-Proof Rubber Cushions, two Cues, Set of Large Ivory or the new Crystalate Balls, Mahogany Marking Board, Spirit Level, Box of Tips, Wafers, Chalk, and Good Rest.

Size.	Cash Price.	or in 13 Monthly Payments
4ft 4in by 2ft 4in	£3 17 6	6/- per month
5ft 4in by 2ft 10in	£5 2 6	9/- per month
6ft 4in by 3ft 4in	£6 0 0	10/9 per month
7ft 4in by 3ft 10in	£8 0 0	14 6 per month
SPECIAL QUALITY (very superior).		
5ft 4in by 2ft 10in	£5 15 0	10/- per month
6ft 4in by 3ft 4in	£7 0 0	12/6 per month
7ft 4in by 3ft 10in	£9 5 0	16/6 per month

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RILEY'S Billiard & Dining Tables Combined.

In Solid Mahogany, with Dining Table Top in three parts. Instantaneous action for raising and lowering. To those who cannot devote a room especially for Billiards this table is highly recommended for a perfect game.

SPECIFICATION.—Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions fitted with Frost-Proof Rubber, best Slate Bed covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, 6 Strong Netted Pockets, Invisible Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c.

PRICES.

WITH STOUT TURNED MAHOGANY LEGS.

Size as a Billiard Table.	Size as a Dining Table.	Cash Prices.	Or in 13 Monthly Payments of
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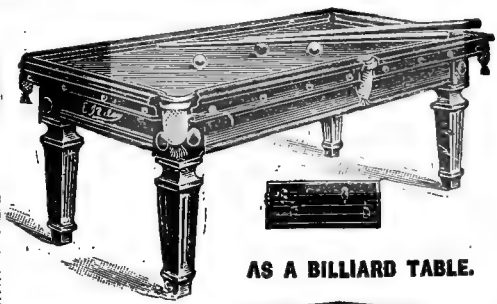
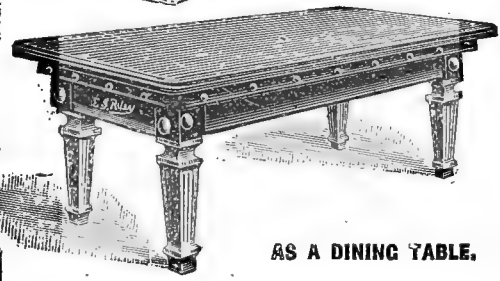


AS A BILLIARD TABLE.



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All Correspondence to Works and Head Offices—
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THE RECORD BREAK, 788, by Stevenson, was on RILEY'S TABLE.

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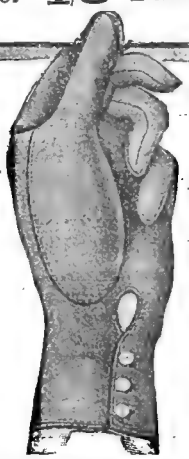
LADIES' "KID" GLOVES

In WHITE; LAVENDER; CHAMPAGNE; SLATE, BEAVER and BROWN SHADES, Four Buttons,

Per **1/6** *Pair.*



Special, No. 206.

Ladies' **FINE DOESKIN GLOVES,**

Mocha Finish, in Tan, Beaver, Grey, and Black, Paris Points, Pique Sewn, Two Large Pearl Buttons,

2/4 per pair.

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Gentlemen's **MOCK REINDEER,**

In Tan or Dark Grey, Prix Seam Sewn, Imperial Points, One Press Button,

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USE SECCOTINE

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GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, and absolutely harmless. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. Contains no lead, silver, sulphur, &c. Trial Bottle 7d., post free. (Sent secretly packed.) State colour required

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INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION

A brilliantly clear skin after two or three applications. Speedy disappearance of **Roughness, Greasiness, Pimples, Unnatural Whiteness, Redness, Freckles, Tan,** etc. Gentlemen find it cooling after shaving. Recommended for Red Noses. This excellent preparation **differs from all others.** In bottles, 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage, 3d. extra.

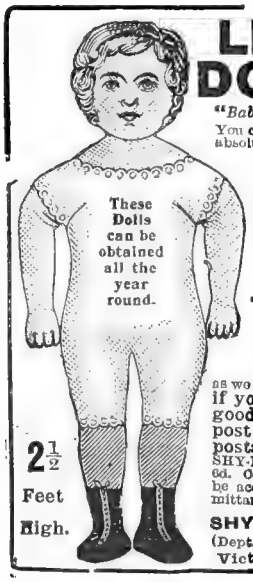
CRIMPOLINE CURLS the HAIR NATURALLY in a FEW DAYS.

Will keep in curl always. Makes the hair soft and silky. **Produces the fashionable wave.** Neither sticky nor greasy. For Ladies', Gentlemen's, or Children's hair. For keeping the hair in curl in **the heated ballroom** it has no equal. 1/9 and 2/6 a bottle. Postage, 3d. extra.

Free with every order, a dainty booklet — "Beauty's Boudoir"—giving valuable toilet advice.

Your Chemist or Hairdresser will obtain Peralia or Crimpoline for you, or send direct to—

THE PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73 CAMDEN STREET (Dept. R), NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.



LIFE-SIZE DOLL FREE

"Baby's Clothes will now fit Dollie."

You can get this Famous Life-size Doll absolutely free for selling only ten packages of SHY-NALL, the Electric Polishing Fabric, at 6d. per package. Something new for cleaning and polishing Jewellery and Silverware, etc. Write to-day and we will send you the Fabric post paid. When sold send us the money (5s.) and we will send you post free this Life-size Doll, which is intended to be stuffed. Dollie is printed with Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid-coloured Body, Red Stockings, and Black Shoes. It is this Century's model of the old-fashioned Rag Doll that Grandma used to make, and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder. You run no risk, as we take back all packages unsold, and **if you do not care to sell our goods we will send the Doll post free on receipt of 2/- postal order.** A trial packet of SHY-NALL sent post free on receipt of 6d. Colonial and Foreign Orders must be accompanied by 6d. extra, and remittances made by P.O.O. Address—

SHY-NALL CHEMICAL CO. (Dept. 61L, Top Floor), 75 Queen Victoria St., LONDON, E.C.

ARE YOU LITTLE?

If so, we will send you particulars of our Elevators, which will increase your height 1in. to 4½in. (without detection). Prices from 5/6 per pair. Send stamp for further particulars — PERALIA CO. (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, Eng.

NOSE

If you have an odd-shaped or red nose, send stamp for further particulars of our 10s. Nose Instruments. PERALIA CO. (Dept. R), 73 Camden St., North Shields, England.

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connecting birds and the weather, taken from a collection, from far and near, made by the United States Weather Bureau. Many of the ideas have sound sense in them, or doubtless such a scientific body would not have troubled to record them.

Rain is indicated by rooks, swallows, and martins flying low; by birds ceasing to sing; by fowls rolling in the sand; by cocks crowing late and early and flapping their wings:

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.

by guinea-fowls and peacocks squalling; by parrots whistling — "Clamorous as a parrot against rain," quoth Shakespeare — by blackbirds singing much in the morning; by pigeons returning home unusually early; by the loud and long singing of robins; and by birds preening and oiling their feathers.

When the swallows fly high in the evenings, and chirp merrily, fair weather will follow; when they fly low, it will rain. This is often true — for the reason that when the air is light and dry, gnats and flies soar high; but when the air is heavy and damp, they keep near to earth. When the sea-fowl fly inland, a storm is approaching.

"Every wind has its weather," said Bacon; and to anglers the effects of wind and weather on fishes is a matter of highest importance.

Izaak Walton thus summed up the effect of wind on fishes:

When the wind is in the north,
The skil ul fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the east,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the flies in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
There it is the very best.

Rain is to be expected when the fish bite readily and swim near the surface; and wind or rain especially when pike lie quietly on the river-bed. All kinds of fish are most active and sporting before storms; trout then leap high and bite eagerly.

The screeching of the missel thrush before and during storms has given him the name of storm-cock, for he loves to brave the gale.

At sea, when porpoises, dolphins, or grampus sport about a ship, chase one another in play, and are numerous on the surface, here are other signs of probable storms. Electrical changes in the air are the cause of their liveliness.

Doubtless approaching thunderstorms are as evident to animals, birds, and fishes as they are to human beings.

When, in the heat of a fine summer day, cock pheasants call particularly loudly and defiantly, here is a very trustworthy sign of a coming storm. But if birds and beasts are aware of the coming of thunderstorms, unlike man—*homo sapiens*, as he calls himself—they show no fear when the storm breaks. The electric cloud, the livid flame, the roar of thunder, leave them calm. They know not the attraction of the tree for the lightning, nor the danger that lurks in the storm.

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THE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

VIII.—THE FATE OF THE "ARTEMIS."

By The Baroness Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Old Man in the Corner	Who explains the mystery to—	Mrs. Bowden	Landlady at their lodgings at Portsmouth.
The Lady Journalist ...	Who re-tells it to the Royal readers.	Mr. Carleton	Who made an assau't on Captain Markham.
Captain Markham, R.N.R.	A retired merchant captain.	Sir Arthur Inglewood ...	His counsel.
Mrs. Markham	His wife.	Jane Mason	Principal witness.
Mr. Paulton	Her brother.	Captain Jutland	Of the *Artemis*.
Johann Schmidt...	A mysterious foreigner.	Messrs. Mills and Co. ...	Gun manufacturers.

"Well, I'm——!" was my inelegant mental comment upon the news in that morning's paper.

"So are most people," rejoined the man in the corner with that eerie way he had of reading my thoughts. "The *Artemis* has come home, having safely delivered her dangerous cargo, and Captain Jutland's explanations only serve to deepen the mystery."

"Then you admit there is one in this case?" I said.

"Only to the public. Not to me. But I do admit that the puzzle is a hard one. Do you remember the earlier details of the case? It was towards the end of 1903. Negotiations between Russia and Japan were just reaching a point of uncomfortable tension, and the man in the street guessed that war in the Far East was imminent.

"Messrs. Mills and Co. had just completed an order for a number of their celebrated quick-firing guns for the Russian Government, and these—according to the terms of the contract—were to be delivered at Port Arthur on or about February 1st, 1904. Effectively then, on December 1st last, the *Artemis*, under the command of Captain Jutland, sailed from Goole, with her valuable cargo on board, and with orders to proceed along as fast as possible, in view of the probable outbreak of hostilities.

"Less than two hours after she had started, Messrs. Mills received intimation from the highest official quarters, that in all probability before the *Artemis* could reach Port Arthur,

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and in view of coming eventualities, the submarine mines would have been laid at the entrance to the harbour. A secret plan of the port was therefore sent to the firm for Captain Jutland's use, showing the only way through which he could possibly hope to navigate the *Artemis* safely into the harbour, and without which she would inevitably come in contact with one of those terrible engines of wholesale destruction, which have since worked such awful havoc in this war.

"But *there* was the trouble. This official intimation, together with the plan, reached Messrs. Mills just two hours too late; it is a way peculiar to many official intimations. Fortunately, however, the *Artemis* was to touch at Portsmouth on private business of the firm's, and, therefore, it only meant finding a trustworthy messenger to meet Captain Jutland there, and to hand him over that all-important plan.

"Of course, there was no time to be lost, but, above all, some one of extreme trustworthiness must be found for so important a mission. You must remember that the great European Power in question is beset by many foes in the shape of her own disaffected children, who desire her downfall even more keenly than does her Asiatic opponent. Also, in times like these, when every method is fair which gives one adversary an advantage over the other, we must remember that our plucky little allies of the Far East are past masters in that art which is politely known as secret intelligence.

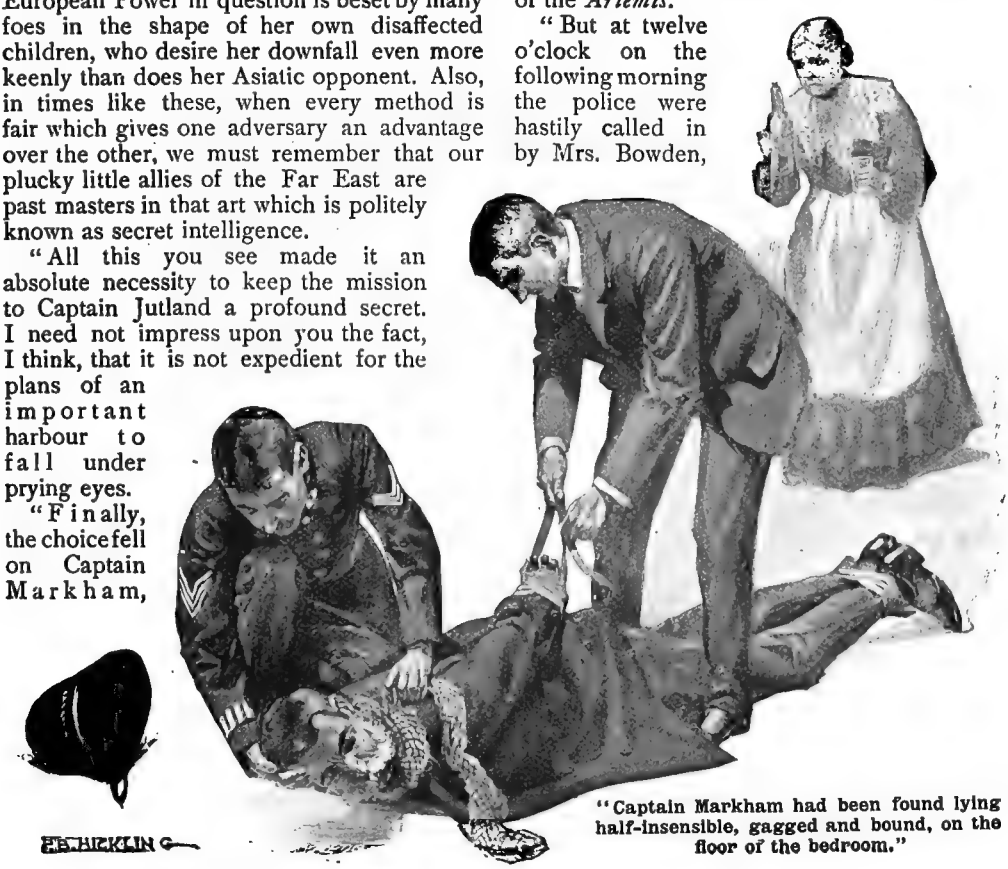
"All this you see made it an absolute necessity to keep the mission to Captain Jutland a profound secret. I need not impress upon you the fact, I think, that it is not expedient for the plans of an important harbour to fall under prying eyes.

"Finally, the choice fell on Captain Markham, R.N.R., lately of the mercantile marine, and at the time in the employ of our own Secret Intelligence Department, to which he has rendered frequent and valuable services. This choice was determined also mainly through the fact that Captain Markham's wife had relatives living in Portsmouth, and that, therefore, his journey thither could easily be supposed to have an unofficial and quite ordinary character—especially if he took his wife with him, which he did.

"Captain and Mrs. Markham left Waterloo for Portsmouth at ten minutes past twelve on Wednesday, December 2nd, the secret plan lying safely concealed at the bottom of Mrs. Markham's jewel-case.

"As the *Artemis* would not touch at Portsmouth until the following morning, Captain Markham thought it best not to spend the night at an hotel, but to go into rooms; his choice fell on a place, highly recommended by his wife's relations, and which was situated in a quiet street on the Southsea side of the town. There he and his wife stayed the night, pending the arrival of the *Artemis*.

"But at twelve o'clock on the following morning the police were hastily called in by Mrs. Bowden,



"Captain Markham had been found lying half-insensible, gagged and bound, on the floor of the bedroom."

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the landlady of 49 Gastle Street, where the Markhams had been staying. Captain Markham had been found lying half-insensible, gagged and bound, on the floor of the sitting-room, his hands and feet tightly pinioned, and a woollen comforter wound closely round his mouth and neck; whilst Mrs. Markham's jewel-case, containing valuable jewellery and the secret plans of Port Arthur, had disappeared."

CHAPTER II.

"Mind you," continued the man in the corner after he had assured himself of my undivided attention, "all these details were unknown to the public at first. I have merely co-ordinated them, and told them to you in the actual sequence in which they occurred, so that you may be able to understand the subsequent events.

"At the time, that is to say, on December 3rd, 1903, the evening papers only contained an account of what was then called 'the mysterious outrage at Gastle Street, Portsmouth.' A private gentleman was presumably assaulted and robbed in broad daylight, and inside a highly respectable house in a busy part of the city.

"Mrs. Bowden, the landlady, was, as you may imagine, most excited and indignant. Her house and herself had been grossly insulted by this abominable outrage, and she did her level best to throw what light she could on this mysterious occurrence.

"The story she told the police was indeed extraordinary, and as she repeated it to all her friends, and subsequently to one or two journalists, it roused public excitement to its highest pitch.

"What she related at great length to the detective in charge of the case, was briefly this:

"Captain and Mrs. Markham, it appears, arrived at 49 Gastle Street, on Wednesday afternoon, December 2nd, and Mrs. Bowden accommodated them with a sitting-room and bedroom, both on the ground floor. In the evening Mrs. Markham went out to dine with her brother, a Mr. Paulton, who is a well-known Portsmouth resident, but Captain Markham stayed in and had dinner alone in his sitting-room.

"According to Mrs. Bowden's version of the story, at about nine o'clock a stranger called to see Captain Markham. This stranger was obviously a foreigner, for he spoke broken English. Unfortunately, the hall at 49 Gastle Street, was very dark, and, moreover, the foreigner was attired in a magnificent fur coat, the collar of which hid the lower part of his face. All Mrs. Bowden could see of him was that he was very tall, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

"'He was so very peremptory in his manner,' continued Mrs. Bowden, 'that I had to show him in at once. The Captain seemed surprised to see him, in fact, he looked decidedly annoyed I might say, but just as I was closing the door I heard the stranger laugh, and say quite pleasantly: "You gave me the slip, my friend, but you see I have found you out all right."'

"Mrs. Bowden, after the manner of her class, seems to have made vigorous efforts to hear what went on in the sitting-room after that," continued the man in the corner, "but she was not successful. Later on, however, the Captain rang and ordered whiskies and sodas. Both gentlemen were then sitting by the fire, looking quite friendly.

"'I took a look round the room,' explained the worthy landlady, 'and took particular notice that the jewel-case was on the table, with the lid open. Captain Markham, as soon as he saw me, closed it very quickly.'

"The stranger seems to have gone away again at about half-past ten, and subsequently Mrs. Markham came home, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Paulton. The next morning she went out at a quarter-past eleven o'clock, and about half-an-hour later the mysterious stranger called again.

"This time he pushed his way straight into the sitting-room; but the very next moment he uttered a cry of intense horror and astonishment, and rushed back into the hall, gesticulating wildly and shrieking: 'A robbery!—a murder!—I go for the police!' And before Mrs. Bowden could stop him, or even could realise what had occurred, he had dashed out of the house.

"'I called to Meggie,' continued Mrs. Bowden, 'I was so frightened, I didn't dare go into the parlour alone. But she was more frightened than I was, and we stood trembling in the hall waiting for the police. At last I began to have my suspicions, and I got Meggie to run out into the street and see if she could bring in a policeman.'

"When the police at last arrived upon the scene, they pushed open the sitting-room door, and there found Captain Markham in a most helpless condition, his hands tied behind his back, and himself half-choked by the scarf over his mouth. As soon as he recovered his breath, he explained that he had no idea who his assailant was; he was

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standing with his back to the door, when he was suddenly dealt a blow on the head from behind, and he remembered nothing more.

"In the meantime Mrs. Markham had come home, and of course was horrified beyond measure at the outrage which had been committed. She declared that her jewel-case was in the sitting-room when she went out in the morning—a fact confirmed by Captain Markham himself.

"But here, at once, the police were seriously puzzled. Mrs. Bowden, of course, told her story of the foreigner—a story which was corroborated by her daughter, Meggie. Captain Markham, pressed by the police, and by his wife, admitted that a friend had visited him the evening before.

"'He is an old friend I met years ago abroad, who happened to be in Portsmouth yesterday, and quite accidentally caught sight of me as I drove up to this door, and naturally came in to see me,' was the captain's somewhat lame explanation.

"Nothing more was to be got out of him that day; he was still feeling very bewildered, he said, and certainly he looked very ill. Mrs. Markham then put the whole matter in the hands of the police.

"Captain Markham had given a description of 'the old friend he had met years ago abroad.' This description vaguely coincided with that given by Mrs. Bowden of the mysterious foreigner. But the Captain's replies to the cross-questionings of the detectives in charge of the case were always singularly reticent and lame. 'I had lost sight of him for nearly twenty years,' he explained, 'and do not know what his present abode and occupation might be. When I knew him years ago, he was a man of independent means, without a fixed abode, and a great traveller. I believe that he is a German by nationality, but I don't think that I ever knew this as a fact. His name was Johann Schmidt.'

"I may as well tell you here at once, that the mysterious foreigner managed to make good his escape. He was traced as far as the South-Western Railway Station, where he was

"He pushed his way straight into the sitting-room . . . . . gesticulating wildly and shrieking: 'A robbery!—a murder!—I go for the police!'"

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seen to rush through the barrier just in time to catch the express up to town. At Waterloo he was lost sight of in the crowd.

"The police were keenly on the alert; no trace of the missing jewels had as yet been found. Then it was that, gradually, the story of the secret plan of Port Arthur reached the ears of the general public. Who first told it and to whom, it is difficult to conjecture, but you know what a way things of that sort have of leaking out.

"The secret of Captain Markham's mission had of necessity been known to several people, and a secret shared by many soon ceases to be one at all; anyway, within a week of the so-called 'Portsmouth outrage,' it began to be loudly whispered that the robbery of Mrs. Markham's jewels was only a mask that covered the deliberate theft of the plans of Port Arthur.

"And then the inevitable happened. Already Captain Markham's strange attitude had been severely commented upon, and now the public, backed by the crowd of amateur detectives who read penny novelettes and form conclusions of their own, had made up its mind that Captain Markham was a party to the theft—that he was either the tool or the accomplice of the mysterious foreigner, and that, in fact, he had been either bribed or terrorised into giving up the plan of Port Arthur to an enemy of the Russian government. The crime was all the more heinous as by this act of treachery a British ship, manned by a British crew, had been sent to certain destruction.

"What rendered the whole case doubly mysterious was that Messrs. Mills and Co. seemed to take the matter with complete indifference. They refused to be interviewed, or to give any information about the *Artemis* at all, and seemed callously willing to await events.

"The public was furious; the newspapers stormed; everyone felt that the *Artemis* should be stopped at any cost at her next port of call, and not allowed to continue her perilous journey.

"And yet the days went by; the public read with horror at Lloyd's that the *Artemis* had called at Malta, at Port Said, at Aden, and was now well on her way to the Far East. Feeling ran so high throughout England that, if the mysterious stranger had been discovered by the police, no protection from them would have saved him from being lynched.

"As for Captain Markham, public opinion reserved its final judgment. A cloud hung over him, of that there was no doubt; many said openly that he had sold the secret plans of Port Arthur, either to the Japanese or to the Nihilists, either through fear or intimidation, if not through greed.

"Then the inevitable climax came: A certain Mr. Carleton constituted himself the spokesman of the general public; he met Captain Markham one day at one of the clubs in London. There were hot words between them. Mr. Carleton did not mince matters; he openly accused Captain Markham of that which public opinion had already whispered, and finally, completely losing his temper, he struck the Captain in the face, calling him every opprobrious name he could think of.

"But for the timely interference of friends there would have been murder committed then and there; as it was, Captain Markham was induced by his own friends to bring a criminal charge of slander and of assault against Mr. Carleton, as the only means of making the whole story public, and possibly vindicating his character."

CHAPTER III.

"A criminal action for slander and assault is always an interesting one," continued the man in the corner after a while, "as it always argues an unusual amount of personal animosity on the part of the plaintiff.

"In this case, of course, public interest was roused to its highest pitch. Practically, though Captain Markham was the prosecutor, he would stand before his fellow citizens after this action, either as an innocent man, or as one of the most dastardly scoundrels this nation has ever known.

"The case for the Captain was briefly stated by his counsel. For the defence Sir Arthur Inglewood on behalf of Mr. Carleton pleaded justification. With wonderful eloquence Sir Arthur related the whole story of the secret plan of Port Arthur confided to the honour of Captain Markham, and which involved the safety of the British ship and the lives of a whole British crew.

"The first witnesses called for the defence were Mrs. Bowden and her daughter, Meggie. Both related the story I have already told you. When they came to the point of having seen the jewel-case *open* on the table, during that interview between Captain Markham and the mysterious stranger, there was a regular murmur of indignation throughout the whole crowd, so much so, that the judge threatened to clear the court, for Sir Arthur argued

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this to be a proof that Captain Markham had been a willing accomplice in the theft of the secret plans, and had merely played the comedy of being assaulted, bound, and gagged.

"But there was more to come.

"It appears that on the morning of December 2nd—that is to say, before going to Portsmouth—Captain Markham, directly after breakfast, and while his wife was up in her own room, received a message, which seemed greatly to disturb him. It was Jane Mason, the parlourmaid at the Markham's town house, who told the story.

"A letter bearing no stamp had been dropped into the letter-box; she had taken it to her master who, on reading it, became greatly agitated; he tore up the letter, stuffed it into his pocket, and presently took up his hat and rushed out of the house.

"'When the master was gone,' continued Jane, 'I found a scrap of paper, which had fallen out of his pocket.'

"This scrap of paper Jane Mason had carefully put away. She was a shrewd girl and scented some mystery. It was now produced in court, and the few fragmentary words were read out by Sir Arthur Inglewood, amidst boundless excitement:

"'. . . . . if you lend a hand . . . . . Port Arthur safely . . . . . hold my tongue . . . .'

"And at the end there were four letters in large capitals, 'STOW.'

"In view of all the evidence taken, there was momentous significance to be attached to those few words, of which only the last four letters seemed mysterious, but these probably were part of the confederate's signature, who had, no one doubted it now, some hold upon Captain Markham, and had by a process of blackmail induced him to send the *Artemis* to her doom.

"After that, according to a statement made by the head clerk of Messrs. Mills and Co., Captain Markham came round to the office, begging that some one else should be sent to meet Captain Jutland at Portsmouth. 'This,' explained the head clerk, who had been subpœnaed for the defence, 'was quite impossible at this eleventh hour, and, in the absence of the heads of the firm, I had on Mr. Mills' behalf to hold Captain Markham to his promise.'

"This closed the case for the defence, and, in view of the lateness of the hour, counsels' speeches were reserved for the following day.

"'I found a scrap of paper, which had fallen out of his pocket.'"

There was not a doubt in anybody's mind that Captain Markham was guilty, and but for the presence of a large body of police, I assure you he would have been torn to pieces by the crowd."

The man in the corner paused in his narrative and blinked at me over his bone-rimmed spectacles, like some lean and frowzy tom-cat eager for a fight.

"Well?" I said eagerly.

"Well, surely you remember what happened the following day?" he replied with a dry chuckle. "Personally, I don't think that there ever was quite so much sensation in any English court of law.

"It was crowded, of course, when counsel for the plaintiff rose to speak. He made, however, only a short statement, briefly and to the point; but this statement caused everyone to look at his neighbour, wondering if he were awake or dreaming.

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"Counsel began by saying that Messrs. Mills and Co., in view of the obvious conspiracy that had existed against the *Artemis*, had decided, in conjunction with Captain Markham himself, to say nothing about the safety of the ship until she was in port; but now counsel had much pleasure in informing the court and public that the *Artemis* had safely arrived at Port Arthur, had landed her guns, and was on her way home again by now. A cablegram *vid* St. Petersburg had been received by Messrs. Mills and Co. from Captain Jutland that very morning.

"That cablegram was read by counsel in court, and was received with loud and prolonged cheering which could not be suppressed.

"With heroic fortitude—explained counsel—Capt. Markham had borne the gross suspicions against his integrity, only hoping that news of the safety of the *Artemis* would reach England in time to allow him to vindicate his character. But until Captain Jutland was safe in port, he had sworn to hold his tongue, and to bear insult and violence, sooner than once more jeopardise the safety of the British ship by openly avowing that she carried the plans of the important port with her.

"Well, you know the rest. The parties, at the suggestion of the judge, arranged the case amicably, and, Captain Markham being fully satisfied, Mr. Carleton was nominally ordered to come up for trial when called upon.

"Captain Markham was the hero of the hour; but presently, after the first excitement had subsided, sensible people began to ponder. Everyone, of course, appreciated the fact that Messrs. Mills and Co., prompted by the highest authorities, had insisted on not jeopardising the safety of the *Artemis* by shouting on the housetops that she was carrying the plans of Port Arthur on board. Hostilities in the far East were on the point of breaking out, and I need not insist, I think, on the obvious fact that silence in such matters and at such a time was absolutely imperative.

"But what sensible people wanted to know was, what part had Captain Markham played in all this?

"In the evening of that memorable December 2nd, he was sitting amicably by the fire with the mysterious stranger, who was evidently blackmailing him, and with the jewel-case, which contained the plans of Port Arthur open between them. What, then, had caused Captain Markham to change his attitude? What dispelled the fear of the stranger? Was he really assaulted? Was the jewel-case really stolen?

"Captain Jutland, of the *Artemis*, has explained that he was only on shore for one hour at Portsmouth on the memorable morning of December 3rd, namely, between 10.30 and 11.30 a.m. On landing at the Hard from his gig, he was met by a gentleman whom he did not know, and who, without a word of comment, handed him some papers, which proved to be plans of Port Arthur.

"Now at that very hour Captain Markham was lying helpless in his bedroom, and the question now is, who abstracted the plans from the jewel-case, and then mysteriously handed them to Captain Jutland? Why was it not done openly? Why?—why? and, above all by whom?"——

(*Yes, why? Close the* ROYAL *at this point, and try and puzzle out the problem for yourselves.*—ED.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Indeed, why?" I retorted, for he had paused, and was peering at me through his bone-rimmed spectacles. "You must have a theory," I added, as I quietly handed him a beautiful bit of string across the table.

"Of course, I have a theory," he replied placidly; "nay, more, the only explanation of those mysterious events. But for this I must refer you to the scrap of paper found by Jane Mason, and containing the four fragmentary sentences which have puzzled everyone, and which Captain Markham always refused to explain.

"Do you remember," he went on, as he began feverishly to construct knot upon knot on that piece of string, "the wreck of the *Ridstow* some twenty years ago? She was a pleasure boat belonging to Mr. Eyres, the great millionaire financier, and was supposed to have been wrecked in the South Seas, with nearly all hands. Five of her crew, however, were picked up by H.M.S. *Pomona*, on a bit of rocky island to which they had managed to swim.

"I looked up the files of the newspapers relating to the rescue of these five shipwrecked mariners, who told a most pitiable tale of the loss of the yacht and their subsequent escape to, and sufferings on the island. Fire had broken out in the hull of the *Ridstow*, and all her crew were drowned, with the exception of three sailors, a Russian friend, or rather secretary, of Mr. Eyres, and a young petty officer named Markham.

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"You see, the letters STOW had given me the clue. Clearly Markham, on receiving the message in the morning of December 2nd, was frightened, and when we analyse the fragments of that message and try to reconstruct the missing fragments, do we not get something like this:

"'*If you lend a hand* in allowing the *Artemis* to reach *Port Arthur safely*, and to land her cargo there, I will no longer *hold my tongue* about the events which occurred on board the *Rid*STOW.'

"Clearly the mysterious stranger had a great hold over Captain Markham, for every scrap of evidence, if you think it over, points to his having been *frightened*. Did he not beg the clerk to find someone else to meet Captain Jutland in Portsmouth? He did not wish *to lend a hand* in allowing the *Artemis* to reach *Port Arthur safely*.

"We must, therefore, take it that on board the *Ridstow* some such tragedy was enacted as, alas! is not of unfrequent occurrence. The tragedy of a mutiny, a wholesale murder, the robbery of the rich financier, the burning of the yacht. Markham, then barely twenty, was no doubt an unwilling, perhaps passive accomplice; one can trace the hand of a cunning, daring Russian in the whole of this mysterious tragedy.

"Since then, Markham, through twenty years' faithful service of his country, had tried to redeem the passive crime of his early years. But then came the crisis: The cunning leader of that bygone tragedy no doubt kept a strong hand over his weaker accomplices.

"What happened to the other three we do not know, but we have seen how terrified Markham is of him, how he dare not resist him, and when the mysterious Russian—some Nihilist, no doubt, at war with his own Government—wishes to deal his country a terrible blow by possessing himself of the plan of her most important harbour, so that he might sell it to her enemies, Markham dare not say him nay.

"But mark what happens. Captain Markham terrorised, confronted with a past crime, threatened with exposure, is as wax in the hands of his unscrupulous tormentor. But beside him there is the saving presence of his wife."

"His wife?" I gasped.

"Yes, the woman! Did you think this was a crime without the inevitable woman! I sought her, and found her in Captain Markham's wife. To save her husband both from falling a victim to his implacable accomplice, and from committing another even more heinous crime, she suggests the comedy which was so cleverly enacted in the morning of December 3rd.

"When the landlady and her daughter saw the jewel-case open on the table the evening before, Markham was playing the first act of the comedy invented by his wife. She had the plan safely in her own keeping by then. He pretended to agree to the Russian's demands, but showed him that he had not then the plan in his possession, promising, however, to deliver it up on the morrow.

"Then in the morning, Mrs. Markham helps to gag and strap her husband down; he pretends to lie unconscious, and she goes out, carrying the jewel-case. Her brother, Mr. Paulton, of course, helps them both; without him it would have been more difficult; as it is, he takes charge of the jewel-case, abstracts the plan and papers, and finally meets Captain Jutland at the Hard and hands him over the plan of Port Arthur.

"Thus through the wits of a clever and devoted woman, not only are the *Artemis* and her British crew saved, but Captain Markham is effectually rid of the blackmailer, who otherwise would have poisoned his life, and probably out of revenge at being foiled, have ruined his victim altogether.

"To my mind, that was the neatest thing in the whole plan. The general public believed that Captain Markham (who obviously at the instigation of his wife had confided in Messrs. Mills and Co.) held his tongue as to the safety of the *Artemis*, merely out of heroism, in order not to run her into any further danger. Now I maintain that this was the masterstroke of that clever woman's plan.

"By holding his tongue, by letting the public fear for the safety of the British crew and British ship, public feeling was stirred to such a pitch of excitement that the Russian now would never *dare* show himself. Not only—by denouncing Captain Markham now—would he never be even listened to for a moment, but, if he came forward at all, if he even showed himself, he would stand before the British public self-convicted as the man who had tried through the criminal process of blackmail to terrorise an Englishman into sending a British ship and thirty British sailors to certain annihilation.

"No; I think we may take it for granted that the Russian will not dare to show his face in England again."

And the funny creature was gone before I could say another word.

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MR. —HIS PAGES.

"Mr. X" is deeply indebted to the reader who has sent him a picture post-card, notifying him that he has been placed on the Black List of the Anti-Chestnut League "as an inveterate and incorrigible retailer of chestnuts." There is such a craze against chestnuts that every time "Mr. X" inserts one in his pages he feels that he has performed a public duty. "What," argues "Mr. X," "has the rising generation done that it should not be allowed to hear the capital old jokes that we know so well? Nobody else will tell them because they are chestnuts—I will tell them (occasionally). I like the rising generation: I like the people who hear a joke one day, forget it the next, and roar with laughter when they hear it again. Surely those happy people who have heard every joke under the sun will not grumble because every now and again they find a joke which, old to them, brings mirth to hundreds of others? Perish the thought! 'Mr. X' knows his jolly, generous readers too well."

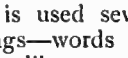
Puzzle Penknives or Puzzle Purses will be given as prizes to readers who forward *new* puzzles, problems, or other tricks which are inserted in this feature. Any readers communicating with "Mr. X." and wishing for a reply, should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. All letters should be addressed to "Mr. X" (care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE), 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"MR. X'S" MONTHLY PRIZE.

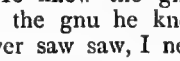
No. 5.

[Answers must be sent in before November 20th, addressed, "Mr. X," care of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, Henrietta Street, W.C., and marked on the outside "No. 5."]

The competition in which it was required to give a list of six words having many different meanings proved so popular that "Mr. X" now proposes a further test on the same lines. "Mr. X" this month offers a prize of Five Shillings for what is, in his opinion, the best short grammatical sentence in which the same word is used several times with different meanings—words spelt differently but pronounced alike may be used. For example: "He knew the gnu was a new gnu, and not the gnu he knew." "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw like that saw saws, or make one's hand so sore."



Q. Why is the tail of a dog like the heart of a tree?
A. Because it is furthest from the bark.



NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

TILER: "I say, I've noticed a funny thing about you—you never wear an overcoat."

THATCHER: "Well, I don't see anything funny in that; you never were an overcoat either, were you? Certainly I never was."

FIVE ODD NUMBERS WANTED.

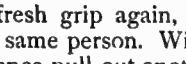
In stables five, now pray contrive
To put in horses twenty;
In every stable numbers odd,
And not a stable empty.

MATCHES AGAIN.

Take a bundle of wooden matches in one hand, and, holding them out, declare that nobody can take one without taking a second also.

Someone is certain to accept your challenge, and will, of course, take a single match from the bundle without difficulty.

At this you must look rather surprised, make some exclamation of astonishment, and, taking a fresh grip again, hold out the matches to the same person. With a superior air he will at once pull out another—but his superiority gives place to discomfiture when you thank him and point out that, as you said, he would not take one without taking a second also!



WHO SAID IT WAS A RIDDLE?

LUCY: "What is the difference between a post-office and a haystack?"

MARY: "I don't know."

LUCY: "Good gracious! Well, I certainly can't give you these letters to post."

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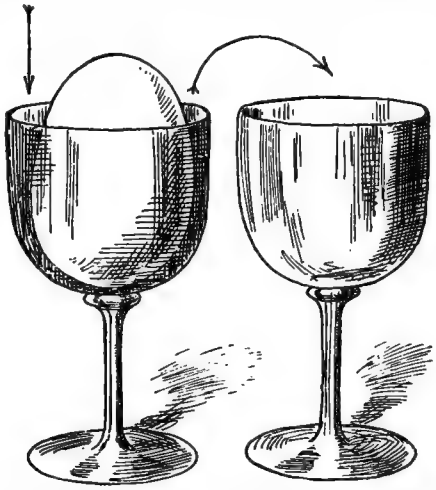
The Jumping Egg.

A little patience and a lot of lung power and you can perform the marvellous trick of making an egg leap from one wineglass into another without using your hands. Place a



hard-boiled egg in a claret glass (as shown) with a second wineglass close alongside. Now blow sharply down in the direction of the perpendicular arrow, and you will see the egg vault safely into the other glass. A china egg is lighter, better, and, if your egg is not properly hard-boiled, cleaner!

What a Lark.

Bob: "Wouldn't it be a lark if a sparrow came down the chimney?"

Tom: "Yes, wouldn't it!"

Bob: "No; it would be a sparrow."

With a Confederate.

Set out playing cards from the ace to the nine; then leave the room saying that your companions may touch any one card, and that you will tell them which it is on your return.

To their mystification you do so easily. The solution is, however, simple. One of their number is your confederate. When you re-enter the room one of his fingers is lying idly on a book or anything square which is on the table. The top line of the book is supposed by both of you to be numbered 1, 2, 3—the 2 in the middle, the 1 and 3 at each corner. The middle line is 4, 5, 6, whilst the bottom line is 7, 8, 9. So that if the lower left-hand corner is indicated, you know that the card chosen is the seven, and so forth.

Making the Part Equal to the Whole.

As two tobacconists were talking at a street corner Mr. George Spendthrift rode by. Said one to the other: "Has Mr. Spendthrift paid you his bill yet?" "Yes," replied the other. "What, the whole of it?" cries the first, for young Mr. George was seldom known to pay his creditors. "Well, he did and he didn't," answered the second. "He sent me less than the total, but I was perfectly satisfied and lost nothing." "He paid you something in kind, then?" "Not at all; he paid me less than the total in hard cash only. Yet, as I said, I was perfectly satisfied and lost nothing. Now puzzle it out for yourself."

The tobacconist is still puzzling. No doubt "Mr. X's" readers are sharper. Anyway, the answer to this little mystery will appear next month.

JUST THE SAME.

Q: Why is twice ten like twice eleven?

A: Twice ten makes twenty, and twice eleven makes twenty-two (too).

"MR. X's" MONTHLY PRIZE.—No. 2.

RESULT.

In this Competition "Mr. X" asked for "Spoonerisms," and Mr. X got them—by the hundred. So muddled has he become by reading them that he can now hardly open his mouth without perpetrating a "Spoonerism" himself. One noticeable thing about "Spoonerisms" is that certain of them appear to be in common use all over the country. So far as "Mr. X" can judge from his correspondence, there cannot be more than fifty churches in the British Isles wherein someone has not said: "**Excuse me, sir, you are occupewing my pie;**" whilst barmaids at railway restaurants must be positively tired of passengers who rush in to demand "**A bath of mi.k and a glass bun.**"

The prize of 5s. is awarded to Miss Dorothy Dean, Shirley House, Sutton, Surrey, for the following: "An absent-minded man coming home one day when it was raining hard gave his hat to the servant, with the remark: '**Oh, hush this brat, it's roaring with pain.**'" Many other competitors sent this same "Spoonerism" in various forms—the winner's letter is adjudged the best. Puzzle-penknives or puzzle purses are awarded to Mr. W. E. Bridge, 78 Harpur Road, Summertown, Oxford; Miss Margaret Birt, Grove House, Leamington Spa; and Miss Gracie Winn, Holly Hill, Sarisbury Green, Hants.

Here is an amusing selection:

"Yes," remarked a lady, "the shops here are very expensive, but I always **steal at the doors**" (deal at the stores).

The train drew up at the platform. Out leaped a famished traveller and roared to the refreshment boy: "**Coffee for tea and two for one.**" (Coffee for two and tea for one.)

In a church, at the conclusion of the reading of the banns: "**If any of you know any jaws or cussed impediments.**"

Again in a church: "Many of you, my friends," said the preacher, "**have a half-warmed fish in your hearts**" (half-formed wish).

And another clergyman in another church, holding a service for labouring men: "It is a great honour to me to address **so many tons of soil**" (sons of toil).

"Nothing do I like better," remarked a kindly man, "than sitting by the fire watching my dear wife **hitting the nose o. my little ones**" (knitting the hose).

"Well, goodbye, I must get back by **the town drain**" (down train).

College Dean (to undergrad., who has been idling): "Mr. Jones, **you have tasted a worm**, and you will regret it all your life" (wasted a term).

Governess giving a scripture lesson to her little ones): "**St. Stephen was the first martyr; he was stewed to death by the unbelieving Jones.**" (St. Stephen was the first martyr; he was stoned to death by the unbelieving Jews.)

"It's eight o'clock, get up!" cried Mrs Smith. "**Eight o'clock,**" said Farmer Smith in amazement, "who says it's eight o'clock? **Run down quick and fight the liar**" (light the fire).

"Ah, me," sighed the gushing lady of certain age, "it is only a few years ago that I, too, was **cappy and hairless**" (happy and careless).

OTHER RESULTS.

The Mathematical Farmer (*page* 523).—The 20 sheep were arranged in the four corners thus: 0, 1, 9, 10. As the farmer walked round, the number of sheep in each pen was nearer ten than the number he had just left, for 1 is nearer 10 than 0; 9 is nearer 10 than 1; 10 is nearer 10 than 9; *nothing* is nearer 10 than 10.

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Real Life Romances.

All Readers are Invited to Contribute to this Feature.

The King's Bouquet.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PATRIOTIC COSTER GIRL.

ALMOST any day of the week you can see Margaret Smith standing on the curb-stone in Euston Road selling roses.

And it was roses that got Margaret into trouble, just the same as, four hundred years ago, roses set the whole of England a-fighting.

And, queerly enough, as on that occasion, there was a king concerned in the matter—King Edward VII.

When Margaret heard that the King was going to the City to lay the foundation-stone of St. Bartholomew's Hospital her loyalty knew no bounds.

She determined to take a holiday and to see the King ride by on his way back from the Hospital.

So, the next afternoon, carrying in her hand a large bunch of roses, Margaret took up her stand just where New Oxford Street joins Shaftesbury Avenue.

Presently, right up the crowd-lined street, she heard the sound of loud "Hurrahs!"

The King was coming!

Now, in the dazzling sunlight, she could see the brilliant uniforms of the 1st Life Guards, seated astride their proud mounts, that arched their necks and pranced as if the wooden pavements were honoured by their tread.

And then—then the Royal carriage, drawn by four horses, came into view.

But Margaret had no eyes for these. It was the King and Queen on whom her loyal gaze bent.

Then Margaret felt herself go wild with loyalty. The roses! She must not forget the roses for her King! She raised the bouquet above her head.

"God bless your Majesties!" she cried. And, saying this, she threw the bunch at the Royal carriage.

Swift through the air the red and white roses sped, and, to the horror of the poor flower-girl—struck the King upon the cheek!

A cry broke from Margaret's lips at seeing what she had done. She almost burst into tears. Lifting her head shamefacedly, she looked at the King. And he—he was smiling at her. And as the carriage moved by, she could still see his kindly smile.

But a certain constable had watched the act. Was this an attempted assassination? At the least it was a direct insult to His Majesty.

Determined that such disloyalty should not pass unnoticed, he walked up to the girl and laid a firm hand upon her shoulder.

In vain Margaret protested that it was an accident, and that no one could be more loyal than she. Without more ado, the policeman promptly led her to Bow Street and locked her in a cell.

So this was what her gift to the King had brought—a prison cell!

Presently a sound caught her ears. Footsteps paused before the door of her cell, and an inspector entered.

"You are free to go," he said. "The King has commanded your release."

And home rejoicing Margaret went, as proud and loyal a girl as ever bought flowers at Covent Garden.

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A Long Sleep.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A TRANCE.

IN the tales of our childhood there is one that tells of a maid that slept for a hundred years. A mere fairy tale that no one believes, yet one that has its parallel in truth, but, of course, in a lesser degree.

The heroine of this story is a French girl, by name Marguerite Boyenval.

Twenty-one years ago Marguerite earned her living by dressmaking in the little village of Thenelles.

And there a tragedy was enacted.

Marguerite was married. For a time all went well, but one night her husband stole away from the village and was never seen again.

Day after day the poor little dressmaker sat grief stricken, waiting for her husband to return. Then, Gustave was born. For a time Marguerite's grief was assuaged, yet more sorrow was in store for her. A few days after her baby's birth, the little child sickened suddenly and died.

Marguerite was now more prostrated with grief than ever. And then to add to her anguish, some busybody whispered the village rumour in the poor girl's ears: "They say that you murdered your child!"

This part of the story is very horrible; there is no need to dwell further on it. Let it suffice to say that there was not the slightest truth in the village gossip.

A month later Marguerite was well enough to move about her little home. One day, while she was ironing, a neighbour rushed in and playfully cried out: "There's a gendarme coming for you!"

Overcome with fear, Marguerite became hysterical.

Frightened at the turn her joke had taken, the woman carried the trembling girl up to her bedroom. A strange calmness succeeded the hysteria. And Marguerite closed her eyes and—slept.

A night went by—a day—still the girl slumbered on. In vain her mother endeavoured to awaken her from the deep sleep into which she had fallen. Towards evening, filled with anxiety, she sent for the village doctor. But, despite his unceasing efforts, he could not arouse the sleeper.

Weeks went by, months went by, then years went by, bringing no change in that little bedroom. A patient mother sat by the bedside, watching over her sleeping daughter.

Twenty years had gone by since Marguerite first fell asleep. Twenty long years in which her mother watched and tended to her wants. Time had changed nothing in that little bedroom, save the mother. The sleeping girl seemed as young as on the day that she had sunk into the trance. Yet she was forty-two.

One May morning, the mother noticed her daughter move.

A tremor shook the slight frame, Marguerite opened her eyes. Very languidly she looked around. Then, turned her gaze upon her mother.

"Why, mother, how old you look!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

A great lump prevented her mother answering.

"How old am I, mother?"

The aged woman looked at her.

"You are twenty-two," she said, not realising how fast the years had passed.

More must not be said of the mother's joy, and the joy of everyone in the little French village of Thenelles, at the wonderful awakening of Marguerite after her long sleep of twenty years.

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Real Friends.

HOW A DOG SAVED A CAT'S LIFE.

SOME of their friends called them Robin Hood and Little John, others David and Jonathan. In this there would be nothing out of the ordinary had Bruno not been a big Newfoundland dog, and Pompey a nigger Persian cat, with pink nose and white front.

When Bruno first met Pompey, Pompey snarled; but Bruno was such a good-natured little chap that they soon made friends.

From then their friendship increased. Pompey, as befitted the dignity of such a cat, took particular care to show Bruno which was master.

So the days went on. Bruno grew into a great, big, handsome fellow, and Pompey became quite proud of him.

One October day, after a whole week of heavy rain, Bruno and Pompey were rambling about on the lawn. Behind the trees, at the farther end of the garden, the river flowed past in a muddy, swirling torrent. Long rains had changed it into a vast lake, and for miles around the fields lay feet below the flood.

On the bank, hanging over the river, grew an old willow tree. Up this Pompey loved to climb; and to-day, after being kept indoors so long by the rain, puss could not resist the temptation.

Away he bounded from the surprised Bruno, scaling the tree in a twinkling. At that moment a sparrow alighted quite close to him.

Pompey could never resist a sparrow, and with one twittering not four feet away on a slender branch—well, Pompey made a pounce.

To give Pompey his due, it was not entirely his own fault that he toppled over. What can any cat do when the twigs to which he is clinging break off? But Pompey did the only possible thing—he fell.

Down he went, and, turning many somersaults, dropped with a splash right into the muddy water.

Cold and bedraggled, the terrified cat did his best to reach the shore; but he could make no headway against the current that was fast carrying him towards the water-mill.

Just then something happened. A great, brown head poked its way through the bushes; its troubled eyes anxiously scanned the stream; then, with a quick bark and a bound, the shaggy body plunged into the river.

Panting hard, it moved swiftly towards the struggling cat. The great, red mouth opened, and gently, but firmly, Bruno had seized the half-drowned Pompey.

And now commenced a battle royal—the great Newfoundland dog against the swift current. Very slowly Bruno forged towards the shore. Sometimes it seemed that the water must succeed and sweep both friends to death.

At last the dog triumphed, and springing to the shore, gently laid his drenched comrade on the bank, little the worse for the adventure.

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That Hero "Kettle."

THE TALE OF A HORSE AND CHILD.

YOU know the hero of this romance. His name stands out in big black letters on the top. And there is not the slightest doubt that he quite deserved the place of honour.

It was harvest time. The hay on Mr. Dodd's land was exceptionally good. Bright days had succeeded the cutting, and the grass in the largest field was ready to stack. So the farmer decided at once to hire an elevator, and to set about the task on the morrow.

This great news came to Charlie, the ten-year-old son of the house, at tea-time. The elevator would be in the large field early the next morning, his father said, and Kettle, Charlie's little pony, was to drive it.

Eight o'clock on a bright summer's morning. Charlie had already been up an hour awaiting the arrival of the elevator.

At last it trundled into the field, drawing up not far from the gate, where already the stack stood built up to a height of several feet.

"Now to work, lads!" the farmer cried. And to work with a will it had to be, were those hay-cocks, that lay all over the field, to be stacked before sunset.

So they quickly harnessed Kettle to the elevator, whilst a waggon full of hay was drawn up alongside ready to feed the fire-escape-like machine.

Then, gee-up, Kettle! And off the pony trotted, round and round like a circus horse, setting the long steel teeth in motion. Pitchforks in hand, the men stood by casting the hay into the machine.

Hot and happy, Charlie joined in the fun, throwing great armfuls of hay into the whirring elevator. What fun it was to the little boy! And so exciting, too, watching his own particular armful of hay carried right up the machine by those shiny forks, and then over on to the top of the stack.

How it happened no one saw. Everybody was too busy to keep an eye on Master Charlie. But suddenly a piercing shriek rose above the whirr of machinery.

The men threw down their forks in horror. The farmer felt his heart stand still. Caught on those cruel teeth, with a bundle of hay clutched convulsively in his arms, he saw—his little son.

Aghast at the sight, the terrified father rushed forward. Already the elevator was lifting the light body. No power on earth could save the boy, unless the machine were stopped.

But could it be done in time? Impossible!

Another cry broke from the boy. Then, a miracle, or what appeared to all as a miracle, happened. *The machinery stopped.*

Charlie was saved.

Kettle, his chum and companion, had heard the cry. He knew that childish voice so well, even made shrill in terror. To Kettle was all the glory, for at the sound of his little master's voice he had dug his heels deep into the ground, thus instantly bringing the elevator to a standstill.

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For Other Eyes.

HOW TWO BURGLARS MISSED THEIR OPPORTUNITY.

TWO London burglars are the heroes, or rather the rascals, of this romance. Scotland Yard knew them as Billy Shaves and Jack Dobbs; but that has nothing to do with the story.

A short while ago these two determined to pay a nocturnal visit to the left-luggage office of a well-known London railway company.

Accordingly, Shaves laid his plans, and one dark, moonless night he and his companion sallied out. Scarcely a soul was abroad. A sharp walk brought them to the door of the luggage office.

Quickly and silently Shaves tried several keys, until the door yielded to his efforts.

Once inside, with the white light of their lanterns illuminating the office, they found themselves surrounded by all manner of boxes. There were big travelling trunks, small portmanteaus, and a whole host of baskets and tin boxes. But what most took their fancy was a smart-looking trunk.

Here, evidently, was something worth looking into. Shaves drew out a large bunch of keys, and in a surprisingly short time threw back the lid.

The usual tray met their eyes, covered with flimsy lace, and a host of ruffly things. Lifting this out, they discovered a number of new and beautiful dresses.

Then one of the burglars drew out a bulky package. Visions of bank-notes floated before their eyes. Filled with this delightful hope, they untied the package and glanced carefully through the contents.

The light of lanterns fell on one of the letters, for thus the package proved to be. Shaves scanned the contents. Then he burst into a roar of laughter.

What was this he saw? Why, good gracious, it was a *billet-doux!* Not to be left out of the joke, his companion seized hold of the next letter. Then he, too, shook with laughter.

Suddenly, in the midst of reading aloud one exceptionally sentimental passage, a clock chimed out the hour.

An exclamation of surprise burst from both burglars' lips. In another half-hour the office would be opened!

Flinging aside the letters, the two men slipped quietly out and beat a hasty retreat.

Five minutes later the door of the office was opened by the clerk in charge. Startled at the sight of an unpacked box, he at once realised what had happened.

Something prompted him to look inside the open trunk. He noticed the space from which the letters, scattered around, had been abstracted. A dark leather box attracted his attention.

Hastily opening it, he discovered that the contents had not been touched. Inside, a magnificent diamond necklace lay sparkling, brooches with clusters of precious stones attached, rings, and bracelets.

All these had lain within easy reach of the burglars, and would have been theirs, but for the lucky chance that prompted their fair owner to secrete her jewel-case beneath her lover's letters.

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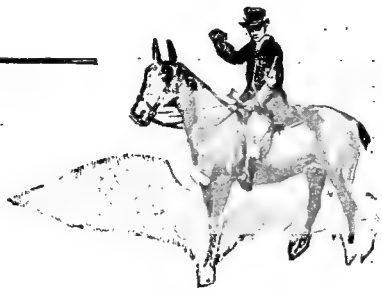
Mr. Rousterby's First Hunt.

By Fox Russell.



The Adventure of a Self-made Millionaire on the Occasion of his First Fox-hunt.

Mr. Benjamin Rousterby had been early launched on life's stormy sea, with the assistance of the proverbial half-crown—and his father's boot. For a time he obtained an income by helping in building operations—with a hod. Then he emigrated to Argentina, and after a few years of strenuous labour—in which trowel and mortar played not an unimportant part—he became a sub-contractor on one of the railways. From this he rose by leaps and bounds, turned land speculator, met with almost unvarying success, and finally returned to his native shores—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Mr. Rousterby was about forty-five years of age, stoutly-built, ginger-whiskered, and slightly inclining to baldness. His daughter, Sarah, was a good-looking girl, more "smart" than refined; but a Brighton boarding-school soon worked a marvellous reformation; and when she left the South coast seminary, and took her place at her father's table, Mr. Rousterby was a very proud man indeed.

Six months after his daughter came home from school, Ben announced to her one day that he was sick of London, and should take a house in the country. He meant, he said, to go in for sport.

Now, sport was a matter which Ben's early training and opportunities had put distinct limitations upon, and, beyond having once owned a terrier dog, famed for his expeditious slaying of rodents, he was a stranger to hunting in any form whatever.

"But," said Mr. Rousterby to himself, "there must be a bit of the sportsman in me; look what a terror I was at skittles!"

He had engaged a gentleman named Frank Power—a hapless "younger son"—as secretary, and it was a fortunate circumstance that this young man was thoroughly conversant with almost every form of sport. Ben determined that the man should teach the master; self-made man as he was, Ben Rousterby was never too big to learn from those qualified to teach.

In pursuance of his scheme for becoming a sportsman, Thurn Hall, a place "in that well-known and salubrious hunting country, Thrustershire"—vide the house-agent's description—was taken, and thither proceeded, in due course, the Rousterby establishment.

"Power," said Ben, the first morning after their arrival, in half-hushed tones, as he gave a sidelong glance at the halberds, pikes, and crossbows arranged on the walls, high up above the grim old men in armour, "I feel something of an interloper amongst these knights of old—these fellers in the tin trousers, you know. But I shall cast off my town manners with my high hat, and then I shall, as a country gentleman, feel more at home."

In a short space of time, Mr. Rousterby—who was liberal and free-handed to a fault—got together half-a-dozen good hunters. These included a smart-looking black, a lean-headed, intelligent grey, two bays, and a brown. When "price is no object"—and Ben never shirked putting his hand in his pocket either for himself or on behalf of a friend—hunters, like many other things in this world, are easy enough to obtain.

He had good-naturedly insisted upon Power having a day's hunting with him, and

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had let him ride the grey. Sarah, well instructed by the Brighton riding-master, looked quite at home on one of the new bays.

That day week, the Flusterby Foxhounds met at Thurn Hall, and Mr. Rousterby made his *début* in the hunting-field, mounted on the pick of his stud, the black horse.

Now, Ben was quite clever enough to keep his mouth shut and his eyes open at first, in order to see what other people did, before committing himself. Accordingly, he sat quietly on his horse—or as quietly as the animal himself would permit, as Black Prince—Mr. Rousterby's name for the new purchase (he thought it sounded feudal)—sidled and fretted considerably, not to mention "barging" into one or two other animals, and generally becoming somewhat of a nuisance as soon as hounds were on the move. Ben had done a bit of riding in Argentina, and sat fairly well, though his hands were hopelessly heavy on a horse's mouth.

But this was the very first time he had ever viewed the scene at covertside, and he found some difficulty in grasping the meaning of several things which met his gaze. However, he "took it all in," and occasionally asked questions in a low tone of his secretary, who looked quite at home on the clever old grey.

When hounds were thrown into covert, Ben was just about to follow them, but Power quietly restrained him.

"Wait here," whispered the secretary; "perhaps we may see the fox break."

"Break be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Rousterby indignantly; "they're not so brittle as all that! I want to see the beggar *run*, not *break!* What's the good of all my horses, if——"

"Break covert, I meant—get away—start the run," explained Power soothingly.

"Oh, I see." And for nearly half an hour Ben kept quiet; but Reynard was apparently not at home, and at length the millionaire became impatient.

"Why the blazes don't they bring a fox with them? They bring a stag—why not a fox?"

Frank Power grinned; memories of certain "bagmen" flashed across his mind as he answered:

"They do—sometimes."

"And a very sensible plan too!" exclaimed his employer. "Keeping us all waiting in the cold! If it's a question of *paying* for one, why—" and here Ben felt in his capacious breeches' pocket—"why, I'll 'stand Sam' to-day. I'll just go up and tell the Master I'll pay anything if he'll send and buy us a fox."

"For goodness sake, don't!" cried Power in alarm; and before his employer could wonderingly ask "why not?" a holloa at the down-wind side of the covert proclaimed that a fox was on foot.

"Gone away! go-o-ne away!" came the whip's shrill scream, and immediately hats were pressed down, cigars flung away, eager horses had their heads loosed, and away went the whole field, pell-mell, helter-skelter, in pursuit of the pack.

"Steady horse, steady!" cried Mr. Rousterby as the impetuous black, chafing at the the heavy-handed restraint of his rider, reached and bored to get his head, plunging sideways along a greasy chalk path to the big meadow. A low brush fence ran down one side of the path, and had to be jumped before access could be had to a delectable piece of galloping ground beyond.

"Come up, horse!" shouted Ben, and with a bound which might have cleared a navigable river, Black Prince nearly jumped his rider out of the saddle as he surmounted the obstacle, and tore along on the line of chase, soon overtaking and passing Sarah, who had got right away in front, at the start.

Frank Power, on the grey, kept close at hand—as close as the old horse's inferior speed allowed. Black Prince, he very soon found, had "the foot of him."

On streamed the pack, without a check, now running across a splendid line of country, with good, sound fences, all of which the black horse flew in his mighty stride. Ben was very nearly leading the field, only some three or four horsemen being in front of him; the millionaire was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Another ten minutes of this glorious fun, and Ben, sweating and blowing, but still radiantly happy, turned in his saddle and ejaculated:

"Bless my soul! Where's my secretary got to, I wonder? Hope he hasn't come to grief. Hold up, Prince! Well jumped, you! Shook me a bit, landing, though. Believe it's shaken all the silver out of my breeches pockets! Oh, no—that's all right. What's this we're coming to?—a thick hedge? My word! It *is* a thick one, too! Why, there's the Master got stuck in it! And in the only jumpable part, too!"

For the M.F.H.'s horse, not putting on steam enough, had jumped into, instead of over, the stout thorn hedge, and was now swaying about, unable either to struggle back

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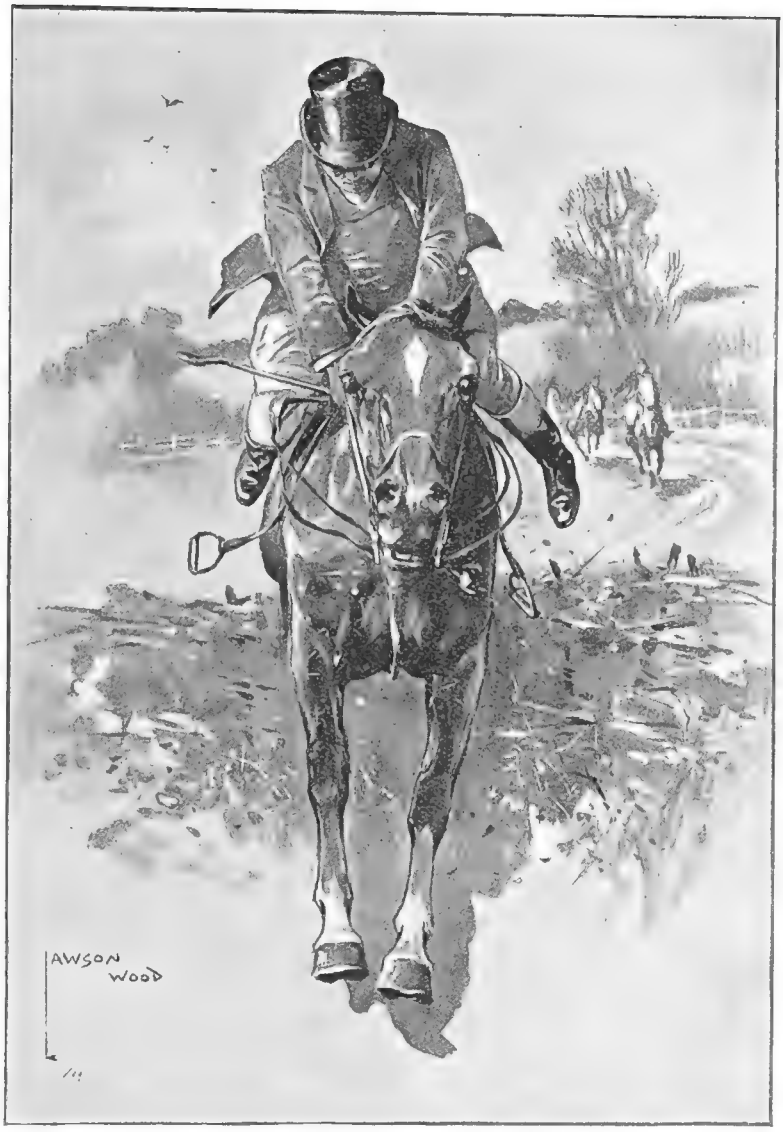

"Come up, horse!" shouted Ben, and with a bound . . . . Black Prince nearly jumped his rider out of the saddle.

or to fight his way through to the other side.

Ben had been riding so criminally close behind him for the sake of the "lead," that he had no time to pull up. With a whirring rush, the black rose in the air, cannoned right into the M.F.H.'s horse from behind, and the unfortunate rider thought for a moment that he had suddenly become mixed up in an earthquake.

The next instant he and his horse were shot clean through the hedge, Ben's "driving power" acting like a hammer on a nail. The M.F.H.'s animal was thrown on to his nose and knees by the violent impact, whilst the Master himself shot straight over the animal's head into the ploughed field beyond!

Staggering to his feet again, the justly incensed M.F.H. let drive the whole of the English language after Ben's retreating form. But all in vain, for Black Prince, maddened by the *contretemps*, now took charge of his rider, and bolted onwards like a flash.

The M.F.H. disengaged his hat from his animal's hind fetlock joint—the horse had put his foot right through it—and slowly remounted, determined to interview Mr. Rousterby later on, "and nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

Ben was now going hard, within a few yards of the still flying pack. Suddenly, and without any previous warning, scent failed them, and throwing up their heads, hounds abruptly came to a standstill.

And Ben, still pulling and hauling at his horse, galloped clean through the middle of the pack!

Had he been either one side or the other of the pack no harm would have resulted; but Ben Rousterby is not the only person who has been guilty of this offence—eh, my masters?

Oh, the yelping of the hounds, the "cuss-words" of the huntsman and whips! Liberty,

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Launceston, and Labrador each ran away howling, on three legs; Armourer and Abigail were knocked head over heels in different directions; whilst Rabelais, Roysterer, Runnimede, and Resolute took to flight, and could hardly be cajoled back again.

Now Ben Rousterby was a decent fellow at heart. He was genuinely sorry for the mischief he had done, and, putting his hand deep into his pocket, brought out some loose gold, with which—nobody but the huntsman and whips being up—he mollified those excellent hunt servants and soothed their lacerated feelings.

"As to the lame hounds, there's a cart over in that lane; go and take it, pop the lame ones in, and tell the driver to get back to the kennels with them soon as ever he can, then send the bill in to Mr. Rousterby, of Thurn Hall."

The awkwardness of the situation was somewhat relieved when hounds, almost immediately afterwards, hit off the line and got under way again. Slowly they hunted across some plough, on to the grass beyond, where the pace quickened up, and soon they were once more racing smartly along.

Two or three small fences were jumped, Ben now riding at a respectful distance from hounds, and feeling, if truth be told, a growing uneasiness, as, in the distance behind him, he plainly perceived a man in "pink," with a badly-crushed hat pulled low over his brow, apparently making frantic efforts to overtake him!

And then, descending a gentle slope, a line of lopped pollards soon indicated the presence of water just ahead. A rather spongy "take-off" caused horses insensibly to moderate their pace. Beaming with a joyous confidence, Ben was carried boldly to the charge. Down the sharp descent leading to the water's edge went the twain—right to its very brink. But no further for Black Prince! Water was the one thing he would not jump. Cart ropes and wild elephants wouldn't induce him to face it. Sticking his toes into the ground, he ploughed up two long furrows in the soft turf, which was the equine equivalent for putting the brake on, and came to a dead standstill.

Not so Ben. As though disdaining the contemplation of his steed's pusillanimity, the sturdy figure of the millionaire continued its onward course—shot off the front of his saddle, right up the horse's neck, and over its head. Then he clave the blue empyrean, soaring to regal heights, until, the limit of his momentum being reached, he came again to earth—or, to speak more correctly—water. With a gasp, and a long-drawn "O-o-oh!" Mr. Benjamin Thomas Rousterby was plunged neck-high into the ice-cold, and by no means limpid stream.

With deep gurglings for his breath, Ben was struggling to regain the bank from which he had been projected, and on which his horse, with outstretched neck and firmly-planted forefeet, still stood motionless, when suddenly Mr. Rousterby's eye fell upon the red-coated, crushed-hatted figure of the outraged M.F.H. Ben suddenly changed his direction, and waded over to the opposite side of the stream. The M.F.H. was "saying things!"

"You—you unspeakable ruffian!" cried Mr. Harkaway; "you jumped on top of me, and very nearly killed me! And I hear since, that you've also nearly killed half the pack! You, you—tailor!"

"Excuse, me—bricklayer—(cough)—contractor, I mean," interrupted Ben, now seated, wet and shivering, on the far side of the water, and nursing his knees with his hands.

A further torrent of abuse from the injured Master followed, and then, intent upon coming to handgrips with the insolent destroyer of his dignity and equilibrium, he shook up his horse and galloped off to a footbridge, some fifty yards lower down the stream. By the time he had crossed it and galloped up to Ben, that worthy had drawn a capacious flask out of his pocket, and was making diligent application thereto as he still sat on the ground.

"Will keep the cold out," he said, after a long pull; then, looking up and seeing the M.F.H. galloping up to him, he held the flask up and asked:

"Will you keep the cold out too?"

"No, sir, I will not!" roared the irate Master. "You seem to treat this matter very lightly, sir; you don't seem to recognise the mischief you've done."

"Can pay for it," replied Ben stolidly, helping himself to get another pull.

"You are a pretty cool hand," said the M.F.H., rather taken aback.

"Cool! *Cool* did you say? A pretty cool *hand?* Yes, and cool feet, too! How could I be anything else after tumbling into that brook and then sitting here in a north-east hurricane?"

"The mischief you've done to-day——" began Mr. Harkaway solemnly, when Ben, in business-like style, cried:

"Hold hard, I want my pocket-book, and then me and you'll go through the items together."

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The M.F.H. was considerably astonished at Ben's proceedings, but he commenced:

"You've knocked me and my horse through a hedge, and——"

"Damage to horse, five pounds," said Ben, biting the top of his pencil.

"You've ruined my hat—it's crushed out of——"

"Damages to hat, four-and-six," pencilled the millionaire.

"I myself was considerably shaken by the——"

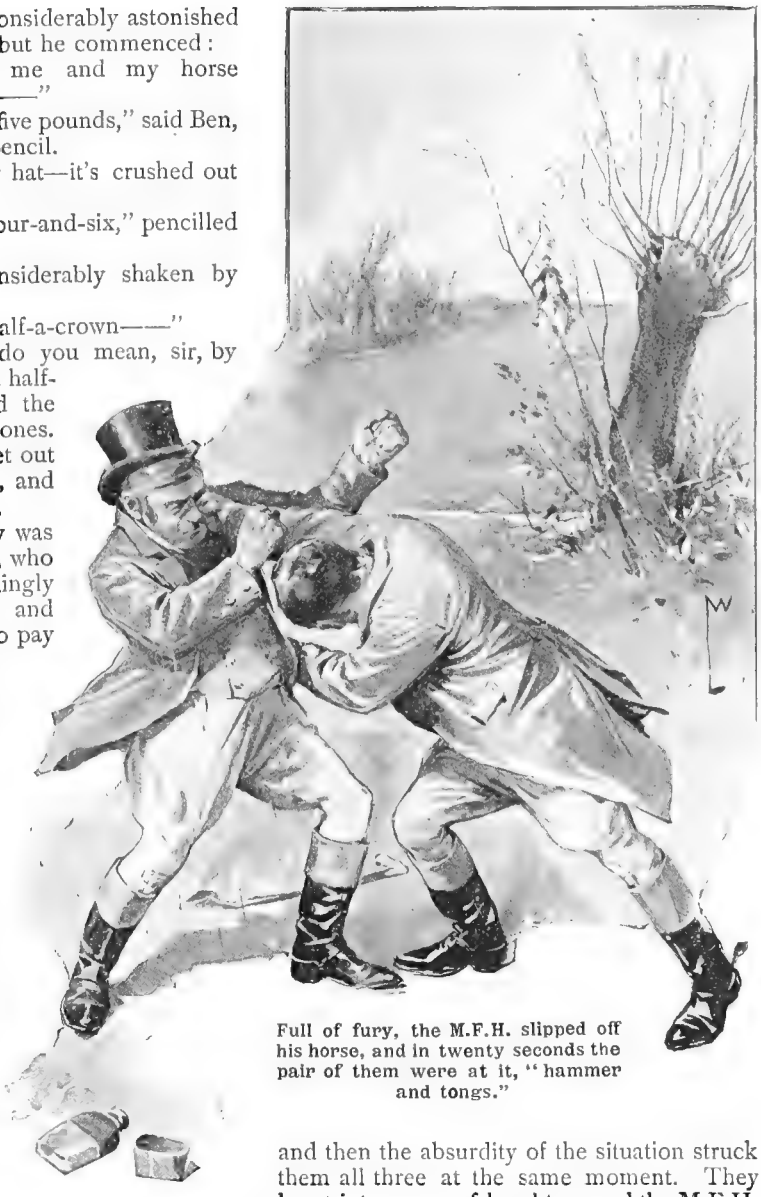
"Damages to self, half-a-crown——"

"What the blazes do you mean, sir, by appraising my value at half-a-crown?" spluttered the M.F.H. in infuriated tones. He raised his crop, let out its six feet of thong, and slashed angrily at Ben.

Now Mr. Rousterby was a good-natured fellow, who knew he had unwittingly done some mischief, and was ready and willing to pay for it. And he had only said half-a-crown for the M.F.H.'s damage by way of a rough, clumsy joke. But to be struck was more than even Ben's imperturbable temper would stand.

"You just come down off that horse, and we'll settle our differences here and now!" he said, rising to his feet as he spoke.

Full of fury, the M.F.H. slipped off his horse, and in twenty seconds the pair of them were at it, "hammer and tongs." In "round the first" Mr. Harkaway "got home" on Benjamin's right eye with considerable effect, whilst "round the second" equalised matters by "tapping the claret" of the Master with a pretty sharp blow on the end his nose; and then, before the already panting combatants, as full of pluck as ever, but woefully scant of wind, could square up for a third set-to, just in the nick of time, Frank Power rode up, jumped the stream, and landed a few yards from them.



Full of fury, the M.F.H. slipped off his horse, and in twenty seconds the pair of them were at it, "hammer and tongs."

He looked comically from one to the other, and then the absurdity of the situation struck them all three at the same moment. They burst into a roar of laughter; and the M.F.H. immediately offered his hand, which Ben shook heartily.

"It was all my fault," exclaimed the M.F.H. impetuously, and thinking only of the whip lash.

"Not being knocked through the fence though," rejoined Mr. Rousterby, with a merry twinkle in his fast-closing eye. "And now let me introduce myself. I'm Benjamin Rousterby, the new tenant of Thurn Hall, and this is Mr. Power, my secretary. I'm going to send a hundred guineas as my subscription

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to the pack, and that'll help to pay for those lame hounds! And we must have a dinner together to show there's no ill-feeling left, so name your night, sir, and dine with me. I don't suppose my ancestors ever had much to do with Thurn Hall. I made most of my money in Argentina—builder and contractor, you know. But the dinner will taste just as good, I have no doubt, for all that. Wednesday, shall we say? Right, then, at eight o'clock."

Mr. Harkaway, still dabbing at his injured proboscis, clambered up into the saddle again, and galloped on in the wake of the hounds. Power rode again over the water, and soon caught his employer's horse and brought him back, viâ the footbridge. The millionaire, thinking over the scurvy trick played him by the black horse, and contrasting it with the finished performance of the old grey over the water, said:

"Power, *you* get on the black now, and I'll have a shot at the grey. Variety's good for the young."

An hour later, they again came upon hounds, now busy drawing a big covert. Ben stopped to light a cigar, and told his secretary to go on and look after Sarah. Ten minutes elapsed, and then to Ben's delight—for he was feeling very cold after his immersion, and wanted a gallop to put some life into his chilled bones—a fox was holloaed away, hounds poured out of the covert after him, and away went Mr. Rousterby in their immediate train.

For a mile or so it was "plain sailing" over the grass. Ben, who had got a good start, kept his place pretty well; then a small wood intervened, through which hounds drove their quarry fast, though he tried hard to dwell a little.

Hounds then got on a field or two ahead, and Ben, thinking to cut off a corner, rode right-handed of a big patch of gorse, got into a spinney, and temporarily lost sight of the pack.

Rather bewildered as to what he ought to do next, he drew rein; and just at that moment the hunted fox trotted out into the open ride not twenty yards away. Seeing a horseman in this thoroughly unexpected place, Reynard pulled up suddenly, and then turned short back into the wood again.

And Mr. Rousterby was left with the unpleasant knowledge that he had headed the fox.

"Well, hang it all! I *can't* do right!" he cried, in dismay.

And just then some half-dozen horsemen came galloping frantically up to him.

"You must have ridden clean in front of the fox!" cried one.

"I did," replied Ben stolidly.

"How could you be such a fool?" excitedly exclaimed another.

"Don't know," answered Mr. Rousterby, his imperturbability by no means ruffled.

Then, in quick succession, these verbal accusations were fired at him:

"Kicked Harkaway through the fence!"

"And lamed the hounds!"

"And fell into the brook!"

"And fought the Master!"

"And now you've headed the fox!!!"

Mr. Rousterby politely raised his hat, and made them all a comprehensive bow.

"Gentlemen," he began; "I am the man who has done all this. And, for a single day, I think you'll admit that it must be very near a record. I owe my fortune entirely to doing whatever I do thoroughly; and having begun to make blunders out hunting to-day, I've pretty well contrived to cram in most of the mistakes that it's possible for a man to make. But you need not worry yourselves about me in the future. I shan't spoil sport any more, for this is my first and will be my last day's fox-hunting; and if any of you want to buy some useful horses, my stud of hunters is for sale—cheap!"

With these words, Mr. Benjamin Rousterby turned, and, without another word to them, set out on his journey back to Thurn Hall.

"P'raps shooting, fishing, motoring, or yachting might suit me better than this," he murmured, as he drew another cigar from its case; "for what with all the mistakes one makes, and the accidents one has, if a man wants to try hunting a *second* time, then I say that that man's an ass!"

"THE HEART OF THINGS."

Under this title a striking series of articles will commence to appear next month in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. *The object of the articles will be to reveal the true conditions of life in London and the great cities for the destitute and for the very poor. Miss Olive Christian Malvery, the well-known and brilliant lecturer and reciter, has given the subject her deepest attention, and she has spent many days and nights with the poor of London—on the Thames Embankment, in the casual wards of workhouses, and in shelters: and she has worked with them in factories, or at selling fruit and vegetables in the streets. Her writings will be found full of human interest—and, still more important, full of truth.*

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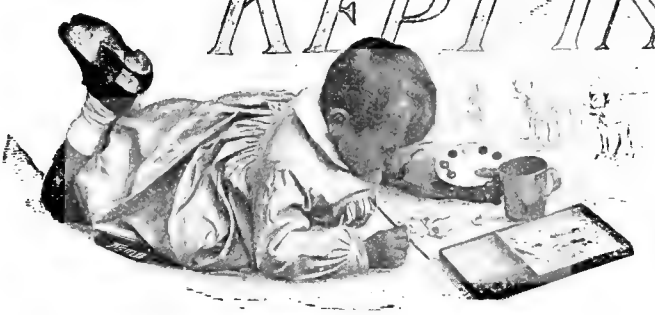

Many Ways of Making Sunshine in the Nursery upon a Rainy Day.

By E. D. Ross.

Children, like butterflies, are happiest when it is fine. To begin with, there is so much more to do on a nice, bright day. There is the morning walk along the green-lined lanes, with, perhaps, a glorious half-hour tumbling about in the dry, scented hay. And then there is the fun of going shopping with mamma. And the fun of digging and planting in one's own particular little garden. And, dear me! there is no end to the fun—all when the sun is shining.

But, alas! the sun does not always shine. The days will dawn when great black clouds sweep overhead, and the rain patters fast against the nursery windows.

Then poor Jackie is disconsolate. His temper—most small boys' tempers are quite out of proportion to their size—is very much outside. The rain has upset all his plans. Mamma had promised to take him out to gather marguerites, if he were good. And he had been good; but now he has to stay in just as if he had been naughty. Jackie walks around the nursery in disgust. Presently he tries to relieve his feelings by going for a canter on his dapper grey rocking-horse. Having traversed a few thousand miles, Jackie dismounts, and seems to derive some comfort by venting his feelings on one of the table-legs.

"When's it going to stop, mummie?" he asks petulantly, at the end of the fifteenth kick. "I do want to go out."

His mother rises and goes to the window. Not a break in the clouds. She sighs, and glances at the clock. Only eleven! How ever she will manage to amuse him she has not the remotest idea.

This is a picture of many a nursery on a wet day. Of course, it is very different where there are, perhaps, five or six children. Then they can romp together, and play all manner of round games. Very different, indeed, to the lonely little boy who has only his toys with which to amuse himself. To him a rainy day is a very serious matter.

I know one mother who is a perfect genius at amusing her little boy. He is the happiest youngster you ever saw on a wet day; and an only child, too!

One drenching day Jackie's mother was on the verge of despair. Jackie could not be pleased. He wanted to play in the fields—catch frogs, and do all manner of things in the rain. Well, at last, his mother took him on her knee, and began to tell him of a time when it rained and it rained for days and days. And the water rose higher and higher until it covered the houses and trees and everything. Jackie got immensely interested, especially when the rain pelted down faster and faster.

And then his mother told him of Noah; how some months before this happened he had built an ark, and when the water got too deep to be comfortable, he had driven in the animals and birds, and then shut himself up with all his relations and sailed about merrily till the flood dried up.

By the time the story was finished Jackie was simply brimming over with excitement. He *wanted* it to rain harder. Jackie had got an idea. He, too, would build an ark. So his mother told him just to make a plan of his ark, like Noah did. And then, if the water *did happen* to rise up to the nursery window-sill, she would take the plan to the nearest carpenter, and he would build the ark. And Jackie, mamma, and papa would all sail in it together.

Well, you can guess the result. Not two minutes later a busy little boy was kneeling on a high chair at the nursery table making all arrangements. The animals bothered him most. Jackie was not sure whether Pompey—Pompey is a cat—would be willing to share a corner of the ark with Nap and Nod—two dormice, by the way. But mother thought Pompey would be quite agreeable.

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Children love to build their own toys. These are bought already cut out, and put together quite easily.

Every ten minutes Jackie would jump up and have a look to see how the "flood" was getting on. The faster it rained, the happier he got.

And when next morning the sun beamed down from a cloudless sky—Jackie *cried.*

A small boy will not sit still and listen to tales for long. He is such an active little mortal. If his legs are not employed his fingers must be. He is perfectly aware that he is quite the most important personage in the house, and that the sole duty of everyone is to amuse themselves by amusing him.

And he has a perfect right to think so. The mother that cannot amuse her child, and derive pleasure in doing so, is, indeed, a strange mother.

Have you ever noticed how delighted children are to think that they are doing something useful, "helping mother" they call it? Jackie is always most anxious to join in the fun of putting mummie's work-box tidy. (Alas, it is often untidy, but what does it matter?) He will do anything so long as it is impressed upon him what a help he is to mother.

"Daddy will be back at six o'clock, and there is not a single spill left for him to light his pipe," says mother to the little boy.

And Jackie is tremendously sorry, and wants to set about at once filling all the jars in the study with spills.

So mother takes him on her knee, and shows him just how the strips of paper ought to be twisted. One or two trials, and the nimble little fingers curl the paper into as neat a lot of spills as one would wish to see.

The imaginative child, if you once set about it in the right way, is far easier to amuse than the unimaginative child. And most children have a deal of the "let's pretend" faculty hidden in their small minds. Do you

Jackie likes to be useful, and to make paper spills for daddy to light his pipe with in the evening.

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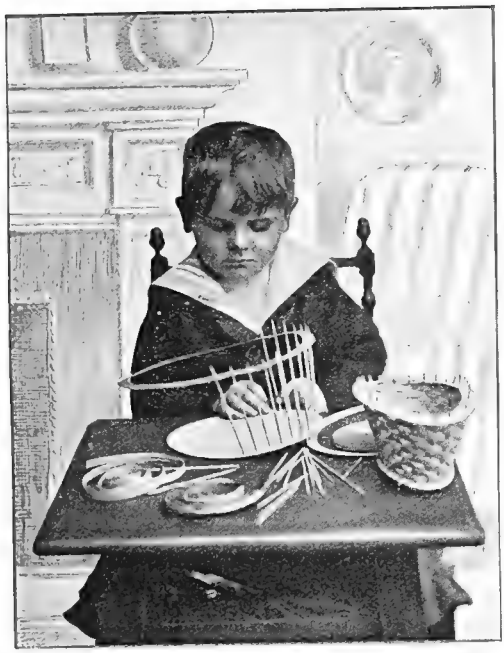

Here is a grand way to amuse a small boy on a rainy day. All the things necessary to make the basket are bought for a shilling.

suppose that Master Jackie cares a scrap for riding on his *wooden rocking-horse* after the first few times? Certainly not! The little boy will take scant notice of his new rocking-horse unless mother sets his imagination astir.

Let her deck the little man in huntsman's cap and jacket; let her place whip and horn in the small hands, and mount him on his prancing steed. "Tally-ho!" he shouts, and, lashing furiously, is off. The tales that mother has told him, and the coloured pictures he has seen of reynard and the hunt, rise up before him. He is a huntsman. The gay wall-paper is no longer there. Instead green fields arise, the fox—and "Tally-ho, tally-ho!" he is happy, be it raining ever so hard outside.

I do not doubt that some will think that what I have said of a child's imagination is very far-fetched. But watch Master Jackie when, perhaps, in "taking a ditch" he meets with a spill. A prolonged wail naturally follows. He is frightened, and one chubby knee is grazed. Mother rushes to him. If she sympathises aloud with him, he will sob away for half-an-hour. But let her, when she picks him up, say:

"Oh, Jackie, no real huntsman cries when his horse kicks him off!"

Then the little boy looks up with tearful eyes. His mind is considering what his mother has just said. He suddenly remembers that he, too, is a huntsman. So, hastily brushing a small, red sleeve across his eyes, and with an "I'se not crying," and a merry "Tally-ho!" he mounts his rocking-horse and once more gallops off in the fair imagination of the hunt.

To give another instance, listen to the chatter of a tiny girl with a doll. In her eyes it is no longer a wax or a china image, but a real live baby, metamorphosised in the realms of fancy. Dolly must be dressed and undressed, washed, combed, and fed, in precisely the same fashion as her living counterpart. She may grow ugly, an eye may unaccountably drop out, the hair become thin and scraggy, yet the little girl's affection will still cling to the old china doll.

A boy's imagination cannot soar up to a china doll. He is a more volatile little scamp than his sister. In all his playthings there must be action. He revels in the clockwork train that rings a bell or whistles loudly as it dashes onward. A regiment of lead soldiers inspires him with martial thoughts. He divides them into armies. Their cannon shoot peas or small marbles. The two armies must fight. To-day they are Japanese and Russians.

Jackie soon learns how to fix the little sticks into the cardboard foundation, and then to weave the plaited straw in and out of them.

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Watch the battle raging across the nursery table. First, five rounds from the Russian cannon. A lucky shot, and half-a-score of Japs have bit the table-cloth. Then, round Master Jack scampers to the Japanese position, and five more shots awake the echoes—or is it the baby?—with a springy click.

What a chance this is for the mother to make him happy on this wet morning! Let her take the "Russians." Oh, no, it would never do for her to lead the "Japanese!" They are the favourites. It is her sole duty to hit as few of them as possible. Watch how he enjoys the fun! Listen to the delighted shrieks as the Yalu fight is fought again. You could never imagine that the vivacious little figure in white socks, navy knickers, and overall, was standing but half-an-hour before at the nursery window, droning to the rain-drops outside:

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day.

But such is the change wrought when mother joins in the game and sets the ball a-rolling.

Well, by the time Master Jackie has generalled his "Japs" to victory, he wants to fight upon the sea. Oh, yes, Jackie knows all about the big battles on the seas! Papa has told him all about them.

Now, what is to be done? It is quite another thing to transform the nursery table from a gory battlefield into a mighty ocean.

But a wonderful change can be wrought by a green tablecloth, and a few pounds of the "let's pretend" instinct of a child. Mix these well together, and Master Jackie will have a rolling ocean as broad and deep as ever whale spouted in.

And as for ships—no real boy cares a rap for a toy that he cannot knock about. It is not the slightest good using a solid toy shop model of a warship, against which the little marble cannon ball patter harmlessly. What is wanted is a ship that can be knocked to pieces, and crippled, be rebuilt within two minutes.

Nothing can beat a box of dominoes for ship-building. With these any mother, exercising a little ingenuity, and using the lid of the box as a keel, can build a very passable man-of-war. Master Jackie will soon learn how to make his own battleships. And then, when mother has finished hers, and manned it with a score or more of "Russians," such a fight will rage that would put Togo himself all of a-tremble, and set him seriously considering whether the marble cannon ball was not more deadly than the Whitehead torpedo.

Such games as these appeal to a small boy. Let any mother who looks with fear on rainy days put these suggestions to the test, and if she herself takes a real interest in the games, her efforts will be rewarded with as joyful shrieks and sunny smiles as when young Jackie goes a-romping beneath a cloudless sky.

Bubbles.

But now we have another point to consider. Master Jackie may have a baby sister that wants just as much attention as he does himself, even though it be such a wet day. His mother cannot then engage in a big naval battle with a baby on her knee (Just imagine if a cannon ball should hit the baby on the head!) And Mademoiselle the Baby is an autocratic little queen, who will not nap unless she chooses.

So mamma must cast around for something to amuse Jackie. It must be something quiet, for baby must on no account be roused from her siesta, unless a thunderstorm is to add variety to the pattering rain outside.

Not long ago, a little boy I know had a blackboard given to him on his birthday. What a queer present, you will say—so unappropriate! But not a bit of it! Young Jackie was more delighted with the blackboard than with all his other presents put together—and he had a good many!

I cannot say how many happy hours he spends on wet days drawing and writing on his tiny blackboard. And his skill with the chalks has improved immensely.

One day, after reading an article on ambidexterity, his mother decided to test the truth

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On wet days pictures of soldiers always interest children, especially boys.

of it on Jackie. So she placed a stick of chalk in both his hands, and, incredible as it seems, the little boy in a short while learned to draw and make his letters with equal ease, using either hand, or both simultaneously. There is no trickery about this. Indeed, any mother can put what I have said to the test without the slightest fear of failure.

Most small boys will readily tell you what they are going to be "when I'm a man." Herein lies another secret of making sunshine in the nursery when there is none outdoors.

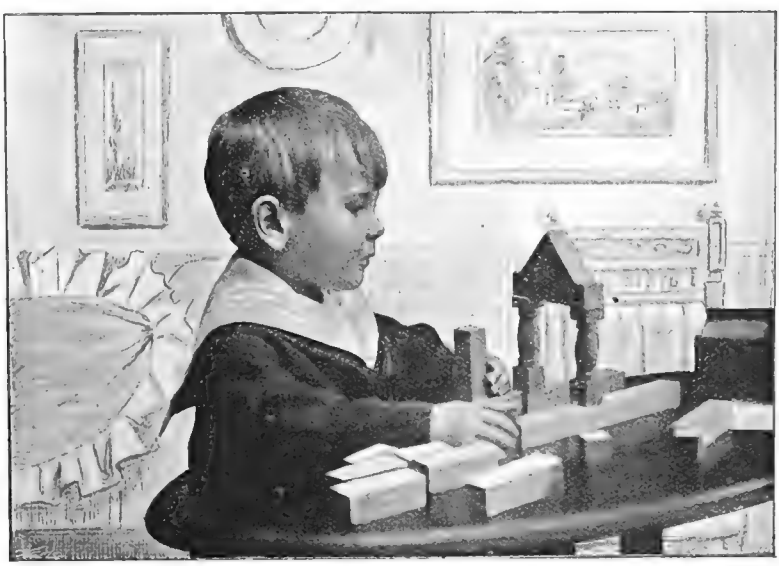
Begin by telling a story of another little boy that spent all his time painting pictures, and when he grew up sold them for thousands of pounds apiece. Master Jackie will be at once filled with a desire to do the same. Then, out come paint and water. A spice of romance has been added to the fun. And so upon the nursery floor he lies, palette in one hand, brush in the other, a veritable Rubens in embryo.

Sooner or later Master Jackie will begin to tire. He is quite ready to sit down for half-an-hour, provided there is something for him to do. Bubbles, nice shiny, soapy bubbles—they are the very things to let him amuse himself with. Seated on a stool, with a bowl of warm and very soapy water that mother has mixed for him, and with a clay pipe in one hand, he is as happy as the day is long.

Let his mother tell him to see how many little bubbles he can blow and keep floating in the air at the same time. That little idea adds no end to the fun, and, besides, the game is good exercise for the lungs.

But in spite of all the novelty and romance one can put into the games, Master Jackie will eventually grow tired of play. He wants to go out for a walk. After all, why shouldn't he? A little rain will do him no harm, provided that he is well wrapped up.

Ten minutes later, clad in long coat, cap on head, water-tight boots right over the white socks, and clinging with both hands to a



Jackie loves to try and build things he has seen. He is here busily engaged in making a lichgate that mummie has pointed out to him during one of their rambles.

Google

very large umbrella, he sallies out. And doesn't he enjoy himself!

Now his mother sets her thoughts to work, considering how she shall make Jackie's walk out in the rain interesting. Puddles—that is her idea this time. Jackie loves puddles, and as there are plenty about to-day, he is at once interested in the subject. So his mother leads him to a nice muddy lake, at the least two feet in breadth. Side by side they stand, whilst with her umbrella she points out how many little streams there are trickling in, all helping to keep the puddle full. Jackie likes this hugely, and he soon sets to work with the end of daddy's umbrella making a lot more streams until the water runs quickly into the "lake."

Oh, it's glorious, the rain! Such a change from the hot, dusty days, and the little boy loves to be out in it!

Then his mother shows him the water rushing along the gutter beside the pavement, until it vanishes down a thick iron grating. Curious Jackie wants to know where it goes to. In simple words he is told that after it drops in the hole it passes into the river.

Just off for a walk in the rain.

Lower down the road five sparrows are splashing gleefully in a puddle. Again Jackie is interested. They like the rain, his mother says, because it gives them a chance to wash their dusty feathers. The perky little sparrows, when they want a bath, cannot go into the bathroom and turn the tap on, like Jackie can, they have to wait for the rain to make a puddle, no matter how dusty and grimy they may be from always hopping about the road.

And thus, with simple tales on the things that are around, the raindrops glistening on the trees, the water in the gutter, or swirling down the flood-gate hole, Jackie's walk out in the rain becomes quite a trip to fairyland, and he trots back to tea, perfectly contented to see it rain again the next day.

In a nursery where there are three or four children to amuse, shadow-plays act like magic in charming away a merry hour or two.

A white sheet is stretched across the room at one end. Meanwhile, Master Jackie and his small comrades lower the blinds until not a bit of the rainy day can there be seen.

By this time Mother has placed a strong lamp behind the sheet—not one of the tip-up-easily-and-explode-promptly sort. But a good heavy lamp on a very strong table.

Now that the room is in darkness, save for the brightly illuminated sheet, Mother whispers to two of the little actors to go behind the sheet and play "Little Miss Muffet."

Soon the fun begins; no one outside knows the subject of the play except Mother, and that is a profound secret she shares with the little actors. On the sheet Jackie's tiny sister appears in silhouette, seated on a cushion with a big basin in her lap.

Presently a queer creature (Master Jackie on all fours) creeps in. The little girl looks up in alarm, and, quickly setting down the basin, toddles off as fast as her chubby legs will carry her. Left in possession, the "spider" prances round, and finally marches off with the curds and whey.

"Now, what were they playing?" Mother asks, in turn to the little ones beside her.

If the tiny audience guesses rightly, they go behind the sheet and act, whilst the small performers of the last piece take their place as onlookers and guessers.

The main drawback to this game is that it requires, at least, three or four children to join in. All the same, I give it, as it may prove useful when Mother lets Jackie invite a few of his six year-old friends to tea.

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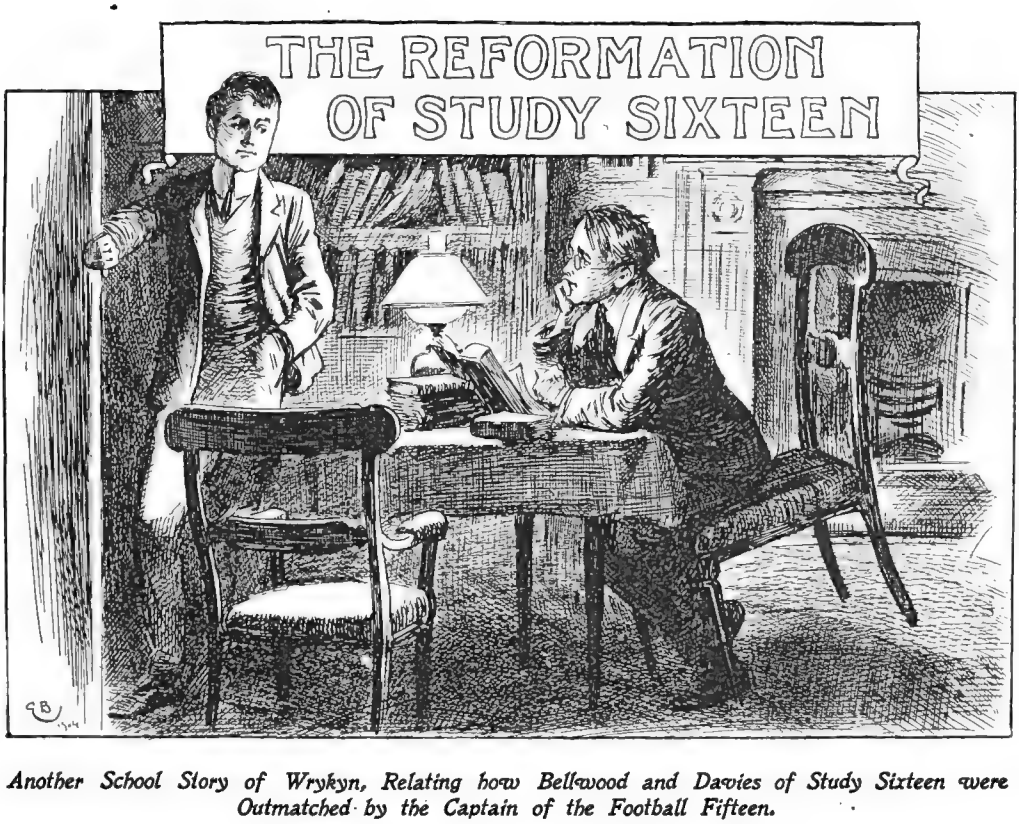

Another School Story of Wrykyn, Relating how Bellwood and Davies of Study Sixteen were Outmatched by the Captain of the Football Fifteen.

By P. G. Wodehouse.

"What they want, of course," said Clowes, "is exercise."

"They get out of that with their beastly doctor's certificates," said Trevor. "That's the worst of this place. Any slacker who wants to shirk games goes to some rotten doctor in the holidays, swears he's got a weak heart or something, and you can't get at him. You have to sit and look on while he lounges about doing nothing, when he might be playing for the house. I bet Bellwood and Davies would both make good enough forwards if one could only get them on to the field. They're heavy enough."

"I don't wonder, considering the amount they eat and the little exercise they take. I should say there was about twice as much of Bellwood as there ought to be. And he's the sort of chap you don't want more of than's absolutely necessary."

Study Sixteen was under discussion, not for the first time. Bellwood and Davies, its joint occupants, had been a thorn in Trevor's side ever since he had become captain of football. It was bad enough that two such loafers should belong to the school. That they should be in his own house was almost more than he could bear.

It was his aim to make Donaldson's the keenest and most efficient house at Wrykyn, and in this he had succeeded to a great extent. They had won the cricket cup, and were favourites for the football cup. Everyone in Donaldson's was keen except Bellwood and Davies. They, sheltered behind doctor's certificates, took life in their own slack way, and refused to exhibit any interest whatever in the doings of the house.

"It's a rummy thing about that study," said Clowes, "it's always been like that. I believe anybody who's a slacker or a bad lot goes there naturally; wouldn't be happy anywhere else. Do you remember, when we first came to the house, Blencoe and Jones had it? They got sacked at the end of my first term. After that it was Grant and Pollock. They didn't get sacked, but they ought to have been. Now it's these two. Let's hope they'll keep up the tradition and get turfed out at their earliest convenience!"

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"It makes me so sick," said Trevor poking the fire viciously, "to think of two heavy chaps like that being wasted. They might make all the difference to the House second. We want weight in the scrum."

In addition to the inter-house challenge cup there was a cup to be competed for by the second fifteens of the houses. Donaldson's had a good chance of this, but were handicapped by a small pack of forwards. Seymour's, their only remaining rival, were big and weighty. Clowes got up and stretched himself.

"Well," he said, "I don't think you'll get much help from Bellwood and pard. They remind me of the man who slept well and ate well but who, when he saw a job of work, was all of a tremble. They won't do a stroke if they can help it, and I don't see how you can get at them in the teeth of their certificates. Well I must go and work. I like to do a Greek book unseen if possible, but the 'Agamemnon' is too tricky. I shall have to prepare it. By the way, have you got a copy to spare? I left mine over at school."

"I'm afraid I've only got one, and I shall be wanting that. You can have it if you'll give it up at half-past nine sharp."

"No, it's all right, thanks. I'll borrow one from Dixon. He's sure to have one. I believe he's got every Greek play ever written."

Clowes went off to Dixon's study. Dixon was a mild, spectacled youth who did an astonishing amount of work, and was about as much of a hermit as anyone can be in a public-school house. He was nervous and anxious to oblige when he was not too deep in his own thoughts to understand what your request was.

"Hullo," said Clowes, as he entered Dixon's room, "this door seems pretty wobbly. What have you been doing to it?"

He moved it to and fro by way of illustration.

It was very rickety indeed. It was, in fact, almost off its hinges.

"I'm afraid it *is* a little," assented Dixon. "The fact is, fellows have been running against it, and I think that has made it a little shaky."

"Running against it!" said Clowes. "What did you do?"

"I—er—well, the fact is, I didn't do anything. You see it was an accident. They told me themselves that it was."

"It only happened once then? Must have taken a good strong chap to rush a door almost off its hinges at one shot."

"No. They stumbled against it rather often."

"Stumbled is good," said Clowes. "I suppose they didn't say how they came to stumble?"

"Oh, yes, they did. They tripped."

"And you mean to say you believed that?"

"I couldn't very well doubt their word," expostulated Dixon.

Clowes smiled pityingly.

"I didn't want to hurt their feelings," Dixon went on.

Clowes smiled again.

"Who are the sensitive trippers?" he asked.

"Well, I don't know that I ought to say, but I suppose it will be all right. They were Davies and Bellwood."

"So I should have thought," said Clowes. "How do you find that sort of thing affects your work?"

"Well the fact is," said Dixon eagerly, "I *do* find it a little hard to concentrate myself when I am continually interrupted by bangs on the door."

"So should I. I think you'd get on better if you didn't study Bellwood's feelings so much. Do you mind if I borrow this 'Agamemnon' for a couple of hours? I've left mine over at the school, and we've got a beastly hard chorus to prepare for to-morrow."

"Oh, certainly, do," said Dixon. "Splendid play, isn't it?"

"Not bad. I prefer 'Charlie's Aunt' myself. Matter of taste, though. Thanks. I'll return it before I go to bed."

And he went back to his own study.

It was in the afternoons, after school, that Bellwood and his companion Davies found time hang so heavily on their hands. To lounge in one's study and about the passages was pleasant for a while, but it was apt to pall in time, and then it was difficult to know how to fill in the hours.

On the afternoon following Clowes' conversation with Dixon, Bellwood found things particularly slow. In ordinary circumstances he and Davies would have been at the school shop eating a heavy, crumpety tea. But to-day an unfortunate passage of arms with his form-master had led to that youth's detention after school; and he was not yet out. Bellwood was one of those people who do not like to tea alone.

Besides, it was Davies' turn to pay; and to go and have a meal at his own expense would have been so much dead loss.

So Bellwood haunted the house, feeling very much out of humour.

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After wandering up and down the passage a few times and reading all the notices on the house notice board, it occurred to him that the half hour before the return of Davies might be well spent by ragging Dixon. It was for the purpose of keeping their betters from becoming dull, that people like Dixon were put into the world; and Dixon would in all probability be working—which would add a spice to the amusement.

He collected half-a-dozen football boots from the senior day-room. The rule of the house being that football boots were not to be brought into that room, there was always a generous supply there. Then he lounged off to Dixon's study.

The door, as he had expected, was closed. He took a boot and flung it with accurate aim at one of the panels. There was a loud bang, and he grinned as he heard a chair pushed back inside the study and somebody jump up. That was all right, then. Dixon was at home.

He was stooping to pick up another missle, when the door opened. It was only when the second boot got home on the shin of the person who stood in the doorway, that he recognised in that person not Dixon, but Trevor. It was just here that he wished he had tried some other form of amusement that afternoon.

And, indeed, the situation was about as unpleasant as it could be. Even in moments of calm Trevor was a cause of uneasiness to Bellwood. And here he was unmistakably angry. It so happened that Bellwood's boot had found its billet on the exact spot on which a muscular forward from Trinity College, Cambridge, had kicked Trevor in the match of the previous Saturday.

"Oh, I say, sorry," gasped Bellwood.

"What the blazes are you playing at?" asked Trevor.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the demoralised Bellwood; "I thought you were Dixon."

"And why should you fling boots at Dixon?"

Bellwood, not feeling equal to the explanation that it was the mission in life of people like Dixon to have football boots thrown at them, remained silent; and Trevor, having summed up Bellwood's character in an address in which the words "skunk, worm," and "disgrace to the house," occurred with what seemed, to the recipient of the terms, unnecessary frequency, dragged him into the study, produced a stick, and taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month of verbal tuition.

Bellwood slunk away down the passage, and half-way to his own study met Davies, released from the form-room and full of his grievances.

To judge from his remarks, Davies did not think highly of Mr. Grey, his form-master. Mr. Grey, in his opinion, was a person of the manners-none-and-customs-horrid type. He

Trevor . . . taught him in two minutes more about the folly of throwing football boots at other people's doors than he would have learned in a month.

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had a jolly good mind, had Davies, to go to the headmaster about it.

In a word, Davies was savage. Bellwood, eyeing his wrathful friend, was struck with an idea. Trevor's stick had stung like an adder.

"Beastly shame," he agreed, as Davies paused for breath. "It was jolly slow for me, too. I've been putting in the time having a lark with old Dixon. I can't get him to come out, though I've been flinging boots. And his door won't open. I believe he's locked it."

"Has he, by Jove!" muttered Davies, "we'll soon see about that. Stand out of the way."

He retired a few paces, and charged towards the door. Bellwood took cover in study twelve, the owner of which happened to be out, and listened.

He heard the scuffle of Davies' feet as he dashed down the passage. Then there was a crash as if the house had fallen. He peeped out. Davies' rush had taken the crazy door off its hinges, and he had gone with it into the study. He had a fleeting view of an infuriated Trevor springing from the ruins. Then, with Davies' howl of anguish ringing in his ears, he closed the door of study twelve softly, and sat down to wait till the storm should have passed by.

At the end of a couple of minutes somebody limped past the door. The remnants of Davies, he guessed. He gave him a few moments in which to settle down. Then he followed, and found him in a dishevelled state in their study.

"Hullo," he said artlessly, "what's up? What happened? Did you get the door open?"

Davies glared suspiciously, scenting sarcasm, but Bellwood's look of astonishment disarmed him.

"Where did you go to?" he inquired.

"Oh, I strolled off. What happened?"

Davies sat down, only to spring up again with a cry of pain. Bellwood recognised the symptoms, and felt better.

"I took the beastly door clean off its hinges. I'd no idea the thing was so wobbly."

"Well, we ragged it a bit the other night, you remember. It was a little rocky then. Was Dixon sick?"

"Dixon! Why, Dixon wasn't in there at all. It was Trevor—of all people! What the dickens was he doing there, I should like to know?"

Bellwood's look of amazement could not have been improved upon

"Trevor!" he exclaimed. "Are you sure?"

"Am I sure! Oh, you—!" words failed Davies.

"But what was he doing there?"

"That's what I should like to know."

It was really quite simple. Clowes had told the head of the house of Dixon's painful case, and suggested that if he wished to catch Bellwood and his friend "on the hop," as he phrased it, an excellent idea would be to change studies secretly with Dixon. This Trevor had done, with instant and satisfactory results. The ambush had trapped its victims on the first afternoon.

Study Sixteen continued to brood over its misfortunes.

"Beastly low trick changing studies like that," said Davies querulously.

"Beastly," agreed Bellwood.

"That worm Dixon must have been in it. He probably suggested it to Trevor. And now he'll be grinning over it."

This suspicion was quite unfounded. Dixon had probably never grinned in his life.

"I tell you what," said Bellwood suddenly, "if they've changed studies, Dixon must be in Trevor's den now. He's always in the house at this time. He starts swotting directly after school. What's the matter with going and routing him out and ragging him now? He wants it taken out of him for letting us down like that. Come on."

"We'll heave books at him," said Davies with enthusiasm.

And the punitive expedition started.

Trevor's study was in the next passage. They advanced stealthily to the door and listened. Somebody coughed inside the room. That was Dixon. They recognised the cough.

"Now," whispered Davies, "when I count three!"

Bellwood nodded, and shifted a Hall and Knight's algebra from his left hand to his right.

"One, two, three."

He turned the handle sharply, and flung open the door. At the same moment Bellwood discharged his algebra. It was a snap-shot, but Dixon, sitting at the table outlined against the window, made a fine mark.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dixon, as the corner of the projectile took him on the ear.

"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused with Victor Hugo's "Quatrevingt-treize" poised. "Sling it in!"

But Bellwood did not throw. The book dropped heavily to the floor. Just as his

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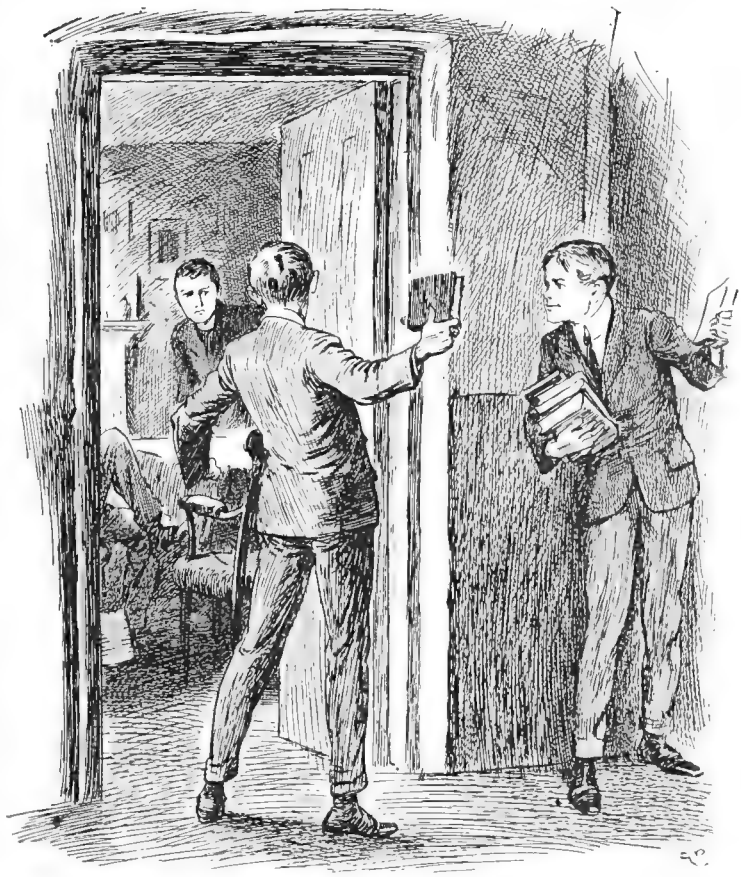
first shot found its mark he had caught sight of Trevor, seated in a deck-chair by the window, reading a novel.

Finding Dixon's study somewhat uncomfortable after Davies had removed the door, he had taken his book to his own den, where he could read in peace (so he thought) without disturbing Dixon's work.

This third attack was the last straw. The matter had become too serious for summary treatment. He must think out a punishment that would fit the crime.

It flashed upon him almost immediately.

"Look here," he said, "this is getting a bit too thick. You two chaps think you can do just as you like in the house. You're going to find that you can't. You're no good to Donaldson's. You shirk games. You do nothing but eat like pigs and make bally nuisances of yourselves. So you can just choose. I'm going out for a run in a few minutes. You can either come too, and get into training and play for the house second against Seymour's, or you can take a touching-up in front of the whole house after tea."



"Go on," shouted Davies from behind the door, as Bellwood paused. . . . "Sling it in!" But Bellwood did not throw.

Davies and Bellwood looked blankly at one another. Could these things be? For three years they had grown up together like two daisies of the field: they had toiled not, neither had they spun. For three years the only form of exercise they had known had been the daily walk to the school shop. And here was Trevor offering them, as the sole alternative to a house licking, a beastly, violent run. And Trevor was celebrated for the length of his runs when he trained, and also for the rapidity of the same. The thing was impossibe. It couldn't be done at any price. Davies bethought him of the excuse which had stood by him so well for the past three years. This was just one of those emergencies for which it had been especially designed. But even as he spoke he could not help feeling that Trevor was not in just the proper frame of mind for medical gossip.

"But," said Davies, "our doctor's certificates. We aren't allowed to play footer."

"Doctor's certificates! Rot! You'd better burn them. Well, are you coming for the run?"

Bellwood clutched at a straw.

"But we've no footer clothes," he said.

"You'd better borrow some, then. If you aren't back in this study, changed, by half-past five, you'll get beans. Now get out."

At ten minutes past five a tentative knock sounded on the door. Trevor opened it. There stood the owners of study sixteen garbed in borrowed football shirts and shorts.

Of the details of that run no record remains. The trio started off in a south-easterly direction, along the road which led to Little Poolbury. From this it may be deduced that the spin was not a short one. Whenever

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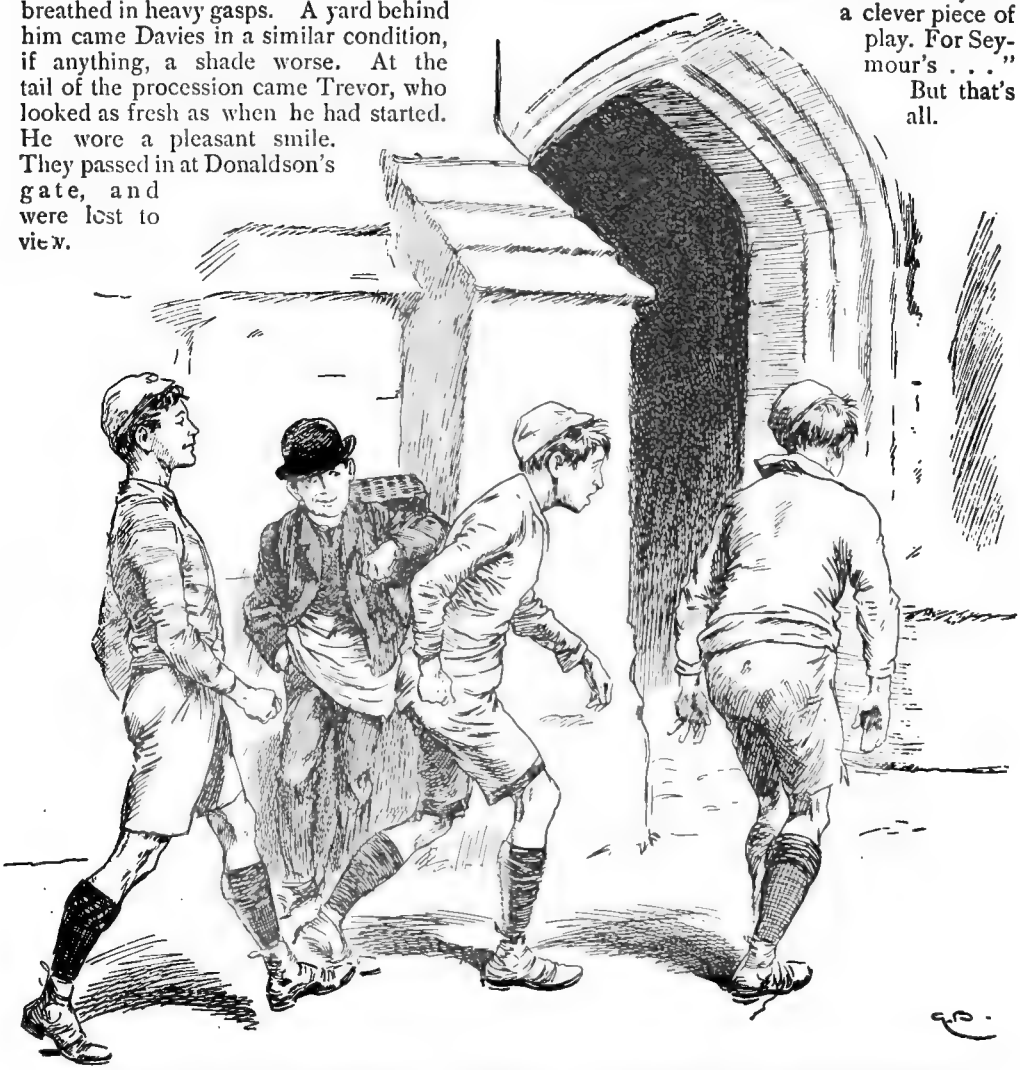
Trevor had chosen this direction for one of his training runs on previous occasions he had worked round through Little Poolbury to Much Wenham by road, then across difficult country (ploughed fields, brooks, and the like) to Burlingham, and then back to the school along the high road, the whole distance being between four and five miles. There is no reason for supposing him to have chosen another route on this occasion.

At any rate, as six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist, and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps. A yard behind him came Davies in a similar condition, if anything, a shade worse. At the tail of the procession came Trevor, who looked as fresh as when he had started. He wore a pleasant smile. They passed in at Donaldson's gate, and were lost to view.

Study sixteen was subdued that night, but ate an enormous tea, and looked ninety per cent. fitter than it had done for years.

And in the last paragraph of the one hundred and eighteenth page of the eleventh volume of the "Wrykynian," you will find these words to be written:—"Inter-House Cup (Second Fifteens), Final. Donaldson's *v.* Seymour's.—This match was played on Saturday, March 10th, and resulted in a win for the former, after a good game by one goal and two tries to a penalty goal. For the winners Kershaw played well at half, and Smith in the centre. The pick of the forwards were Bellwood and Davies. The latter's try was a clever piece of play. For Seymour's . . ."

But that's all.



As six struck from the college clock, a procession of three turned the corner of the road which ran past the school. Bellwood headed the procession. He was purple, moist, and muddy, and he breathed in heavy gasps.

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WHERE DEATH LURKS!

Tomatoes, pork, and salt are said by many doctors to bring on cancer, and should not be eaten to excess.

Food that Endangers Human Life.

By Lewis Perry.

Photographs by F. Godfrey Ancell.

Tea and——

To those who merely eat to live, and who listen to the opinions of their friends on the subject of diet, it must be rather puzzling to decide what food may be partaken of with perfect safety to health.

The progress of that dread disease cancer, which claims thousands of victims each year—victims whose numbers increase with the passing of every twelve months—is a mystery which is engaging the thoughts of many clever men, with very little success up to the present.

There is a section of the medical profession disposed to condemn certain kinds of food, which, in their estimation, are responsible for the growth and spread of the terrible scourge.

For instance, it is not so very long ago that the flesh of the pig, in any shape or form of cookery, was denounced as a very likely cause of cancer in the human body. The reasons given, however, were no more convincing than many others have been, and seemed to get very little beyond the statement that amongst those persons who, owing to religious views or otherwise, never eat pork, cancer is almost unknown.

——coffee should be treated carefully—they produce heart disease.

The excessive use of salt by men and women is declared to be a further custom worthy of the suspicion of scientists in connection with the spread of cancer. It has been observed that salt, for many years past, has become more and more used in cookery, and as an addition to most fresh food.

Another thing that has been deemed worthy of notice is the fact that many cancer patients are extremely fond of salt. Fresh meat, potatoes, eggs, are simply overdosed with salt by most people who are afflicted. For these

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reasons the scientific eye is resting with much anxiety on the salt-cellar.

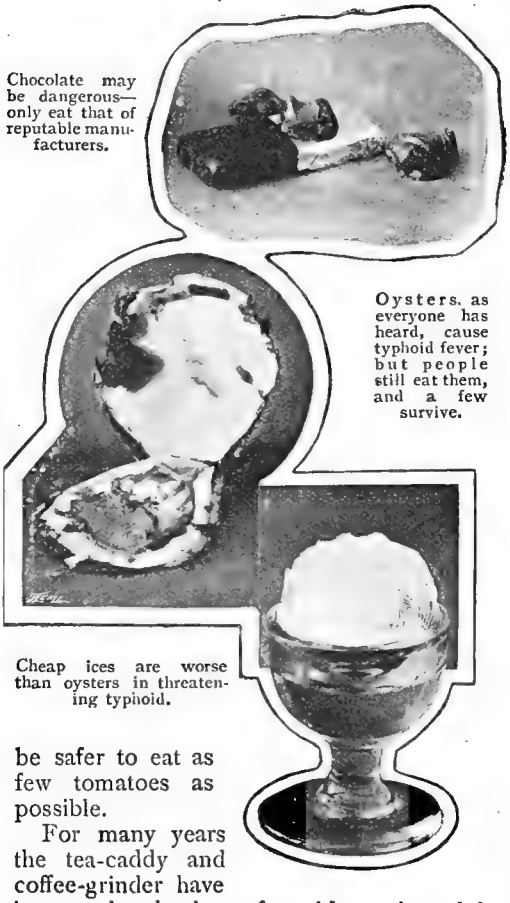
About two years ago the tomato attracted the attention of the scientists in the same connection.

Why?

Well, cancer has been spreading alarmingly for the past ten or twelve years, while the increase in the sale and distribution of tomatoes throughout the United Kingdom, owing to the triumphs of cold storage, was noticeable for the corresponding period.

Could there be any connection? Was the eating of uncooked tomatoes by the multitude attended by such terrible risk? So science took up the tomato, turned it inside out, so to speak, analysed it closely, and—said nothing definite, but enough to make people understand that it would, on the whole, be safer to eat as few tomatoes as possible.

Pork pies and tinned meats and fish are often guilty of ptomaine poisoning—avoid them.



Chocolate may be dangerous—only eat that of reputable manufacturers.

Oysters, as everyone has heard, cause typhoid fever; but people still eat them, and a few survive.

Cheap ices are worse than oysters in threatening typhoid.

For many years the tea-caddy and coffee-grinder have been under the ban of a wide section of the medical profession. It is declared that these beverages are often the cause of the development of heart disease.

The "quacks" who advertise strange nostrums as cures for heart affections take good care to drive the statement home with the hammer of catch-penny dodges. They declare that our ancestors were not much troubled with their hearts, Why? Because they didn't drink tea or coffee in the good old days!

If we follow the advice of the sensation-mongers, to enjoy sound, steadily-beating hearts we must eschew the comforting matutinal cup of tea or coffee. If not, it is almost a certainty that we shall acquire hearts which will rival ping-pong balls in jumping all over the shop.

They are brave men and women who, despite oft-reported cases of ptomaine poisoning, calmly continue to enjoy meals in which any sort of canned goods whatsoever forms a part. From Land's End to John o' Groats come reports of deaths of scores of people owing to their having partaken of food—fish or flesh—sold in a tin.

Were England anything but a sober-minded, lethargic nation, with a great objection to fright or panic, the manufacturers and importers of canned fish or meat would have some difficulty in escaping the inconveniences of a happy dispatch by lynch law, for there are very many fanatical folk who endeavour with might and main to lash the forbearing Briton into a fury of passion against a Government that allows a people to be poisoned. But John Bull buries his dead quietly, and bans the canned death-trap from his table in future.

It is not only within the tin of fish that the

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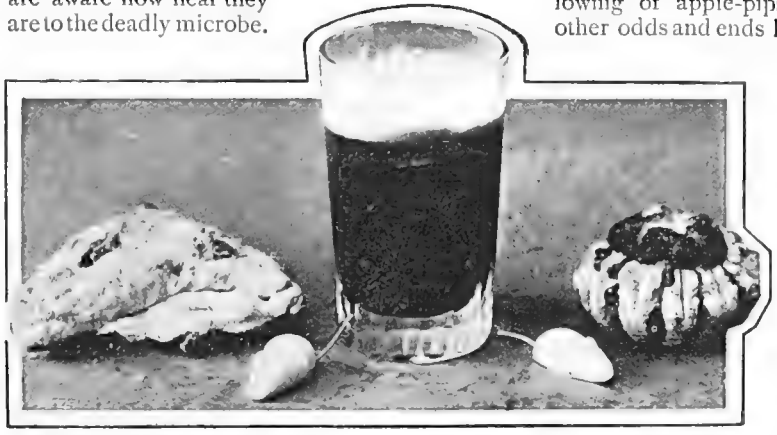
deadly ptomaine lurks, awaiting the coming of some confiding human victim. The pork-pie recently established its reputation as a germ producer, capable of killing men and women.

Another thing the public has been warned against as a ptomaine producer is the cheaper chocolate in its various forms. That innocent sweetmeat may be the means—if it has not been already—of slaying its hundreds.

But where canned fish, pork-pies, and cheap chocolate have slain their hundreds, the delicate oyster is claimed by the faculty to have killed thousands, being the effective means of introducing the deadly typhoid microbe into the human system. Periodically the oyster scare makes its appearance.

A man dies of typhoid fever. It is found out that previous to the attack he ate some oysters. An enterprising newspaper editor hears of the case, and it is not his fault if the unfortunate oyster isn't left alone by an unappreciative public for the usual nine days. But the oyster soon becomes a favourite *bonne bouche* again. All the horrors of typhoid will not restrain the epicure from the indulgence of his daily dozen.

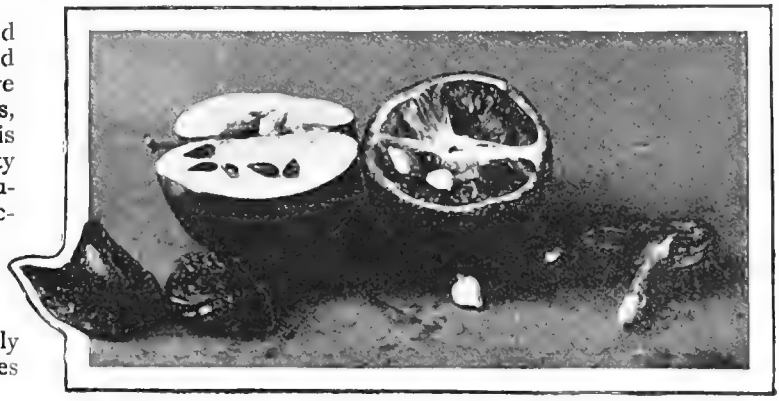
Few people who, when the sun is hot, indulge in cheap ices are aware how near they are to the deadly microbe.



Cheap pastry, cheap sweets, and beer, unless by a known maker, are likely to contain arsenic.

It is not so very long ago that several persons were laid low by typhoid fever, whose attack was traced to some penny ices. And, for the one case that "gets into the papers," there are hundreds about which the public know nothing. Cheap sweets and pastry, too, are a fruitful source of poisoning.

Beware also of restaurant vegetables, cabbage especially, for typhoid germs are said to have a partiality for them, if they lie for any length of time after being cooked—and freshly-cooked greens are not the rule in *all* establishments that cater for the hungry public.



Nuts, dates, oranges, and apples are all declared by doctors to threaten their consume s with appendicitis.

Is it merely a coincidence that appendicitis has become so common amongst the King's loyal subjects since His Majesty's regretted illness? At any rate, it seems time to banish seedy and stoned fruit from family bills of fare, so as to prevent the involuntary swallowing of apple-pips, prune stones, and other odds and ends held to be responsible for the painful malady to which many seem so liable.

If you would avoid arsenical poisoning, it will be necessary for you to refuse to drink beer, unless you know that it has been brewed by a firm of good repute—for some brewers, as has been proved at the cost of many lives, are not particular as to the quality of ingredients used.

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Aunt Maria's Handkerchief

Told By Itself

Edited By Mrs Tom Godfrey

The Story of a Lover's Quarrel.

"Please, Auntie, can you lend me a handkerchief?"

"Certainly," said my mistress, handing me to a pretty girl. "Don't lose it, for it's one of my best."

The best, I thought. For I know what she has in her scented handkerchief case, where I'm unique in texture and hand-embroidery; though she does pretend those finicky, lace good-for-nothings are better.

Phœbe's dainty fingers tucked me into the pouch of her thin silk blouse. That, I can assure you, was a pleasant exchange for Aunt Maria's dark, hot pocket, which isn't exactly a bed of comfort, especially when she sits down. Besides, from behind the rose-coloured walls of this new abode, I could now view life; a chance I made the most of, as Phœbe ran quickly down stairs, and entered the drawing-room.

"At last!" he exclaimed, coming towards her. "How sweet you look, darling!—But, I say, what's up?"

For, as he came nearer, Phœbe threw out a repelling hand, and something behind me began to thump so loudly that I quivered all over.

"What's—" repeated the young man.

"We're no longer engaged," interrupted Phœbe.

"Why not?" he exclaimed, drawing himself up as though an iron had passed over him.

"Need you ask?" she inquired.

"At last!" he exclaimed.

"Well, you can't expect me to accept this electric decision without asking for some explanation; however illogical it may be."

"Perhaps *this* explanation is illogical," she replied, holding out a piece of paper. As it was as crumpled and ragged as an old handkerchief, I wasn't surprised to see the look of disgust on his handsome face.

"Where did you get it?" he asked in a queer, jerky voice, which made me think that the machinery behind *his* waistcoat must be thumping as hard as hers.

"It was in the pocket of the coat you gave me for old Sime," she said. "The coat you wore when you proposed to me, and I was too foolish to guess at your motive for

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doing so! But since Sime brought this back, I have discovered that your love is nothing but cupboard love."

She whisked me out quickly, as he ejaculated:

"Do you really believe that, Phœbe?"

"Of course I do," she replied, dabbing me on her eyes. "You can't deny that that's a list of the rich women you meant to propose to, can you?"

He shook his head dolefully.

"And," she continued, rolling me into a ball with feverish, angry fingers, "you had the impertinence to put me among those ugly, frumpy creatures! 'Phœbe Dane, £50,000,' there it is. —You don't deny that, do you?"

"No," he muttered, "only you're not *among* them, you know. You head the list."

"Oh!" she cried, tossing her pretty chin. "So that's why you tried me first—or, had you tried all, you mer—mer—mercenary wretch?"

"Phœbe, darling!" he pleaded, trying to take the hand I was in. "It's true I wrote those names with the intention of having whichever would take me—only, I met you first and loved you there and then. Had you been poor I should have loved you just the same. Won't you believe me, sweet?"

"Hallo! what's this?"

"How can I, since I am not poor?" she retorted hastily.

"Darling," he implored. "I know I deserve it . . . . but, I love you."

"As you could love Selina Gem with her idiotic smile, or Fanny Reay with her squint; or . . . . but why need I go on? Failing me, you meant to go on to the next one. Oh, it's horrible! I can never forgive you, never, never. And it's not a bit of good your saying anything more. Go and see the second on your list—Anna Ducane, who's old enough to be your mother, and has double my fortune!" I slipped out of her hand, as she burst from the room, and rolled—yes, rolled—instead of floating gracefully, to his feet.

"By Jove!" he murmured despairingly, "I'm a brute. To love where money is may be all right; but that list was a fatal mistake! For, of course, she can't believe that I no longer care for her money. How can she, with that damning evidence of my purpose to secure a rich wife? Hallo! what's this?"

And pouncing forward he picked me up and unrolled me almost as gently as Phœbe could have done.

"Poor little girl!" he added, patting me pensively.

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"I suppose she's crying her eyes out."

And with another sigh he tucked me into his breast pocket. I was flabbergasted, and most distressed. For, what would Aunt Maria say when she discovered that her *very* best hand-embroidered linen *mouchoir* was really lost?

* * *

I had never visited a man's pocket before and I found it a queer place. There wasn't the roominess of Aunt Maria's black pit, nor the luxurious comfort of Phœbe's. And there were other things in it, the greatest of all being a bulky green note-book.

"So you come from Phœbe the divine?" he said, as I leaned against him.

"Your master has stolen me," I gasped.

"Nonsense," he shouted. "You're a love trophy!"

"Really!" I muttered. "But I belong to Phœbe's aunt, and ——"

"What a joke!" he exclaimed, nearly bursting his elastic band with laughter. "Jack thinks you're Phœbe's."

"So I was for the moment, and I'm still damp with her tears and crushed with her emotion." I replied, reflecting sadly, that the only place I was fit for now was the dirty linen basket.

"Jack Tyndall isn't in love with the aunt!" said the note-book, growing serious.

"I wonder at that!" I exclaimed spitefully. "She's heaps richer than Phœbe."

"Ha, ha! I twig your meaning!" he laughed. "But, in spite of it, Jack loves Phœbe for herself, though he *had* set out to marry a rich girl, whether he cared for her or not. Fate, however, decreed that he should love Phœbe, and not care a rap for her money."

"Tell that to the soap-suds!" I murmured.

"He got a friend to give him the names of girls."

"Well, it's true," he replied soothingly. "When first I met Jack he was the keenest money-hunter I know. Being well off, himself, he meant to marry money and leave all other sentiment out of the bargain. He said that women nowadays want so much — so many dainty etceteras: like yourself, for instance — that he couldn't afford to marry and retain his present comforts, unless the wife he chose had money. So he got a friend to give him the names of girls or—er—youngish women, whom he might honour with an offer of marriage. Your Phœbe happened to be number one, and Cupid happened to be in her wake—and you know the rest."

"Well, it's over now," I sighed.

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"Not it!" he exclaimed saucily. "'Never say die,' is Jack's motto, and now he sticks as much to love as he meant to stick to money, and here he is," he added, as Jack's hand suddenly appeared, "I suppose he's going to gaze at Phœbe's photo which is inside me," and he slipped out with a little laugh. But he soon came back again, laughing louder than ever.

"He's just given me the charge of a letter from Phœbe, in which she tells him what she really thinks of him!" he explained. "And he's in no end of a temper, and said——"

"Yes?" I murmured anxiously.

"That Phœbe and her £50,000 can go to Timbuctoo!"

As I was about to answer we heard voices, and the note-book whispered that the strange one belonged to Phœbe's brother, who was Jack's friend.

"We may hear something fresh," he added.

And so we did. Phœbe, it appeared, had quarrelled with Aunt Maria about a paltry handkerchief—paltry indeed. Aunt Maria had said hard things, and Phœbe had retorted, and now both were at Coventry with one another. My hopes sank. If they had gone away how on earth could I ever return to my scented bed in Aunt Maria's drawer, how see sweet Phœbe again? At that moment Jack's hand pulled me out of his pocket with a jerk, and his fingers twisted me round till they got to Aunt Maria's monogram, which I'm jolly proud of.

"Yes, hang it, it's old Maria's," he cried disrespectfully, flinging me on the table.

Then, as I lay quivering in horrified fear, he picked me up and pushed me back into his pocket, saying: "After all, it gives me the chance I seek."

"Will you let me pass, Mr. Tyndall?"

The note-book and I wondered what he meant by that when I told of my adventure. And we concluded that all we could do was to lie low and keep our ears open. At last, after long hours of suspense, we guessed that Phœbe was in sight when the machinery behind us—the pocket-book said it was Jack's heart—began wildly thumping.

We both listened eagerly, and I recognised Phœbe's voice. She said:

"Will you let me pass, Mr. Tyndall?"

"No," said Jack bravely, though his heart told us another story. "Not until you have listened to me, Miss Dane—— Phœbe, darling! I want to tell you——"

"What I have no desire to

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hear," she replied a little weakly.

At that moment, Jack pulled me out of my hiding-place and I saw a fierce-faced Phœbe standing before him, yet so charming, so bewitching in her anger, that all my sympathies went out to Jack, who was fighting so hard for her.

"Is this yours?" he asked, holding me out.

"Oh!" she gasped, taking me with trembling fingers. "This is the handkerchief Aunt Maria made such a fuss about! But, how did you get it?"

"I picked it up," he said quietly.

"Where?" she asked, dropping her eyes to me. And I saw that all the anger had died out of them.

"I—I thought it was yours," he murmured, in so strange a voice that I knew his heart must be beating a veritable tattoo on the note-book's uncomplaining side.

"I shouldn't have thought it sufficiently valuable to interest you!" she said, her lip curling, whilst I felt so indignant that I fluttered out of her hand to the floor. I had cost—well, never mind what!—enough for Aunt Maria to make a fuss about my loss.

Jack picked me up, saying: "You are very cruel, Phœbe." And I echoed his words from hem to hem.

"You were worse to me!" she cried. "You deceived me, and made me care for you, and—and——."

"I adore you!" he replied. "That's why I stole this handkerchief the day you sent me away. And now, although it isn't yours, I still mean to keep it in memory of you, and——"

"But *why* did you take it?" she asked, blushing rosily.

"Because you had touched it—held it—worn it!" he murmured, in a low voice.

She moved closer to him.

"Then you did love me a little, after all?" she whispered, her eyes full of tears.

"I adore you!" he replied, drawing her to him.

"I adore you!" he replied.

As the tears gushed from Phœbe's eyes, Jack pressed me to them, and all my anger against her vanished.

And although Aunt Maria still talks about her loss, I have found my home in a beautiful velvet-lined glass case in Jack's study. And if sometimes life seems monotonous there, I console myself by reflecting that no other handkerchief can boast of having caused the life-long happiness of such a handsome couple as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Tyndall.

But I *often* wish I could hear what has become of that jolly pocket-book.

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MASQUERADING!

BY MARY FARRAH

LIKE THE PEOPLE IN JAPAN,
WITH HER PARASOL AND FAN
THIS MERRY LITTLE MAIDEN FLIRTS AND DANCES;
SHE CAN SMILE AND LOOK SO GAY
THAT SHE'LL STEAL YOUR HEARTS AWAY
BEFORE YOU KNOW THERE'S DANGER IN HER GLANCES.

THOUGH SHE SEEMS, YOU MUST CONFESS,
IN HER QUAINT KIMONO-DRESS
SO VERY MUCH AT HOME, IN FACT QUITE EASY,
YET SHE'S JUST LIKE YOU AND ME,—
SHE'S "REAL ENGLISH", AS YOU SEE,
AND ONLY IN HER COSTUME JAPANESY!

SO SHE FLIRTS HER DAINTY FAN
LIKE A LADY FROM JAPAN,
IN HER JAPANESE DISGUISE YOUR HEARTS INVADING;
BUT NO GEISHA YOU COULD MEET
IN JAPAN IS HALF SO SWEET
AS THIS LITTLE ENGLISH MAIDEN MASQUERADING!

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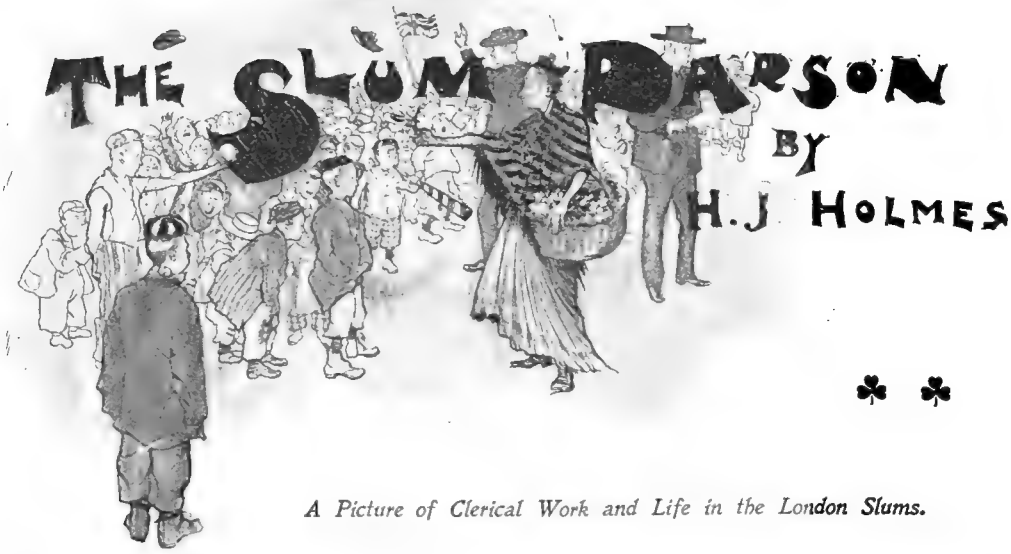
THE SLUM PARSON

BY

H. J. HOLMES



A Picture of Clerical Work and Life in the London Slums.

"You've got a nice soft job!"

And the loafer's resentful eyes glared savagely at the clergyman who had gently, but firmly, refused any further help.

"You've a fine black coat on your back; you get a good dinner every day; and you have a comfortable bed to sleep on. You've got a nice soft job! What can *you* know about work?"

The man thus attacked is rector of a parish which has been referred to as the "sink of London." It is the poorest and perhaps the most wicked portion of the metropolis.

In an area of about seventy acres there are 25,000 people herded together. One-eighth of the entire population find a "home" in common lodging houses, of which there are more within its boundaries than in any other parish in the kingdom. It has a street with fifty-four dwellings sheltering 1400 inhabitants; an alley containing ten houses with fifty-one rooms and 254 people.

As the human wreckage of the continent drifts towards London, the remorseless current of poverty drifts that wreckage to this over-crowded district. On every single acre of the seventy-four, comprising the parish, more than 300 people are packed.

It was the clergyman whose duty it is to work for the betterment of such a multitude who was considered by the loafer-critic to have "a nice soft job."

The fact is, it would be extremely difficult to find anybody who has so much to do, and whose duties are so trying, as the slum parson. Fifteen and sixteen hours a day are spent at work amidst the most difficult and discouraging surroundings, dealing with people many of whom have fallen as low as it is possible for human beings to descend.

"Ill-born, ill-fed, ill-housed, ill-clad," said the Rev. W. H. Davies, rector of this Spitalfields parish, "many of them at best are poor animals and 'inefficients' by birth degeneration.

"The conditions under which they are herded together make decency and respectability almost impossible.

"Yells and curses that would horrify most men and women scarcely disturb the children's play. A murder is little else than a passing sensation. Dark staircases, even at noonday; unlighted landings at night; high rents, and consequent overcrowding and indiscriminate mingling of the humanity; street doors never fastened throughout the year, admitting to stair and landings used as sleeping-places by homeless men, women, and children; the reigning squalor on every hand; the shifting character of the people—these are things that baffle and perplex us at every turn."

And who can doubt that the poverty, the daily struggle for food, the never-ending tales of sorrow and sadness, form a strain of incessant demand upon the sympathy of those who work among the poor?

The parish-room of an East-end slum on any morning provides many instances of the

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varied duties of the clergy and their helpers. A little crowd comes day after day, the numbers varying from a dozen up to sixty, to make appeals of all sorts:

"Bread for my children."

"Please send 'nuss'; mother's awful bad."

"Boots for my boy, sir. He ain't got none, and can't go to school, and the School Board's sent me a summons."

"Ain't seen my husband for three weeks, an' me an' the children are goin' to be turned out."

"If you'd lend me a bit to buy stock."

"To know if you'll go bail for my boy that's in a bit of trouble."

"Me and her ain't goin' straight, and we thought, perhaps, you'd marry us free."

"D'ye mind renewin' my 'awker's license? Yer did it last year, didn't yer? An' ain't I kep' my promise I made yer?"

"I thought p'raps you'd help me to a bit o' black to foller 'im respectable to the grave."

"These and such as these," said the rector of Spitalfields, "are the incessant appeals, involving constant investigation and care; revealing sometimes cunning, cheating, and dishonesty, and at others filling us with enthusiastic admiration at the devotion, the patience, the resignation of many of the poor in their life-long struggle under hard conditions."

Here it may be stated that there are frequent indications, on the part of even the roughest, that acts of kindness are not altogether forgotten. "One good turn deserves another," is a sentiment remembered even in the lowest stratum of life. Sometimes the "turn" given in exchange for a good one assumes rather a questionable shape, as the following incident will show:

"I once was trying," relates Mr. Davies, "to prevent an ugly row in the street. A hostile crowd gathered, and there were indications that I was in danger. However, I gained my point. As I hurried homewards, a woman crept up to me and whispered, 'I was at your elbow all the while, sir; and if anybody had touched you, *I had my hat-pin ready!*'"

Mr. Davies also tells a story of the gratitude of youth. To start on their summer excursion to Epping Forest, the poorest of poor children had gathered at the appointed rendezvous.

"Ill-clad and ill-fed" was the stamp upon many. On the pavement a woman was trying to sell bunches of some simple flowers at a halfpenny each. One of the most ragged boys of the company had managed to save two farthings, to be spent lavishly in the Forest on that great day.

Outside the building he paused. He looked at the flowers, then at the farthings. He decided to buy. With a face beaming with pleasure, he entered the hall, went straight up to the lady worker in whose district he lived, and said: "Please pin this in your dress, miss, and wear it all day."

In the daily experiences of slum clergymen, comedy is not altogether absent on occasion. Once, in a certain parish still further east, a mother called at the lodgings of a newly-arrived and too-trustful curate. She had two babies with her, and these she succeeded in inducing the young man to take charge of "just for a tick," she explained, whilst she ran to the docks with her husband's mid-day meal.

The curate, having taken over the responsibility, tried his hand at providing amusement for his pair of charges whilst their mother was away. The "tick" gradually lengthened, until at last the alarmed clergyman was forced to call in a policeman and hand the yelling babies over to his official care for conveyance to the workhouse.

The curate . . . . tried his hand at providing amusement for his pair of charges whilst their mother was away.

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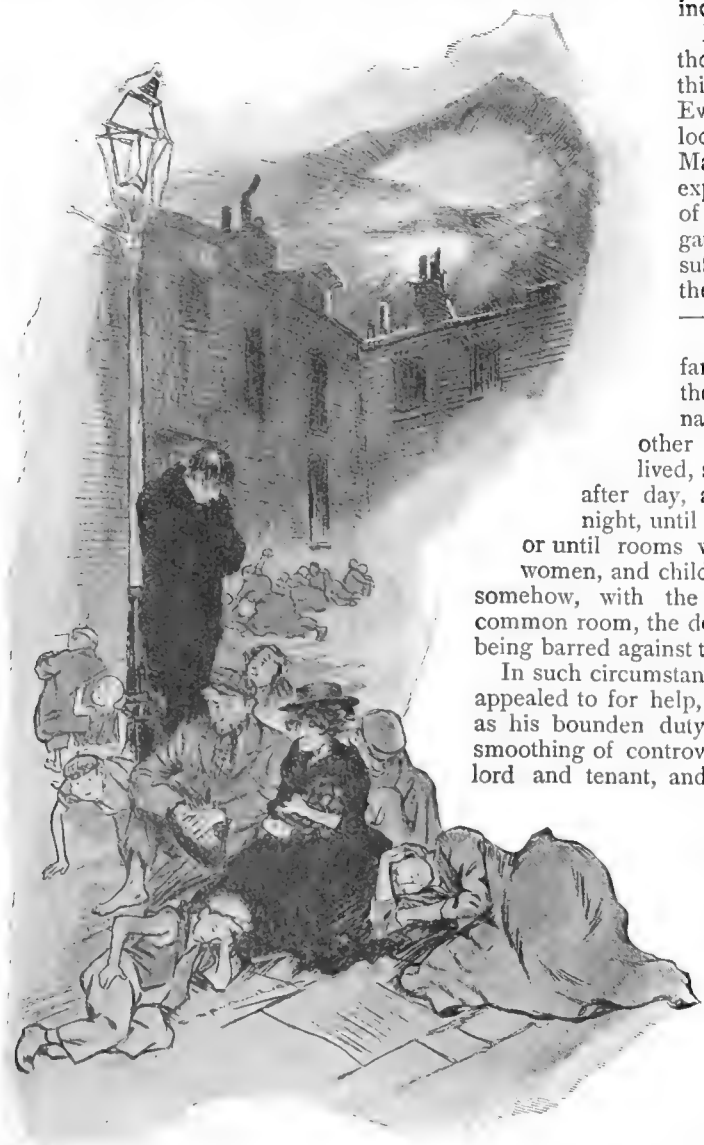
A little bribe failed to keep the grinning constable's tongue silent, for the mother never appeared again to claim her offspring, and the story of the curate's indiscretion had to be told to the infuriated guardians. Slum babies have ever since been regarded with little interest by that budding archbishop.

Many people are under the impression that the slums of Whitechapel far excel in depravity those of any city in the United Kingdom. This is a mistaken idea. The Whitechapel slum may be depraved, and abound in much vice, but for downright depravity their condition is incomparable with those of Southwark and Bermondsey. Strange as it seems, these two places have neither the Whitechapel class of Jew nor the alien and scum of Europe to corrupt their morals, yet for debased poverty, aggravated by drink, Whitechapel, comparatively speaking, has a clean sheet.

A bad character, certainly. Combine it with "ingrained apathy and contentment, pervading life to the very end," and one is inclined to say "hopeless!"



They lived, shelterless, in the court day after day, and slept there night after night until they managed to find rooms.

But this is not the view of those who preside over the thirteen centres of parish work. Even with 20,000 people to look after, they do not despair. Many a painful ordeal has to be experienced. Homes stripped of furniture, fireless grates, gaunt forms and haggard faces, suffering, starving children, and the hopeless moan, "no work"—all have to be faced resolutely.

A little while ago fifteen families were evicted from their miserable homes in a narrow court. They had no other place to go to, so they lived, shelterless, in the court day after day, and slept there night after night, until they managed to find rooms, or until rooms were found for them. Men, women, and children, they managed to exist somehow, with the unroofed court as their common room, the doors of their former homes being barred against them.

In such circumstances it is the parson who is appealed to for help, and he is often expected, as his bounden duty, to take upon himself the smoothing of controversial matters between landlord and tenant, and even to procure fresh and more congenial lodgings.

It was a parishioner with such views who once called upon a curate and requested to be vaccinated. This happened during the small-pox scare of 1902. It may have been that the man had noticed the long queue of people who stood outside the local parishroom (temporarily used as a surgery) every morning waiting their turn with the doctor, and so imagined that the art of inoculating was included

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among the duties of the clergy. Such ignorance is only too prevalent in the slums.

The rector of Bermondsey tells a rather amusing story in this connection:

"One woman presented herself with the complaint that she had been vaccinated before, but the operation did not take. Accordingly, three good insertions were made. As she was going away the officer asked, 'When was it you were vaccinated last?'

"'Two days ago,' was the reply.

"'Then,' said the doctor, 'you are in for it now. You will have two nice arms before long.'"

Another woman expressed the hope that the doctor had a nice baby for her child to be vaccinated from.

"We don't take lymph from babies now; we take it from the calf," was the official explanation.

"Then I'm off," exclaimed the woman. "I didn't come here to have my child vaccinated from a wild beast!" and she fled.

Here is a novel reason for withdrawing a child from Sunday-school.

"I like the discipline at St. Andrew's, but you see, sir, you always have wet weather for your excursions at St. Andrew's, and so I have sent my child to the Ragged School."

"I haven't held a sovereign in my hand for two years," said a most respectable poor widow, on receiving a grant from a local relief charity. "It makes me feel so queer. . . . . Bermondsey looks quite different to me now. It was a dull place before; now it seems quite nice again."

In Bermondsey there are many factories; girls are largely employed in these. They are, as a rule, a rough lot. No one who has not lived amongst them can realise fully what "a girl of the slum" is. Reared amidst the roughest surroundings, gentleness and maidenly speech are virtues she rarely possesses.

It is no uncommon incident, on pay days and other festive occasions, for a couple of these young women to quarrel in the street during their homeward journey. There is generally a short way of settling disputes. They fight.

Sometimes they square up and box in the approved fashion of their mankind. But mostly the proceedings are of the rough and tumble order, accompanied by the most appalling yells and shrieks, the pulling of hair, the tearing up of hats, and other feminine methods, adopted as the best means of getting even with an opponent, in which finger-nails and hat-pins play prominent parts.

Suddenly, perhaps the cry of "Here's the parson!" is raised. Most of the cowardly on-lookers slink off. And it becomes the unpleasant duty of the clergyman to separate the two wretched girls, who have fought on, oblivious to his coming, in their paroxysm of passion.

There is a certain curate "down East" who carried about with him for weeks the marks of finger-nails, forming a double set of lines from brow to chin. They were the only reward he got for acting the part of peace-maker in a scene such as that described above.

From time to time rather readable paragraphs are published, in a certain section of the daily press, describing the muscular encounters of the "fighting parson" with ruffians of more or less herculean build.

During an interview with a clergyman, who is known as "the fighting parson" in the East-end, the present writer learnt that, so far as the "fighting parson" was concerned there is little, if any, truth in such statements. He does not pose as an exponent of muscular Christianity at all; nor has he ever knocked down a man, good, bad, or indifferent. The reports are gross exaggerations, based on rumours, having no foundation in fact!

He is certainly called the "fighting parson," but the one and only reason he sees for the bestowal of the *sobriquet* is that when at college he was rather efficient in practice with boxing-gloves, and he still takes some interest in the art of self-defence during attendance at his parish gymnasium.

As for facing some burly ruffian and using his fists, instead of the more peaceful arguments of the cloth, it is out of the question. No clergyman would adopt such unpleasant means of taking the law into his own hands.

Of course, he has had some experiences. Some time ago he was walking down a low street of his parish, when, hearing a series of awful shrieks, he paused. Through a partly opened door he saw a man beating an unfortunate woman on the head with a chair. He interfered and saved the woman from further assault, but he did not proceed to administer physical chastisement to the wife-beater, as he was afterwards credited with doing by the irrepressible penny-a-liner of the evening press.

On another occasion the "fighting parson" interfered when a brutal prize-fighter amused himself, just outside the door of the chapel house, by knocking down a much smaller man, and waiting until his victim arose to knock him

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There is generally a short way of settling disputes. They fight.

down again. This performance being repeated three or four times, the parson walked out, and, addressing the prize-fighter, explained his objection to such conduct. The ruffian evidently saw the point of the reproof, for he merely said, "God bless you," and walked away.

The "fighting parson" declares that, although rough, the people of his district are pleasant to get on with. Before he became so well known, however, he had an experience or two of a somewhat exciting nature. For instance, for no apparent offence except that he was wearing a "top" hat, he was once followed through the street by a howling mob and pelted with all kinds of missiles until he reached the shelter of the chapel house.

The young clergyman laughed heartily whilst relating another little experience. Riding his bicycle along the streets, one day, he saw a couple of boys enjoying the effect of throwing great lumps of mud through an open window of a building where a mothers' meeting was being held.

He captured one of the delinquents, who started howling as only an East-end boy can howl. In a moment the parson was surrounded by a large and threatening crowd.

The boy managed to wriggle out of his grasp, and then was presented the edifying spectacle of the gamin fleeing for dear life, chased by the clergyman, who in his turn was followed by a crowd of nearly a hundred yelling, shouting, cursing men and women. The youth escaped, and the parson had to retire as gracefully as possible amidst the gibes and jeers of the triumphant mob.

An athlete himself, the "fighting parson" is a believer in the gymnasium as a means of improving degenerate mankind morally as well as physically. A youth who is induced to take an interest in his physical development will soon learn to avoid those things which prevent it. It is wonderful how drinking, smoking, and other vices go down before the horizontal bar and the dumb-bell exercise.

The parish gymnasium is now regarded as a necessity for the betterment of the population.

Great were the difficulties at first experienced by slum parsons in forming and "running" gymnastic classes. Enthusiastic young curates have been lassoed by their pupils and hauled up to the ceiling, there to hang in all

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sorts of inconvenient and distressing positions until the pleasure of their tormentors allowed them to return to the floor.

Men, instead of performing musical drill, have preferred to play the piano with their feet, and have torn the instrument to fragments, scattering the broken hammers, wires, and ivory keys about the gymnasium in a mad, destructive freak. Nevertheless, the gymnasium conquers in the end. Authority and order gradually take the place of chaos, and lads and men become quite a new set of beings.

By the formation of clubs for men and women, the slum clergy wage war against the counter-attractions of the gin-palace. Frequently the greatest difficulty is found in getting people to take part in the rational attractions of a church clubroom; they seem to dread anything that aims at respectability.

Some men only join a club on the understanding that they will be allowed to turn up "just as they are," without the trouble of what is considered unnecessary washings and tidying of person.

On one occasion a rather ambitious member appeared on the club premises wearing a clean collar! There was almost a mutiny. The wearer was peremptorily requested to remove the offending article. He refused to do so. His critics settled the matter by charging him *en masse*.

Although the victim made a gallant stand in the interests of his laundry, his collar fell into the hands of the Philistines, and was immediately consigned to the fire. But things have changed since then. Most of the members would now scorn to be seen without the once-offending neckwear.

Amongst the lowest classes there prevails a strong desire to shield those that injure them the most.

"I well remember," said one clergyman, who for some years periodically worked amongst the lowest parts of Sheffield, "walking one day down a narrow slum of the great steel city.

"As I moved along, the, alas! not uncommon sight of a crowd of doorstep loungers, evidently enjoying the spectacle of some quarrel, attracted my attention.

"The sound of blows, accompanied by the shrill voice of a woman, and an occasional shriek caught my ears. Hastening up I pushed my way through the cowardly crowd of loafers.

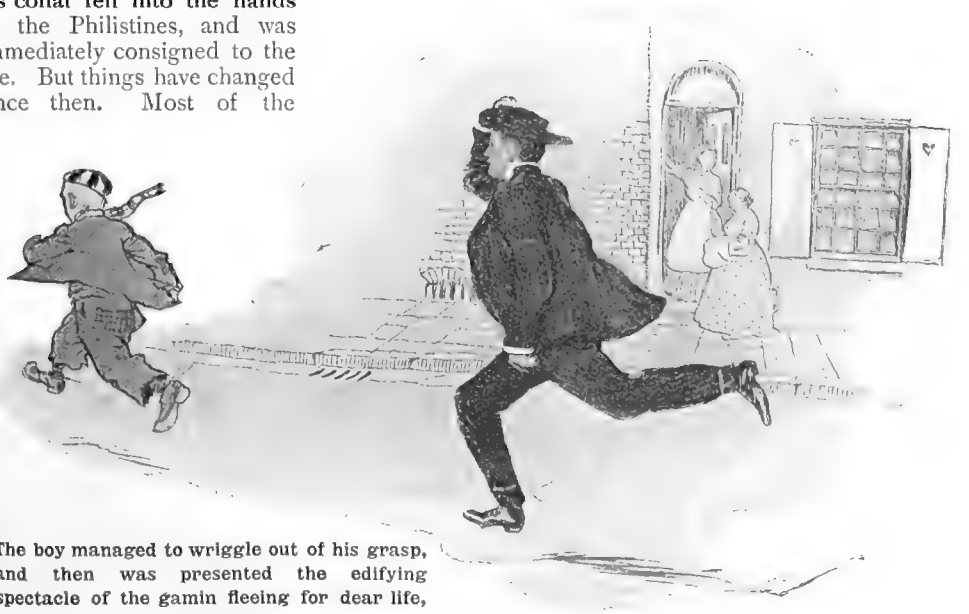
"A man and woman were struggling on the ground. Already the heavy blows of the great brute were having their effect on the woman.

"Laying my hand on his shoulder I ordered him, in no measured tones, to desist.

"Disdaining altogether what I had said, he aimed a terrific blow at the woman.

"Boiling with indignation, I seized him around the shoulders, and big man though he was, I dragged him some yards down the street, amidst the jeers of the onlookers.

"Up sprang the infuriated ruffian, instantly aiming a blow at my face.



The boy managed to wriggle out of his grasp, and then was presented the edifying spectacle of the gamin fleeing for dear life, chased by the clergyman.

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"Here, I am afraid, my temper got the better of me. My knowledge of boxing proved more than a match for the fellow's brute strength. I struck him to the ground. The next instant I felt myself violently seized by the hair, sharp finger nails tore into my cheeks, and above the roar of the delighted crowd a voice rang shrilly in my ears: 'I'll teach you to knock my poor husband about.'"

The late Father Dolling, in his immortal slum-work, had many experiences similar to those which fall to the lot of present-day toilers among the lower classes.

In a Landport street, on the first Sunday of his ministry in Portsmouth, he saw two girls performing a sort of wild cake-walk with a couple of sailors.

One of the girls got knocked down. Father Dolling went to lift her up, and no doubt remonstrated with the grinning bystanders, who promptly responded with a shower of stones, and the good man had some difficulty in escaping serious injury.

The famous slum parson has related his first experience with the boys of the parish.

"I had looked forward," he relates, "to seeing the sort of material I should have to work upon, and when the first crowd of boys invaded my church, I knew that my task would prove no mean one. In the middle of the service two of them started to smoke, producing their cigarettes and striking their matches with a *sang-froid* that would no doubt have been amusing anywhere else than in church.

"I saw it was a case of 'now or never,' so I instantly seized the delinquents by the back of the neck and ran them out of the church, taking care to knock their heads together to emphasise my objection to their disgraceful behaviour.

"Their language during the enforced retirement was simply of a horrifying nature, coming from the lips of mere children, and they resisted with all their might; but I got them out and closed the door."

Just before the service concluded, the two ejected ones appeared, reinforced by their respective mothers.

In language compared with which their boys' previous ejaculations were simply as water is to wine, the two women asked Father Dolling "what he meant by knocking their poor children about?"

A soft answer produced no satisfactory effect. The pair of viragoes waited for him, and "I soon after headed a procession down the street on my way home, with the mothers of the injured innocents immediately behind me pouring out vials of fury on my head, whilst all my Sunday scholars, drinking in every word the women made use of in my disparagement, brought up the rear.

"And so we marched, until the shelter of my lodgings was reached, and I was free from the awful tirade of evil tongues."

It is the aim of every clergyman in the slums to personally know all his parishioners. When these, however, number from twenty to thirty thousand, the undertaking is a formidable one. Still, he manages, at any rate by proxy, to call upon every one of his flock.

In making these calls, many a dreadful and heartrending scene has to be witnessed. Starving children, drunken mothers and fathers, incidents of the most degrading character, fights between husbands and wives, between women, old and young, cursing and blasphemy of the most awful description, screams and yells of pain and passion.

* * * * *

And all these people are types of the class with which the slum parson has to deal, day after day, year after year.

"A nice soft job!"

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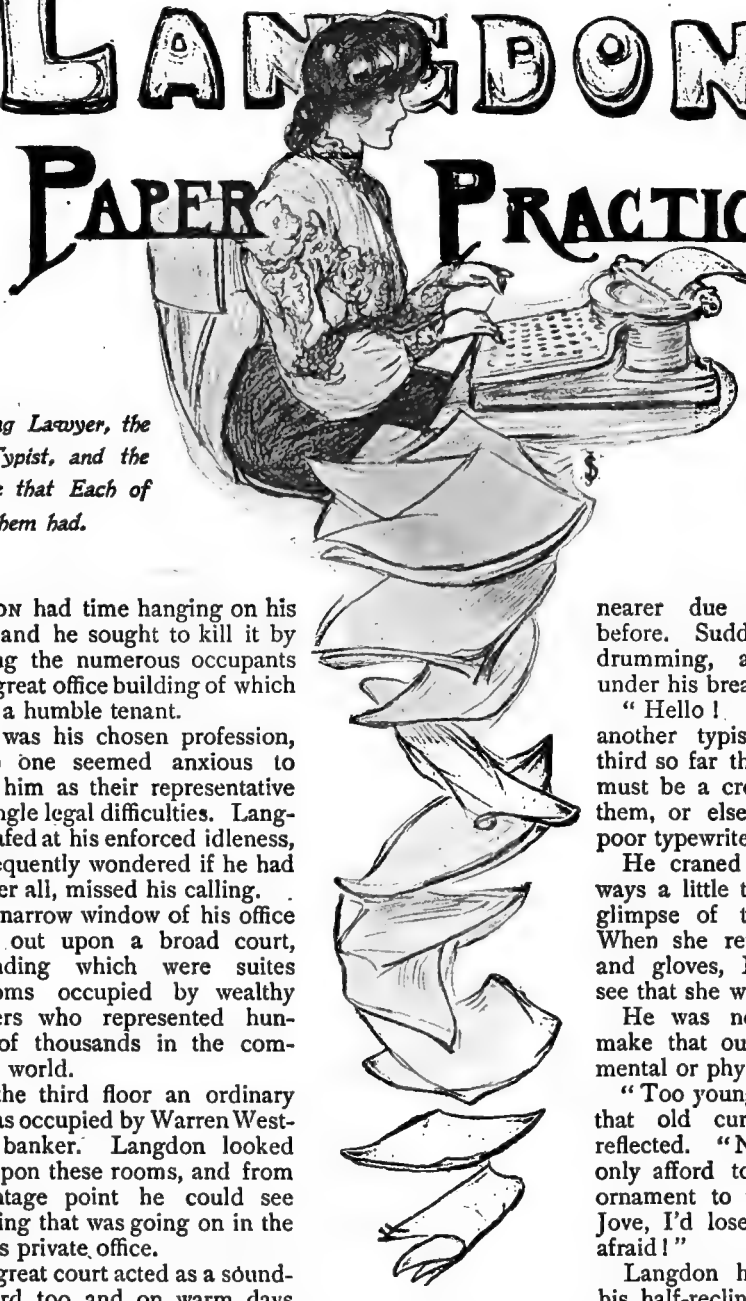
LANGDON'S PAPER PRACTICE



A Young Lawyer, the New Typist, and the Surprise that Each of them had.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

Langdon had time hanging on his hands, and he sought to kill it by watching the numerous occupants of the great office building of which he was a humble tenant.

Law was his chosen profession, but no one seemed anxious to choose him as their representative to untangle legal difficulties. Langdon chafed at his enforced idleness, and frequently wondered if he had not, after all, missed his calling.

The narrow window of his office looked out upon a broad court, surrounding which were suites of rooms occupied by wealthy financiers who represented hundreds of thousands in the commercial world.

On the third floor an ordinary suite was occupied by Warren Westfield — banker. Langdon looked down upon these rooms, and from his vantage point he could see everything that was going on in the banker's private office.

The great court acted as a sounding board, too, and on warm days when the windows were opened to admit the air, the voices speaking loudly in the office could be distinctly heard by Langdon.

It was a pleasant June day when Langdon watched by his window, drumming on the sill, and wondering if his first case was any nearer due than the day before. Suddenly he stopped drumming, and exclaimed under his breath:

"Hello! Westfield has another typist. That's the third so far this month. He must be a cross old bear to them, or else they're pretty poor typewriters."

He craned his head sideways a little to catch a better glimpse of the new typist. When she removed her hat and gloves, Langdon could see that she was pretty.

He was near enough to make that out without great mental or physical effort.

"Too young and pretty for that old curmudgeon," he reflected. "Now, if I could only afford to have such an ornament to my office! By Jove, I'd lose my head, I'm afraid!"

Langdon had risen from his half-reclining position on the window sill, and, with fascinated eyes, he watched the girl take her position at the machine. This was close to the window, so that her profile could be distinctly studied by him. When Westfield took his place near her and began to dictate letters, Langdon

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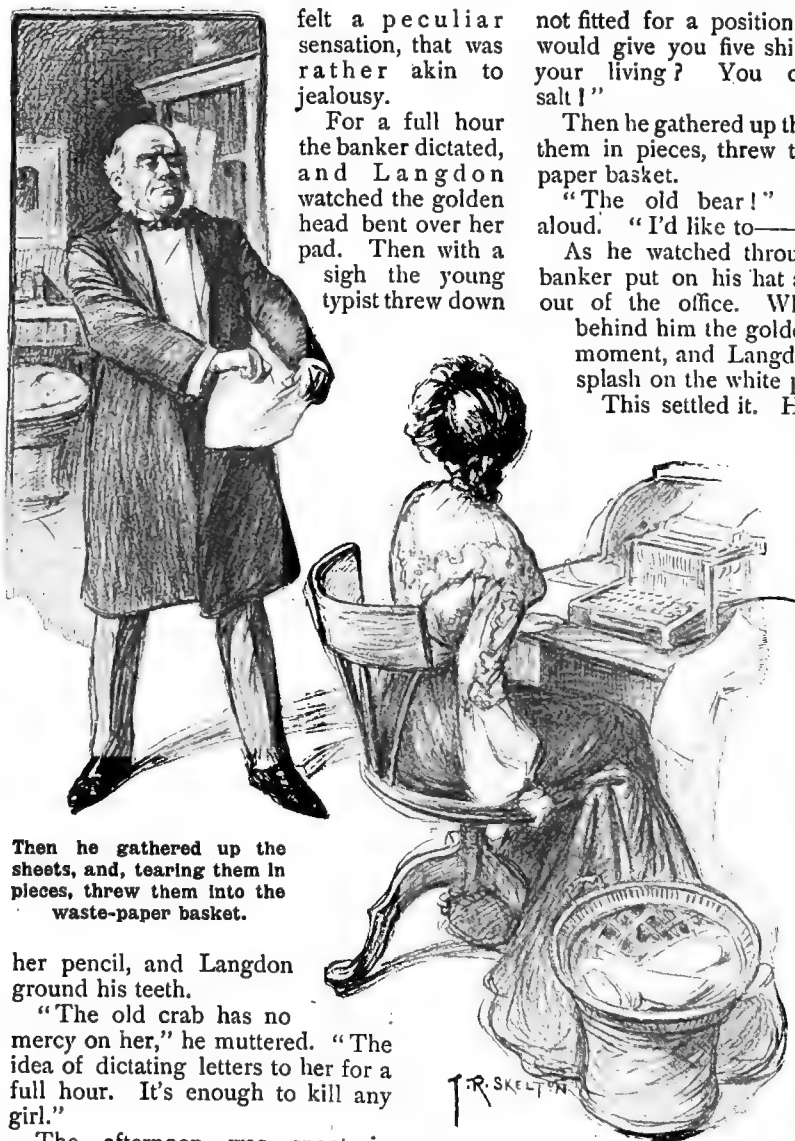

Then he gathered up the sheets, and, tearing them in pieces, threw them into the waste-paper basket.

felt a peculiar sensation, that was rather akin to jealousy.

For a full hour the banker dictated, and Langdon watched the golden head bent over her pad. Then with a sigh the young typist threw down her pencil, and Langdon ground his teeth.

"The old crab has no mercy on her," he muttered. "The idea of dictating letters to her for a full hour. It's enough to kill any girl."

The afternoon was spent in transcribing her notes, and Langdon, still clientless, tried to read by his window and at the same time to watch the figure in the window below. Towards night the letters were finished, and the crusty old banker glanced over them before placing his signature at the bottom of each.

Suddenly there was trouble. Langdon saw it coming in the scowl of the man. The face darkened, and the voice spoke sharply and loud enough to be heard on the fourth floor.

"They're all wrong," he was saying. "You didn't get my meaning at all. Why, you're not fitted for a position like this. No man would give you five shillings a week. Earn your living? You couldn't earn your salt!"

Then he gathered up the sheets, and, tearing them in pieces, threw them into the waste-paper basket.

"The old bear!" exclaimed Langdon aloud. "I'd like to——"

As he watched through the window, the banker put on his hat and walked hurriedly out of the office. When the door closed behind him the golden head was bowed a moment, and Langdon could see a tear splash on the white paper

This settled it. He jumped to his feet and grabbed his hat.

"I'll rescue her," he exclaimed. "That crusty old beast won't have the chance to browbeat her again."

Down one flight of stairs he hurried, and before he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to know what course of action to take he was knocking at the private office of Warren Westfield.

A gentle, musical voice bade him enter. He stepped inside to face the vision of his day-dreams.

"I beg pardon," he stammered, uncertain what to say now that he was there! "Mr. Westfield is not in, I see."

"No, he's just gone out," was the quiet answer. "He will be in at six. Shall I take a message for him?"

"No, I think not, I'll call again. The fact is, I'm in great need of a typist and I thought Mr. Westfield could help me. He's an old friend of mine"—a deliberate lie—"and I thought—now, well——"

He stepped nearer the girl and finished with his eyes fixed intently on the face that still showed recent tear stains.

"Now, you might help me out. You must know some stenographers among your friends."

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"No, I don't know any," she answered sweetly, shaking her head. "I'm sorry that——"

This was Langdon's opportunity and he seized it.

"Then perhaps you would like to change your position," he began, but stopped short at the sudden change in the eyes.

"I thought you said Mr. Westfield was your friend," he heard her say. "I did not know that—that it was quite honourable to——"

"Oh, don't misunderstand me," Langdon interrupted. "I was merely going to offer you the position in the event of your deciding to leave. Mr. Westfield is a hard one to suit, and he has turned away three good typists the past month, any one of which would suit me. Rather than let another good one escape, I thought I would put in an application before it was too late."

This explanation appeared to satisfy the girl. She raised her eyes and looked at him frankly. Langdon answered the queries promptly.

"I am a lawyer and my office is nearly opposite. My name is Harold Langdon—good family, but poor—ambitious, but with a small and growing practice. I pay two pounds a week—hours from ten till—till four o'clock, or earlier if something special comes up."

When he had delivered his explanation, she replied demurely:

"Then I'll accept the position. I'll come to-morrow morning. Mr. Westfield will not miss me, and, besides, I want to——"

"Yes, I see," Langdon replied with a laugh. "You want to get even with him. Well, I'll help you. He is an old bear."

"I did not say that," she promptly answered, holding herself with unexpected dignity. "Mr. Westfield may be cross at times, but he's been very good to me."

"What an angel!" Langdon said under his breath as he walked away. "Standing up for a man who told her she wasn't able to earn her salt!"

The dawning of the morrow impressed Langdon with a new sense of life's responsibilities. He had increased his expenses by forty shillings a week, and his first case was still in the air.

All the same, he walked jauntily down to his office. It was only when he entered and saw the vision of golden hair that he lost his self-confidence. For the first time the question occurred to him: What could he give her to do?

In extreme emergencies Langdon was sometimes resourceful. He now proved equal to the supreme test of his professional life. For half an hour he dictated important letters to fictitious clients. There was hardly an important case in the courts of his city which he did not at least incidentally refer to in his correspondence.

He grew so interested in his work that he waxed eloquent, and excited the admiration of his typist.

Finally he halted and said: "There, that will do for one day. I'm afraid I've given you too much work. If so, leave some of the letters for to-morrow."

"Oh, no, I must earn my two pounds. I'll transcribe them all to-day."

He pushed his chair up to his desk at a certain angle where he could watch her profile. For three hours she ticked away on the old typewriter, and Langdon furtively gazed at her and read law books.

Then when she had finished the correspondence, he pushed the letters aside, saying: "I'll run over them later and sign them."

"But I haven't directed the envelopes yet," she replied.

"Oh, well, for that matter," stammered Langdon, "I can do it when you're gone. The fact is, I am out of stamps and envelopes. I'll stroll around to the post-office and buy some when you go."

A walk in the outdoor air by her side was exhilarating exercise. When they parted at the post-office, he forgot to purchase stamps and envelopes, but instead wandered around the streets, and finally returned to his office.

"Those letters must be destroyed," he muttered grimly, "or they'll get me into trouble."

There was an open grate in his room. In that he had deposited the letters which the fair hand of his typewriter had written for him.

"Poor little girl," he murmured. "It does seem an abominable shame to finish off her day's work in this fashion. There's no doubt about it, I am a frightful cad."

As the flames licked them up, a spasm of pain shot through him. With the legal business that the letters indicated, he would be in a position to face the world and ask another to share life with him.

From his idle dreams he rose with a sigh. Then he smiled and paced his office.

"Something must be done," he said. "I can't keep this farce up for ever. I must either find clients, or tell her all, and ask her to marry me. But I'll get my client first."

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Thereafter Langdon dictated upwards of a dozen or two fictitious letters every morning; but not one was ever sent through the post. It kept him busy inventing excuses for attending to his own posting.

They were always short of stamps, or he was anxious to carry the letters home to run through them a second time before posting.

A week later Langdon burst into his office, his emotions bubbling over in words that seemed somewhat incoherent.

"I've got my client at last! Yes, and he's simply rolling in money! Why, Miss Starr, it will——"

Then he stopped short. Miss Starr was staring at him with a face suffused with tears. She had been crying, and she was not trying to conceal the fact. Her eyes, shining through the tears, were like two stars, and the crimson face was all blushes and roses.

"Why—why—what's the matter?" stammered Langdon.

She rose from her seat, and answered with dignity: "Yes, a good deal has happened. You have been deceiving me."

Taken unawares by this accusation, Langdon showed his guilt in his face, and he could only falter: "But I intended to explain all. Indeed I did, Miss Starr. I—I came here to make a clean breast of it."

"It isn't necessary," she answered haughtily, picking up her gloves and pulling them on. "I'm going to leave at once. When I found those half-burnt letters in the grate it all flashed over me. I did not think you were so mean. If I couldn't do the work properly you might have told me. It wouldn't have hurt nearly as much as—as this. I'm not a child to be treated so."

Langdon looked puzzled; then after a beseeching glance at the grate, he began to understand.

She was not in possession of all his deception after all. She had only guessed part—the ludicrous part.

He burst out laughing.

"Don't," he said, raising a hand as she looked haughtily at him. "Let me have my little joke. It won't hurt you."

Then, as she showed no signs of appreciating it, he added more seriously: "You're mistaken, Miss Starr, in thinking that your letters were not correct and satisfactory. They were models of correspondence. But—but they were fictitious on my part. I made them up to—to kill time, and keep you busy. That is why I burnt them every night. Why, if I had mailed them I would be in no end of difficulties before now."

Langdon dictated upwards of a dozen or two fictitious letters every morning.

"You mean that—that——"

"Yes," he interrupted, "that I haven't had a client until to-day, and that I had no need of a typist."

"Then why did you employ me?"

"Because—because I wanted to prove to old Westfield that you could earn your salt," he answered boldly.

Her face turned crimson, and then white;

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but a moment later she laughed softly and said: "And that is why I took the position."

Then they both laughed. Langdon looked at her, and began again in a trembling voice: "But there was another reason. I promised myself that I would never tell you that until I found my first client, and now I am at liberty to speak——"

"Please tell me about him," she interrupted. "You said when you came in that you had one. Who is he?"

"It is a case against old Westfield. I'll get even with him for insulting you. I'll teach him how to treat a lady. I'll——"

"You mustn't," interrupted Miss Starr. "I—I—it won't do."

Langdon looked at her admiringly.

"You are the most forgiving woman I ever met," he said slowly. "After telling you to your face that you couldn't earn your salt, you stand up for him. That is the height of unselfishness. Great Scott, I wish we all had more of such a spirit!"

"But don't you see? It's different now," she replied. "He will—I've been telling him about you—about your extensive practice, and—and—he's going to call on you to give you some of his work. He's had a quarrel with his own lawyer, and—and——"

Langdon was staring in open-mouth wonderment. His expression was incomparable. She held up a protesting hand.

"If you stare like that I shall either cry or laugh."

"I wish you would do one or the other," he said. "I think it would bring me back to my senses. I've gained my first client only to lose him. You ask me to give him up, and not take the case?"

"Yes, for then you would lose my—Mr. Westfield's patronage."

A curious change came over Langdon's face, and he asked:

"What is Mr. Westfield to you? Have you seen him lately?"

There was a jealous rage in his heart, and his eyes were aflame; but she smiled back at him saucily and answered:

"I thought you would have guessed before, He is my father, and I—I am Laura Starr Westfield. Papa wanted me to study stenography and typewriting so that I could be independent if anything should happen to him. I went to a school, and then tried to practise doing his correspondence when—you—you——"

Langdon's jaw had dropped, and his eyes had lost their brilliancy. There was no mirth in his smile.

"I see it all now," he murmured. "I was deceived more than you. But now it is all over, and—and——"

A gentle hand fell on his arm.

"You were going to give me another reason for—for employing me," she said softly.

He turned and glared fiercely at her.

"Yes, but I can't now," he replied. "Things are changed—everything. Before, I loved you, and hoped to win you. But now——"

"Well?" she breathed hesitatingly.

"Now—now," he repeated, "I love you—and have no hope to win you."

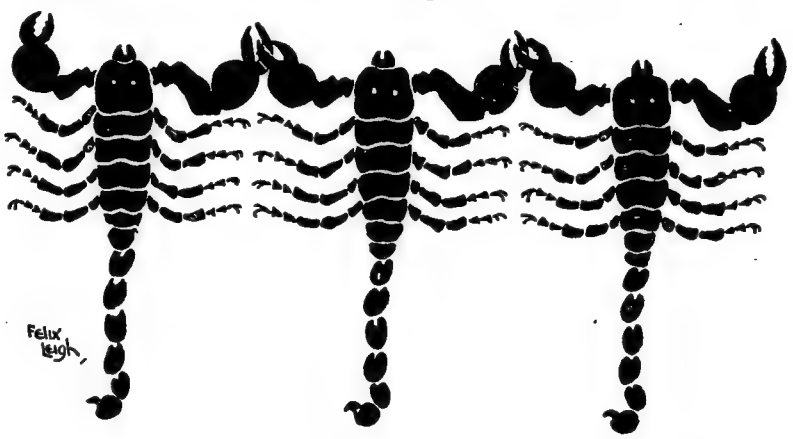
"Why not? Because I have made you lose your first client?"

She was laughing and blushing with such bewitching enchantment that Langdon could not resist the temptation.

"I can't wait for my first client, after all," he murmured, crushing her to his bosom. "But your father will have to pay for it."

"I think he's willing," she answered with a gentle laugh, "for he has great respect for your extensive legal practice."

Langdon laughed, and kissed her fair hair again.



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THE WORLD THROUGH OTHER EYES

No. IX.—THE SOLDIER'S POINT OF VIEW.

The Appearance of Things from a Soldier's Point of View are Vividly Described—First at Review; then in Barracks; and Lastly Amidst the Din of Battle.

By A. E. Johnson.

I.

On Laffan's Plain is spread an immense array of men, the sunlight glinting on their burnished arms and accoutrements. Troops there are of every arm—guns, horse, and foot—and great splashes of colour they make upon the dun coloured carpet, scarlet, blue, khaki, black and grey. A gorgeous sight is a royal review.

The officer in command inspects us. We fix and unfix bayonets, port, examine, slope, and present arms, listen to his special orders for the occasion in hand, order arms, stand at ease, and stand easy. It is early yet, and it will be an hour or more at least before the King arrives, and the review begins.

Meanwhile I have to endure the broiling sun as best I can, and wait patiently for further commands. It is a wearisome business, and the opinions freely expressed in the ranks upon the subject of reviews are pithy and to the point.

But, at length, the appointed hour approaches. Everywhere the troops are called to attention.

"*Fix bay'n'ts!*" comes the order. On all sides sounds the rattling click—like a subdued volley of musketry—as the shining swords are clapped on to the muzzle ends.

Then ensues again a period of waiting. But the King is due, and the signal is momentarily expected. Every man stands to his front, rigid, immovable. All eyes are fixed upon the distant flag-staff. Suddenly, faint but clear, a far-off bugle rings out upon the expectant ear.

"*Present arms!*"

There is a rhythmic clatter as the whole array, like one man, goes through the three motions of the "present." For an instant the sunlight flashes brilliantly upon a ribbed sea of fiery metal, as the burnished steel blades are twirled in the air and brought to the salute.

Simultaneously the bonds of the dark ball at the masthead are broken with a jerk, and the Royal Standard shakes out its broad folds to the breeze. The massed bands blare forth the National Anthem.

Soon after, we get the command to move. Already the continuous march past of the troops has begun, and by slow steps we make our way to the end of the long parade ground. Battalion after battalion ahead of us marches away down the broad stretch before the Royal marquee, and the dense crowds of spectators, till at length our turn arrives.

Some distance ahead the battalion immediately in front of us strides jauntily on, each company spread out in two wide ranks, with the company officer some paces in advance. The bands are playing a lilting march, and the men go swinging along in fine style. As they near the saluting base, I see the heads of the rear company jerked to one side with such a simultaneous movement that I half expect to hear a *click* following it.

As the battalion passes on, the saluting base comes clearly into view. The Royal carriage is plainly to be seen, drawn up in front and surrounded by a brilliant retinue of staff officers and foreign attachés in glittering and resplendent uniforms.

Now comes the critical moment. How shall we compare with the rest? What sort of a show shall we make? As I brace myself for the ordeal, I might be the colonel, such is my anxiety.

On every left shoulder the rifle is sloped with perfect precision, with clockwork smoothness and regularity every right arm swings to and fro in time with the music and the step. A rattle of applause from the spectators near the saluting base greets us as we approach. But not a man moves a muscle. The company is set—wound up, if you like.

In this fashion it would march unswerving,

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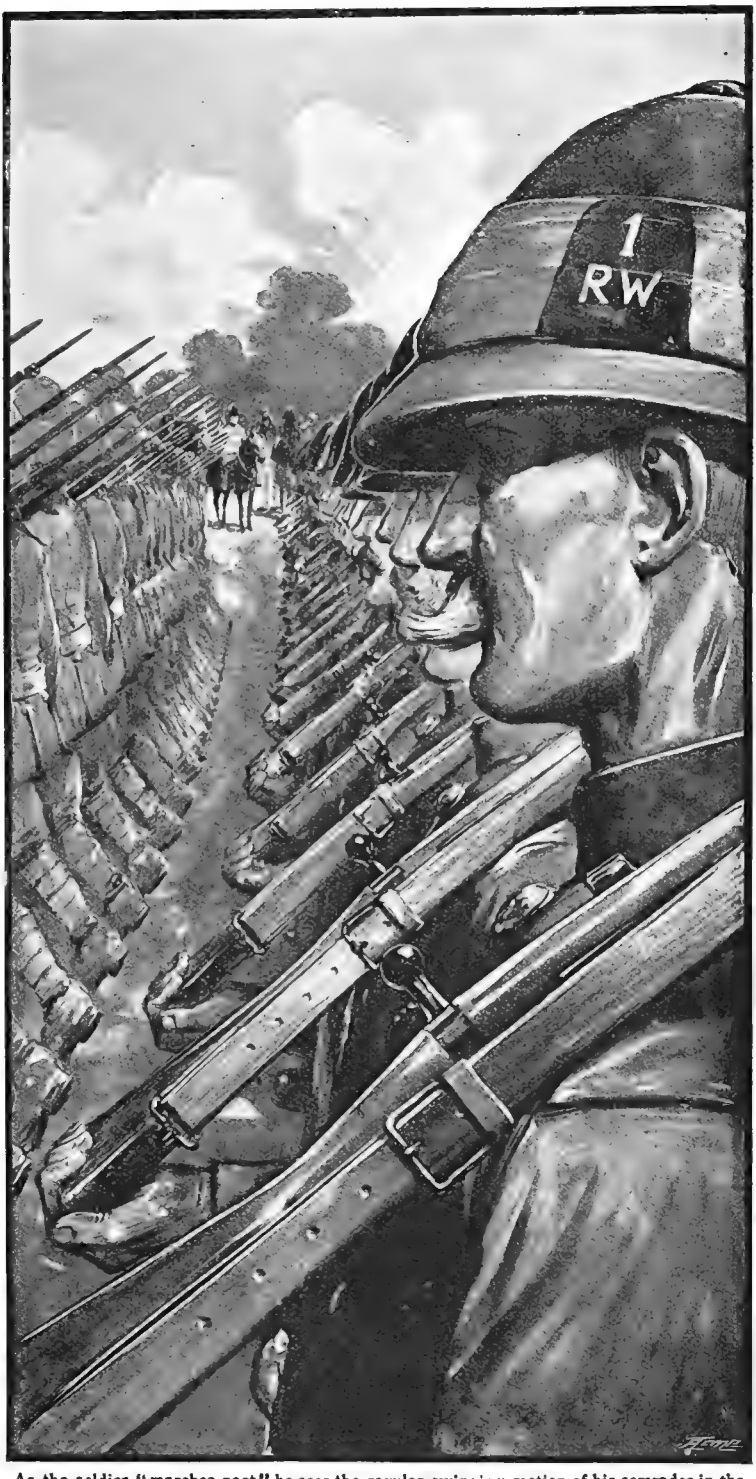
did occasion require, right up to the mouth of a Maxim gun.

"*Eyes right!*" comes the captain's ringing command, as he brandishes his sword and lowers it in the salute. Every head is slanted sharply and every glance is turned obliquely towards the Royal Standard. From my place in the rear rank I gaze down the even row of profiles. The alignment is perfect. One could lay a fishing rod along the bridges of the noses. Out of the left-ward corner of my eye I catch the rhythmic movement of the front rank's legs. Their regular motions are more like those of some many-legged human centipede than of a composite body of independent individuals.

But the eye takes in these things only as a general impression. The gaze centres upon the Royal carriage and its occupants. The King's hand goes up to his hat as he returns the salute, and the Queen beside him leans forward and bows her acknowledgements.

It seems to me, as I look at them, that they are returning my glance personally. Some sort of idea flashes through my mind that it is at *me* they are looking. The thought squares my shoulders and throws out my chest



As the soldier "marches past" he sees the regular swinging motion of his comrades in the front rank, and their puttie-clad legs moving with clock-work precision, and on his right an endless succession of profiles and rifle-butts.

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even more smartly than before. I am determined to create a favourable impression. Brass and drums are crashing out the regimental air, all eyes are turned in silence upon us. The credit of the regiment is at stake. Who would not march as he has never marched before?

II.

It is curious that, for all the glamour which overhangs a soldier's life, but little is known by the civilian of what that life really is. Perhaps if more were known the glamour would be less.

Life in barracks, for instance; how differently from the civilian the soldier orders his affairs—or, rather, has them ordered for him! Consider briefly the daily round of the trooper in the "room."

At half-past five or six in the morning the blare of trumpets wakes me from my heavy sleep. There is no snoozing, no "forty winks more" for me. Get up I must, and to the stables to attend to my horse. My beast first, then myself—this the order of a trooper's cares.

Stables over, my bed put up, and my kit in order, there follows breakfast—but only so much breakfast as the regulations allow me.

Should I wish for more—and the healthy Tommy has usually room inside for much more than the bare necessities of life—I must buy it myself.

If the food be *bad*, I may, when the orderly corporal heralds the approach of the officer of the day with a sounding thwack of his whip upon the table or door, and calls the room to attention with a stentorious "*'Tshun!*" I may, in reply to the terse inquiry "Any complaints?" express my dissatisfaction as to its quality; but to complain of the *quantity* of my rations is useless.

This much and no more, saith the War Office, shall a man have to keep body and soul together. And no more he gets, save at the expense of his own pocket.

After breakfast, the parade, either in the field, on the march, or in the barrack-square. And all the time I am under strict command. Whithersoever I am told to go, I go; whatsoever I am bidden to do, I do. There is no escape—I MUST. In brief, I learn the meaning of *discipline*.

From parade to dinner. That meal over, there comes a welcome slack period, when I pull down my bed and snore away the afternoon in a well-earned "flat." Stables again in the late afternoon, and after tea I am free to "walk out" and enjoy myself as I choose.

But "Last Post" will sound at ten o'clock, and before that—unless I have special leave—I must return to barracks, soberly and in good order. Otherwise the guard will ask questions, and next day there will be pack drill, cells—or worse.

What is the effect of the soldier's mode of life upon the man called upon to experience it? It is hard to say. No two men, one might remark, are affected alike. According to birth, education, social status, and so forth, it may elevate or degrade.

Speaking broadly, perhaps, its most noteworthy feature is the absence of women-folk and their influence. We leave the married quarters out of consideration; we are concerned for the moment only with the point of view of the average private soldier. His dealings with women are apt to produce the falsest of impressions. He knows nothing of their real part in social life, he feels but little of their softening influence; and, speaking plainly, it is to be feared that his general experience of them is not apt to increase his respect for the sex. "The girls they dote on a scarlet coat," runs the song—an undeniable fact which the girls of a certain class are at no pains to conceal.

But the life in common which the soldier enjoys has many fascinations. Why the good soldier is enamoured of his calling he would probably be the least able to say. As well ask a sailor what magnet it is that draws him back to the salt waves after he has "chucked the sea." But one primary reason, it is assured, lies in the spirit of fellowship, the *esprit de corps* in the best and most literal sense of the phrase, which military life engenders.

To the true soldier, undoubtedly, the heart-and-soul "Tommy," the man whom Kipling, for all that author's unpopularity with the rank and file, has faithfully depicted, his regiment is father, mother, wife, and child. Allegiance to his regiment rather than to his country is the keynote of the soldier's ethics. There are tales told in the canteen of inter-regimental pride and jealousy that would astonish the "civvy."

But most remarkable of all aspects of military life is its effect on the moral character. There is a popular supposition that the army is the best reformatory possible for a bad, or at least indifferent, character. The supposition is not *always* justified.

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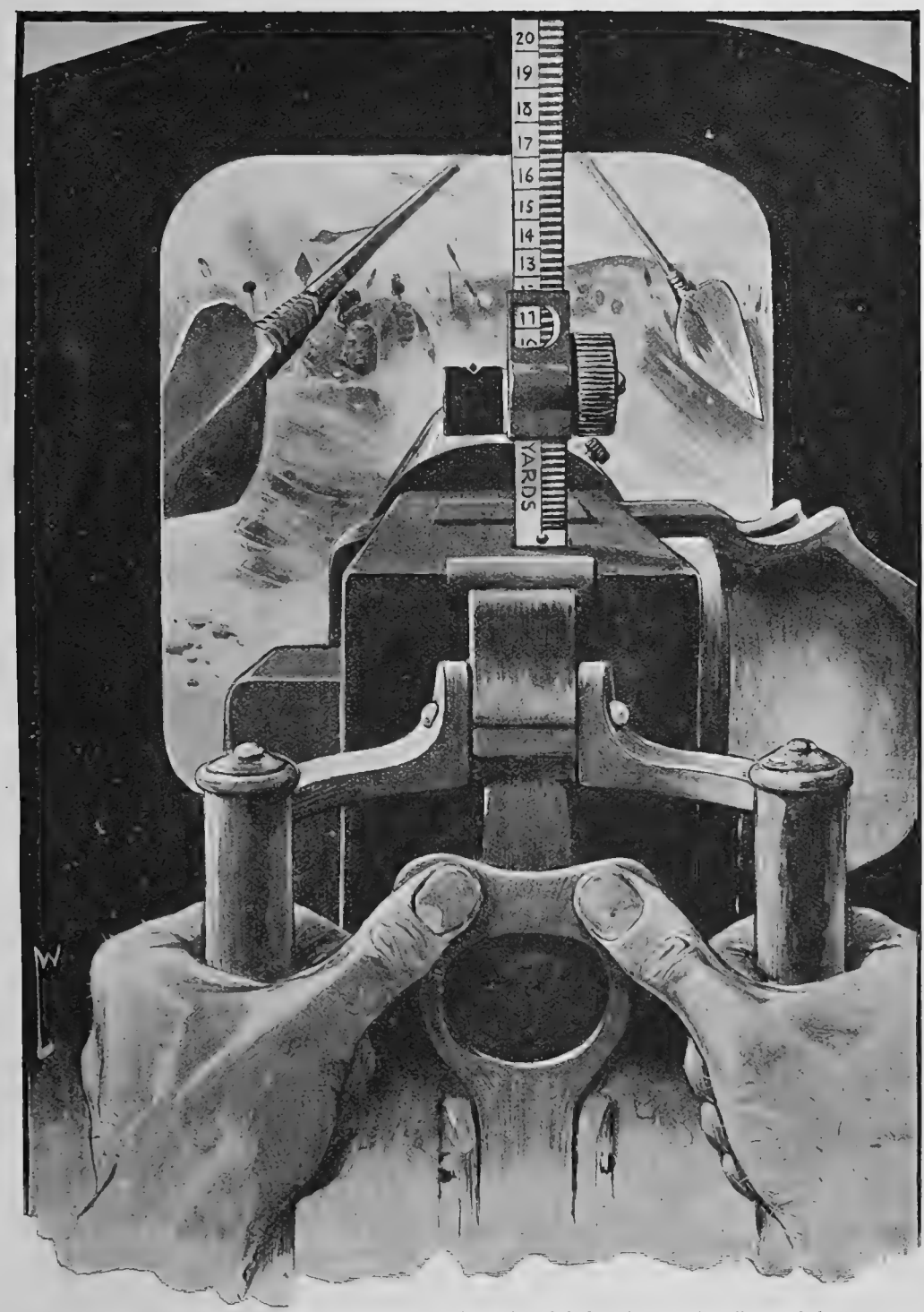

The maxim in action. Before the gunner stand out the polished mechanism, the tall range-finder and the steel shield of the gun, that is belching forth a hail of metal into the countless mass of the enemy that, through the shield of the quick-firer he sees charging furiously towards him.

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Incorrigibles there are, of course, to be met with, but, as a general rule, there is no gainsaying the bracing moral effect of military discipline.

The Army teaches a man self-respect—the first qualification of the straight man. It sets the waster to do a *man's* work; moreover, it *makes* him do it. He kicks at first, but, being compelled, learns in time the pleasures of honest employment, and ends with a pride in the performance of his duty. Then the life in common teaches him that the respect of his comrades is a desirable thing; to attain that he must first learn to respect himself. Gradually he works out his salvation, and attains his moral manhood.

Not always, it must be admitted, is the influence for good. The case of the gentleman-ranker, associated on equal terms with those who *should* be his social and intellectual inferiors, is a ticklish one. If he has the right stuff in him, he may yet rise superior to his environment, no matter how grave his past indiscretions. If not——

III.

To turn, however, to the grim side of soldiering, and a picture of war, red and terrible.

There is muttered rumour in the battery that the hills yonder are occupied by the enemy. As we halt for a moment on the crest of the hill, suddenly the spattering sound of rifle fire snaps the stillness of the morning air. The noise pulls me up with a jerk. My half-finished sentence ends abruptly, and I feel a shock within me as of a tug upon my heart-strings. The talk has ceased on the instant. A curious silence falls upon us, broken only by a hoarsely-whispered, "We're in it!" from a comrade.

My emotions are hard to analyse. It is not exactly fear I feel, but rather a kind of uncomfortable expectancy. I dare not look my fellows in the face. To do so would seem, I feel, like impertinent curiosity. But a furtive glance shows me each man bolt upright in his place, with features set and hard.

The chatter of a Maxim upon the left swells into a clattering chorus the irregular rattle of the rifle fire. In the cold grey of dawn it is a chilling, deadly sound. Then, with a thunder of thudding hoofs, a staff officer gallops up.

"*Walk—march!*" The sharp command acts like a spark that fires the stiffened frame to life. "*Trot!*" and, with a jingle, jingle of accoutrements, the teams, their wicked-looking guns lopping behind them, plunge downwards to the plain. The battery is itself again. Action quickens the sluggish pulse, and in the excitement of the descent the ugly jabber of the Maxim falls on deaf ears.

At the bottom of the slope is an awkward gully, through which the teams scamper helter-skelter, and come up with a gallop on the level under a heavy fire. "*Action front!*" In a trice the guns are wheeled round and unlimbered.

Now for the first time I begin to be conscious of the fire under which we are acting. All round I see little spurts of dust kicked up from the ground by some invisible agency, like gobbets of dry sand thrown up by the impact of colossal rain-drops. Momentarily I hear the mellow *whing*—like the deep, vibrant note of a banjo's tight-strung base—of an unseen bullet flying past me. An uncomfortable sensation seizes me in the pit of my stomach, a kind of sickness that is hard to describe in precise terms.

Quoth Henry at Agincourt:

> "And he that hath no stomach to this fight,
> Let him depart."

Gladly would I depart, but that a sense of shame would keep me, even were escape possible, at my post. It needs greater courage to openly fly than to stay.

Yet it is not physical fear which lays hold of me. To feel that, one must needs confront an actual, tangible foe. It is rather a mental terror with which these invisible missiles of death fill me. There is no combating them. They come from nowhere, as it seems, and no man can say where they may find their billet. I am helpless. I can but stand still in my place, waiting, with sickening expectancy, to see whether I shall be hit.

A gunner beside me falls. It is sudden and quick. Without warning, his arms are flung wildly up into the air, and, with a hideous, gurgling groan, he collapses. For a few seconds his limbs jerk convulsively, his hands tearing at the tufts of grass, and his teeth savagely biting the dust. As suddenly, the movements cease, and the lifeless corpse lies where it dropped.

My gorge rises, and all things squirm within me.

But things are not always thus. A man there was who described his experiences of the South African campaign as "a long period of deadly monotony, relieved by intervals of blue funk." But most men get speedily used to the sensations of being under fire. He is a callous soldier who can go unmoved through his first ordeal, or, for

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To the infantryman, routed and pursued by cavalry, this terrifying spectacle is presented. The drum of horses' hoofs grows louder every minute. He glances behind terror stricken. Almost above him he sees the snorting nostrils and bloodshot eyes of the giant war-horse, whilst peering round its neck the fierce face of his enemy, clenching a lance already tipped with blood, meets his despairing gaze.

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that matter, can face in contemptuous mood the early stages of any action. But once through his baptism of fire, or warmed to his work, the soldier recks little of bullets and shells. Use is everything.

Thus later, when I have become participant in a score or more of fights, I find my early emotions gone entirely, or at least so modified as scarcely to be worth consideration. A spirit of fatalism has succeeded those agonies of anxiety. It is impossible to *dodge* the bullets. I am here, and the enemy's fire is thick and hot upon me. If it is fated that I am to be hit, hit I shall be. If not—*tant mieux*! I come to disregard the singing bullets, and begin to have even a contempt for cover.

If I wish to move from one point of vantage to another, I no longer cast about for the seemingly safest route. I am as likely to be hit one way as another, and I go straight in consequence. What will be, will be. *Kismet.*

It happened once in South Africa that during an action the General in command, walking round his dispositions on a tour of inspection, came upon a gun that had temporarily been ordered out of action. Seated on the trail, scorning cover, was a gunner deep in the blushing pages of a well-known sporting contemporary. The General paused and gazed for a moment. Then he turned to the staff officer who accompanied him. "Modern warfare!" he remarked, pointing to the unconscious gunner, and passed on.

Use, it has already been remarked, is everything. What wonder that the deadly monotony of life on active service, of engagements even, makes the soldier callous?

Think of the infantryman, lying prone for hours, it may be in the same place, while the bullets fly, twanging over his prostrate body. He dare not disobey orders by raising his head. With his eye to the ground he looks along the level of the plain to where the sky line rims it, or the hills from which the enemy's fire is coming inclose it. For foreground he has some coarse grass, the blades of which he idly tries to count again and again; and for middle distance the inartistic boots, perhaps—if in close order—of a comrade lying some few feet ahead to right or left.

Steadiness under fire, however, is not the only thing which the soldier must learn. War holds other things to shatter the toughest of nerves. We speak not of certain sights and sounds which those who have witnessed and heard them will recall to mind. This is not the place to paint too vividly the horrors of battlefield and hospital. But heaven grant the soldier may never have to face a charge of cavalry. To stand and watch the wild rout of demoniac horsemen sweeping onward; to hear the swelling thunder of hoofs as the vengeful horde rushes down upon him; to catch with unfaltering eye the glint of bare steel brandished fiercely; these are the things at which the stoutest heart may quail.

Worse still the foot soldier's plight when the square of which he forms a part breaks up in disorder and stays not to receive the shock of the charge. Panic seizes him. His self-control is gone. Reason deserts him. Flight, *flight*, FLIGHT, is the one idea that rages in his mind.

Like a startled hare he turns and flees —whither he knows not. Hot-foot the cavalry pursue. He hears the thudding of the hoofs behind him, and, screaming in his agony of terror, he flings away rifle, bandolier, and belt, in his blind endeavour to escape. Louder and louder drum the thudding hoofs in his ears. As he stumbles on he throws a glance of terror over his shoulder. His pursuer is on him now. He sees the snorting nostrils and blood-shot eye of the giant war-horse as it seems to prance above him, and peering round its neck the fierce face of his enemy, with grim, set features, distorted into a frightful look of inhuman savagery.

His eye catches the gleaming of burnished steel, and as he looks along the levelled lance that points towards him so unerringly, he sees the elbow crooked to launch the vicious thrust. His heart seems near to bursting, his head is singing, and his mouth is parched and dry. He hears the deep panting of the horse behind him, and as he feels its hot breath upon his neck, he staggers, lurches forward . . .

With a wrench of the wrist the horseman gallops on.

The soldier's point of view! 'Tis an unfamiliar one indeed. He sees much that is strange, more that is gruesome, and his standpoint is one—since to prate of what he has seen would be, he vaguely feels, indecency —that the lay mind can but feebly appreciate. And the final chapter, when he lies wounded, with shrivelled tongue and throbbing head, upon the stricken field—what then do his glazing eyes behold?

> The jackal an' the kite
> 'Ave an 'ealthy appetite,
> An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

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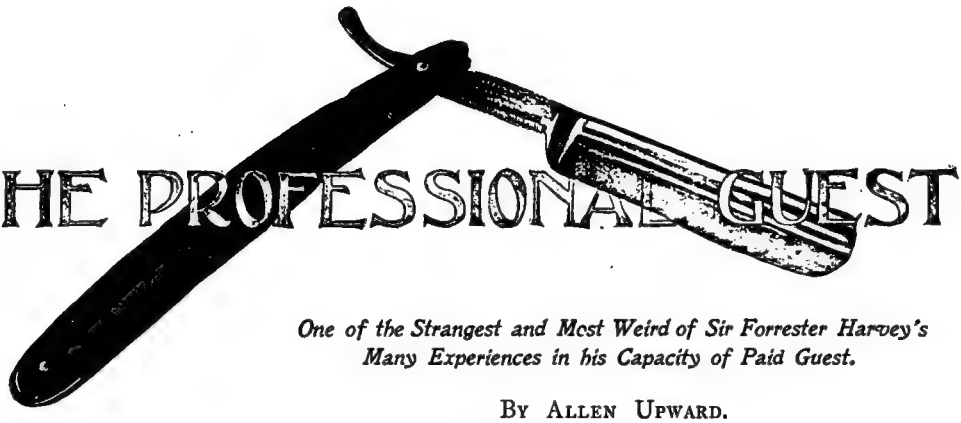

One of the Strangest and Most Weird of Sir Forrester Harvey's Many Experiences in his Capacity of Paid Guest.

By Allen Upward.

VI.—THE MAN WITH THE RED THROAT.

I have had some doubts as to whether I ought to relate the following experience. I do so in the hope that no one will recognise the incident, and that my readers will refuse to treat the narrative as anything but fiction.

The secretary of the Agency, through whose medium I had obtained my various positions, sent for me one morning to meet a client at her office. I arrived at the hour appointed, and found a distinguished-looking man, who was introduced to me as General Brudenel.

The General, whose manner was that of a man suffering under some form of nervous depression, was some time before he explained his object in wishing to see me. At length, having sounded me in a way which had nothing offensive about it as to my position and character, he came to the point.

"I am living in a very quiet part of the country. My place is called St. Osmund's, near Bungay, in Suffolk. I haven't many neighbours, and as I am in shaky health, I see very little company. My only near relation is a nephew, and I haven't seen him for six months. I don't even know where he is. Now I find the solitude is getting on my nerves; and as I don't feel strong enough to face the idea of going anywhere else, I thought the best thing I could do was to try and induce someone to come down and stay with me for a bit."

I bowed, and the secretary nodded sympathetically. General Brudenel seemed to need some encouragement to proceed.

"I don't want you to do anything, of course," he said with a slightly shamefaced air, "except amuse yourself in your own way. There's shooting and hunting, and plenty of coarse fishing, if you care for that, and a billiard-table."

"You want company, without the bother and formality of having to look after your guests. I take it that is your idea," I said.

The General looked relieved.

"Yes, that's just it," he said heartily. "When my nephew lived with me he practically took his own way, while I took mine; and you can do the same."

I surmised that some misunderstanding had arisen between the uncle and nephew, resulting in the young man's departure from General Brudenel's roof; but naturally I did not venture on any allusion to the subject.

Satisfactory terms were arranged through the medium of the secretary, and before a couple of days had elapsed I found myself installed at St. Osmund's.

The house was all that could be desired, and I had every reason to think myself well off. General Brudenel, it is true, was not a very cheerful companion. He spent a good deal of his time moping in the library. At dinner he took more wine than is usual in these days of temperance, and after dinner he generally showed a strong desire to keep me in the room with him till his man came to put him to bed.

I attributed this behaviour to lowness of spirits, probably due to the estrangement with his nephew, to whom he scarcely ever referred.

It was the valet who gave me the first hint that there was something more behind his master's hypochondria.

One morning after I had been waiting in the breakfast-room some time for my host to appear, this man, whose name was Croft, stole in quietly, and said in a low voice:

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"The General's compliments, Sir Forrester, and will you kindly not wait for him? He is having his breakfast taken up."

I expressed a hope that the General was not indisposed. Croft came a step nearer, as he answered:

"I don't know quite what to say to you, sir, about my master. He's not himself, and yet he isn't exactly what you call ill. He won't see a doctor, and he's angry if I notice him—but I'm sure there's something wrong."

"The General's nerves seem very much shaken," I answered. I hardly knew what was the proper attitude for me to take up. I did not wish to meddle, but, on the other hand, it was clearly someone's duty to interfere if anything serious were the matter.

The valet was evidently anxious to have someone on whom he could shift the burden of responsibility.

"I hope you won't tell my master I've spoken to you, sir, but the fact is I'm afraid sometimes he's going wrong in his head. He has fancies."

"Fancies? What sort of fancies?"

"He thinks he sees things, sir, at night."

I started. So that was the reason why General Brudenel sat drinking after dinner, and why he was so reluctant to be left alone.

"Has he told you what he sees—or fancies he sees?" I asked.

Croft shook his head. It seemed to me that he knew more, but had suddenly become afraid to speak.

I forbore to question him, but after some consideration I decided that it was my duty to try and win the General's confidence.

Accordingly at lunch that day, after other topics had been handled and dismissed, I began to discuss the age of the house, from which I worked round to a dissertation on old houses in general, finally touching on the subject of those said to be haunted.

Carefully as I had prepared the way, General Brudenel saw through me.

"That fellow Croft's been talking to you, I see, Harvey," he said suddenly.

I blushed as I responded:

"I hope, General, that you will pardon the anxiety we both feel to see you in better health."

The General made a gesture with his hand, as though dismissing the subject, and we finished the meal in a silence which made me apprehensive that I had offended him.

After dinner, much to my relief, he resumed the conversation of his own accord.

"Do you believe that any of the ghost stories they tell are *true?*" he demanded, apropos of nothing.

I considered for a moment. As a matter of fact, I had always been a complete sceptic on the subject, but I had sense enough to see that to proclaim my state of mind at this stage might deprive me of my host's confidence, so I answered with deliberation:

"Well, I have hardly had the chance to form an opinion. I have never come across a case in my own experience. I may say that I have an open mind."

General Brudenel nodded as if satisfied.

"That's a sensible answer. Now, you haven't noticed anything in this house, I suppose?"

"Certainly not."

"Suppose you were to—do you think it would make you afraid to stay on?"

"I can't imagine its doing so. I'm not a nervous subject."

"Then I tell you what I wish you would do. Sleep in my room to-night, instead of me, and see whether anything happens."

The manner in which he made this proposal showed me that General Brudenel's mind was still perfectly rational, whether his nerves were disordered or not. Evidently he had seen something of a character which caused him to distrust his own senses; and he wished to test the reality of the phenomenon through me.

I gave my consent to the course proposed with some reluctance. However slight might be the chance of my witnessing anything uncanny, the mere possibility was enough to make me uncomfortable.

When Croft arrived on the scene as usual, his master suddenly informed him that we were to change places for the night. I thought he watched the valet's face rather closely as he sprang the announcement on him. However, Croft betrayed no emotion beyond a little natural surprise.

As arranged, I went straight upstairs, took my sleeping-suit, and repaired with it to the General's room, leaving him in possession of mine. As far as I can judge, all possibility of trickery was excluded.

I lay awake for some time, feeling rather nervous, but at last I dropped off to sleep.

How long my slumber lasted I have no means of knowing, but I started out of it rather suddenly, to be conscious of a vague sense of someone else being in the room.

I looked round, and my glance fell on a pale white outline, taking the distinct shape of a human figure, which seemed to be

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approaching the foot of the bed. As I gazed, the figure became more solid in appearance. It was that of a man in evening dress, with the head thrown back, the face being so foreshortened as to be unrecognisable. Then all at once I perceived the horrid character of the apparition.

The throat of the unknown was cut right across!

I lay perfectly rigid while this ghastly picture printed itself on my memory. Then I sat up in bed with a jerk, to find myself staring into the darkness of the room.

A dream, the incredulous will say—a dream brought about by the conversation at the dinner-table, and the mental excitement in which I had fallen asleep.

Such was, in fact, the explanation with which I tried to quiet myself at the time. Ashamed of my own weakness, I lay down in bed again, as though nothing had happened, and resolutely closed my eyes. But it was some hours before I slept again, and I woke in the morning feeling decidedly out of sorts.

The moment I encountered my host at the breakfast-table he saw that I had gone through an experience similar to his own.

"Tell me, what did you see?" he inquired anxiously.

"I can hardly claim to have seen anything," I answered, trying to pass the matter off lightly. "I had an unpleasant dream certainly."

The old gentleman shook his head.

"It was no dream," he said with conviction. "You have seen what I have seen—a man with his throat cut."

I could not evade this direct challenge.

"Yes, that is what I saw. Do you know of any tradition or superstition connected with that room?"

The General shook his head.

"There is no tradition—how should there be? You did not recognise the face?"

"No; it was impossible."

"I did not recognise it the first time," General Brudenel proceeded, "but I recognised it the next morning when I was being shaved. It is my own face."

I uttered a cry of horror. The other man threw back his head, exactly as the apparition of the previous night had done, and I instantly saw that he had spoken the truth.

For some minutes we sat without speaking. I felt it would be impertinent to offer the usual remarks about hallucinations. To be haunted by such a spectre was terrible enough, however it was accounted for.

General Brudenel declared that he had seen the apparition during the night, as usual, but we were unable to fix the time so as to decide whether it had appeared to us both simultaneously.

Later on in the day, finding that I was genuinely anxious about him, General Brudenel took me into his confidence.

First pledging me to secrecy, he made me acquainted with the following circumstances:

His nephew, whom he had adopted many years before, and to whom he had been very strongly attached, had turned out a young man of violent and ungovernable character. Compelled to resign from the army on account of persistent insubordination, he had gone on the turf and lost large sums of money.

Time after time his uncle had come to his rescue, paying his debts and extricating him from various unpleasant scrapes, till at last he realised that it was hopeless to try and save him. Accordingly, six months before, he had decisively and finally refused to have anything more to do with his nephew as long as he was alive.

Unfortunately, he had not had the strength of mind to alter his will, and in their last interview he had been imprudent enough to say:

"I am an old man, and when I am gone you will have everything. You must wait till then."

The nephew, furious at the prospect of having to earn his own living, had thereupon retorted:

"It would serve you right if I were to come back some night, and cut your throat!"

Knowing the man's reckless and callous disposition, his uncle took this as a serious threat. I was inclined to think that he must have brooded on the words when in bed at night, and thus formed a picture in his mind which gradually assumed the character of an hallucination.

By his own account, however, the apparition began to present itself quite suddenly a week or two before my arrival; and the General professed that he had entertained suspicions that it might be the outcome of a plot to terrify him.

In the face of my experience, he dismissed this last conjecture. Unhappily, he now took the view that the spectre was a warning in the nature of a presentiment, and that his end was not far off

I exerted myself to dissipate this idea, and urged him to at once alter his will, and then

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take a trip abroad. But he steadily resisted my persuasions, and continued to regard himself as *fey*.

The end came sooner than I expected.

One night, about a month after my first arrival at St. Osmund's, as I was in my room just beginning to undress, there was a knock at my door, followed by the hurried entrance of Croft, before I had time to say "Come in."

The valet's face was wrought with terror, and he gasped as he spoke:

"Will you come to the General instantly, sir? He has cut his own throat."

As we hastened along the corridor, the trembling man explained to me that his master had sent him out of the room immediately on coming upstairs, with orders to return in half-an-hour. The valet had gone downstairs accordingly to wait the allotted time. On coming back he had found the General lying on the floor with a gash in his throat.

I made no comment on this extraordinary story till I had reached the scene of the tragedy. On advancing into the room I saw the unhappy man lying where he had fallen, at the foot of the bed, exactly at the spot where I had seen the apparition a week or two before.

Kneeling down hastily, I tore away the shirt, which the frightened servant had not touched, and placed my hand on the victim's heart. It still beat faintly.

"Go instantly and send someone for a doctor," I ordered. "And then come back and bring some brandy."

I did not dare to move the body, but tried to staunch the wound with a towel dipped in cold water, and waited.

The razor by which the gash had evidently been made was held in the right hand of the sufferer, whose fingers were tightly closed over it. This circumstance, coupled with the direction to the valet to leave him alone for half-an-hour, pointed to the wound having been self-inflicted.

As I glanced round the room, my eye was caught by a red spot on one of the door-plates, just above the handle. I walked over and examined it, but the mark was too slight and blurred to tell any tale. No doubt it might have been made by Croft, as he hurried out to summon me. Still, it left a faint seed of doubt in my mind.

In a minute Croft returned with the brandy. He was followed by several of the other servants, whom I sharply ordered to remain outside in the passage.

I poured some brandy between the lips of the sinking man. He opened his eyes and made a movement as though to lift his head.

"Lie still, General," I urged him. "A doctor has been sent for. You had better not move till he gets here."

A look of disbelief gleamed in the General's eyes. He whispered:

"No doctor can save me. I am dying. Get paper and ink."

Believing that he wished to make a will, I snatched writing materials from a table in the room, and knelt down on the floor, so as to be able to place my ear close to his lips.

"This is my dying deposition," dictated the sufferer, in tones so feeble that I could barely catch the syllables. "I inflicted the wound on myself. I did not know what I was doing. No one was with me at the time."

I ceased writing, and gazed with a strange surmise into the eyes of the dying soldier. He held out his hand for the pen, and just managed to splutter a cross on the paper. Obedient to his evident desire, I wrote his name against the mark, and then I and Croft signed as witnesses.

The General made one more attempt to speak, but this time the words only came in fragments.

"Christian burial?" he gasped, with an imploring look. I nodded, to assure him on that point. Then with a look of relief he murmured—"No one guilty—punished—honour of—family," and closed his eyes.

He had been dead for some time when the doctor arrived.

The police, who invaded the house the next morning, took the General's deposition from me, expressed their satisfaction at the case being so clearly explained, and made no further inquiries.

But the last words of the dying man were, for my mind, an enigma, which I was determined to solve.

That peculiar sentence in the deposition itself—"No one was with me at the time"—did it not sound like an attempt to contradict beforehand a suggestion which no one had yet made?

And that reference to the honour of the family—did it not hint that the dying man had taken the heroic resolve to submit to the brand of suicide, in order to screen one who bore his name—who was still dear to him, perhaps—from a far more terrible opprobrium?

In my mind I could conjure up the whole scene; the nephew, rendered desperate by waiting for his uncle's death, creeping into the

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house by some private way, to keep a secret appointment; the fierce demand, followed up by a murderous blow; and the stricken uncle retaining just strength enough to urge his murderer's flight, with the promise of immunity for the sake of the family name.

In the most cautious manner I made a few inquiries of the servants, which satisfied me that the younger Brudenel, on his leaving St. Osmund's six months before, had in all probability retained the key of a small garden door, by which he had formerly been accustomed to let himself into the house at all hours of the night.

It was thus possible that the whole series of visions which had so alarmed and shaken the late General Brudenel might have been cunning devices to kill him by sheer fright.

The chain of evidence was complete, in my own mind, but, alas! I realised that it was far too slender to submit to a court of justice, which demands something more solid than suspicions and inferences. Moreover, I felt that I should be betraying my employer's last wish, if I took a part in publicly exposing the crime.

In this dilemma, unwilling to let the man whom I believed to be a murderer escape altogether, I decided to apply a test of his guilt, suggested to me by the spot of blood on the door, from which all my doubts had originated.

The moment the police were out of the way, I dipped my own fingers in the blood of the murdered man, and printed them on the door-plate.

On the day fixed for the inquest, the younger Brudenel appeared on the scene, dressed in deep mourning. I met him in the hall, and requested him to accompany me upstairs to the deceased's room, the key of which I had been careful to retain in my own custody.

The nephew, who seemed half inclined to bluster and half to conciliate, followed

He held out his hand for the pen, and just managed to splutter a cross on the paper.

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"No one has seen those marks but myself," I declared.

me reluctantly into the presence of the corpse. The moment we entered, I closed the door and placed my back against it.

"Walter Brudenel," I said, looking him full in the face, "your uncle has made a dying declaration that he committed suicide."

Brudenel eyed me suspiciously, but before my stern gaze his eyes sought refuge on the floor.

"Why recall the painful circumstances of my poor uncle's fate?" he mumbled, with well simulated sorrow in his voice.

For a moment it crossed my mind that, after all, my suspicions might be groundless. But, I reflected, if Brudenel were a scoundrel, he would be a clever scoundrel. No doubt he had prepared himself for an emergency, and was ready to brazen matters out until completely brought to bay.

"I have good reasons," I answered, determined to carry out my original intentions, "for saying what I did. Although your uncle may have declared that his death was the work of his own hand—I believe you to be his murderer!"

The accused reeled, as he well might, beneath this sudden blow, and turned all sorts of ghastly hues.

"How dare you?" he panted out.

I stood aside from the door, and pointed to the red finger-prints.

"No one has seen those marks but myself," I declared. "Are you willing to have your finger-prints compared with them?"

The murderer fell backwards with a groan.

I dared not stay to extort a confession, which might have involved me in the duty of a public denunciation. As soon as I had effaced the stains which had produced so overwhelming an effect, I left the unconscious man where he had fallen. I have never seen him since.

It only remains to add that he seems to have fled within an hour from the house and neighbourhood, and that the news of his death was reported not long afterwards to the late General Brudenel's lawyers, from whom he had never ventured to claim the inheritance.

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THE PRISON BREAKER

By Walter O. Hawes.

The Story of how a Notorious Criminal Nearly Succeeded in Escaping from Prison.

The remand of Crabbe, charged with the kidnapping of Lord Monmouth's heir, necessitated the prisoner being temporarily consigned to the "Old Jug."

That brown stone edifice, it may be recalled, stood upon waste ground beyond Friar's Street. To it Crabbe was driven under strong escort, and at its portals he alighted, manacled, and grinning like a death's-head, and so came into our keeping.

That evening I found the Governor in a distressing state of nervous tension.

"The presence here of that notorious prison-breaker is a disquieting fact," he remarked with a shaky laugh. "Dartmoor's the only place that has held him so far. Second-rate gaols aren't a bit of good; and the 'Old Jug' isn't even second-rate. What *is* a chap to do?"

"If I may offer a suggestion," I began, "clear the fire-proof strong-room and furnish *that* for him. It's a temporary stay."

The Governor was pleased with the idea, and gave the necessary orders. Yet, I'll be bound, few of the responsible officials of the gaol slept much that night. I half expected to find the bird flown by the morning; but, no—he was still secure in the strong-room, though not particularly well. The doctor visited him at eleven, found him in a high fever, prescribed drugs and left.

By three the fever had so much increased, and the fellow looked so horribly death-like, that admission to the infirmary was granted. Being unable to stand, he was carried in on the cell pallet.

This sudden upsetting of our carefully-laid plan for securing Crabbe increased the Governor's panic. He instructed the day and night nurses never to relax their vigilance. He saw personally to the security of the doors and windows of the ward.

Thus a week of tension passed. The patient had recovered rapidly; was so far convalescent, in fact, as to be permitted walking exercise in the prison yard. There he would rest, looking as weak as water, and as thin as broomsticks, lazily watching the workmen engaged upon repointing the twelve-feet walls and relaying the asphalt worn and broken by the daily recurring tramp of the prisoners.

The November air was damp and chill, however; while the little flesh he did possess afforded him but slight protection. So he would crawl slowly back and forth between the two warders for an hour, and finally crawl back to the infirmary.

About this time occurred a welcome break in the monotony of the prison-round. I refer to the visit of the descriptive writer and photographer for the comprehensive work on modern prisons recently projected by Government. To me, as secretary, fell the pleasurable duty of escorting these two gentlemen through the "Old Jug," spinning its history and indicating its points of interest.

The camera-man took numerous pictures of the buildings which were picturesque; and of its inmates, who were simply human, and departed. With their departure the dull round of prison duties recommenced.

November the 20th broke raw and dark. Towards the afternoon a dismal fog rolled up in dun-coloured masses from the sea and settled slowly over the town.

About 9.30 in the evening, having drawn up the usual weekly report, I carried the documents to the Governor's room for his approval and signature.

"It seems a most fortunate thing, Amesbury," remarked my chief, raising his greying head and turning his clean-shaven, pallid face and nearly colourless eyes in my direction, "that number 54—Crabbe—should have sickened directly he arrived here. His illness, I am convinced, has kept him secure, where our utmost labour and forethought might have gone for naught. He is still so weak that we may reckon upon holding him for another day or two at least, by which time he will be fit to return to the strong room. Yes; I am feeling more at ease now."

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He ran his pale eyes over the report.

"I see here that you make a point of the fact that he is still secure. It's a curious item in a prison report, but in the case of a felon with such a reputation as Crabbe, quite legitimate I think."

"His latest exploit is said to have enhanced that reputation," I remarked.

"It has greatly. It was a characteristic piece of work, too. Crabbe was lodged at Chelmsford in a room which, after conversion, had done duty as a cell in times of crowding. There is invariably a weak spot in a prison-cell, though one must be extraordinarily acute to discover it. The power to find that spot instinctively is the chief of Crabbe's abilities. The second is his facility in taking advantage of it when found. Well, Crabbe quickly discovered that the one point of weakness in his Chelmsford cell, was a walled-up chimney. After being plastered and white-washed, no sign of the opening remained. In fact, no one suspected its existence until Crabbe had gone, but then the passage the clever rogue had forced was sufficiently obvious."

"He possessed an implement then?"

"Undoubtedly; though it was never discovered. Apparently, when the way was clear, Crabbe enticed a warder on a solitary round into the cell on the plea of sudden illness, stunned him with a stool, and donned his clothes after stripping from them the buttons and other distinguishing marks."

"And then?"

"Then Crabbe climbed the flue to the roof. It is not exactly clear, however, in what manner he left the roof. The theory accepted at the time was that, being a feather-weight he went hand over hand along the private telegraph wire, and slid down the first pole outside the prison precincts. The wire was sagged considerably."

"Altogether a brilliant and daring piece of work," I commented.

"It certainly was."

The Governor had scarcely uttered the words when Green, the new warder, rushed breathlessly into the room. His eyes were round with excitement, while his scrubbing-brush of a beard positively bristled.

"Sir," he panted; "'e's broke out agin!"

"Who's broke out? You don't mean——"

"Fifty-four, sir; yes sir."

"Crabbe gone! I'm disgraced!"

The Governor rose unsteadily; his white face twitching.

"Yes sir. Five minutes ago the electric lights in the infirmary went out. One of us groped to the switch, and when we looked round agin, blest if fifty-four was in 'is bed. Clean vanished, sir."

Without comment or question the Governor hurried to the sick-ward, Green and I following close upon his heels. Though utterly dismayed by this complete inversion of his ideas, the Chief retained sufficient coolness to give hurried directions as he went, for search parties to immediately patrol the outer walls and neighbourhood.

In the ward we found the night-nurses gathered in a confused group by the bed that Crabbe had occupied. His clothes lay piled by the bedside, and the mattress was yet warm. But no sign of his skeleton frame and parchment-covered skull remained.

In dismay we stared at one another and around the long bare room. The electric switch appeared by the opposite door from that by which we had entered; quite a dozen feet from the bed.

"Were the doors fastened?" demanded the Governor.

"Both were fast, sir," replied Green; "and the window-bars are secure."

"What other way of egress can you suggest, Amesbury?"

"The chimney," I replied. "It is narrow; but so is Crabbe."

"That roaring fire's sufficient guarantee he didn't choose the flue," decided the Governor. "Any other suggestion?"

I had noted one other possible way of escape, which, curiously enough, had hitherto been overlooked. Two or three of the patients were leaning upon their elbows, watching and listening to all that passed, so I drew the Chief out of hearing, and whispered my suggestion.

"Im—possible!" exclaimed the Governor on hearing it.

"Not so," I contradicted. "Would it not be advisable, at any rate, to search the exercise yard and the buildings fronting upon it?"

"You are right, Amesbury," replied the Chief, on consideration. "However he escaped from the ward, he must have chosen the yard as the quick way to freedom. There are too many locked doors towards the front of the building."

A lantern was quickly procured, and by its feeble light, enfeebled further by the dense fog which blanketed the district, we examined the base of the outer wall of the infirmary. The wire netting usually covering the mouth of one of the shaft ventilators we found had been torn from its fastenings.

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"By Jove, Amesbury," cried the Governor at the sight, "I verily believe you've solved the mystery."

"Not quite," I hastened to correct; "though Crabbe's movements may be surmised with fair accuracy. His bed, you will remember, is the third from the end wall; quite a dozen feet from the switch of the electric light. I imagine him slipping swiftly under the intervening beds during a temporary distraction of the warders' attention, and switching off the light. This ventilator, as you may judge, is the one nearest the switch. Like the others it is a shaft pattern; a flattish oblong tube reaching half-way up the inner wall, and provided with a flap lid. It curves at the base through the wall and so communicates with the outer air."

"And by that narrow route Crabbe left the ward! It doesn't seem possible."

"It may not, but—it has been accomplished. De Latude—our own Jack Sheppard—squeezed through even narrower apertures."

"Ah! true; true. Then you imagine Crabbe swiftly mounting a chair in the dark, and wriggling his attenuated frame down the ventilator."

"Facing the ward so as to permit the curving of his legs and body when negotiating the outward bend of the tube, this frail wire-netting, of course, offered no great opposition, but it's burst fastenings prove that my theorising has great probability to back it."

"I can see it clearly," muttered the Governor, with suppressed excitement trembling in his tone. "Here are other lights. Let us separate and search the yard and buildings around; the fellow's as good as caught."

I seized a lantern and obeyed in silence, while the rest of the party scattered in various directions seeking some clue to the direction which the prison-breaker had taken. I judged I had discovered such a clue, and after heading once or twice off the track, fetched up by the flagstaff in the centre of the yard.

Presently I heard the Governor's voice calling:

"Without there, Joyce!"

"Hullo!"

"Have you any success?"

"None whatever, sir. It's as dark as the black cells out here."

The voices reached me muffled and confused. Thick gloom was about my face, while the lantern at my feet shed a stifled yellow glare about the pole-foot. Gazing down I perceived an object in that narrow circle of light that set me thinking vigorously, and sent the chilling blood racing afresh through my veins. It was a tiny object, yet it proved to me that Crabbe had once more laughed at locks, bars, warders, and prison walls.

I picked up the lantern and moved across to where the Governor was still pursuing his fruitless search.

"Yes," I answered his look of inquiry; "I believe I can put you on the track of the man we're seeking. We may even lay hands upon him again."

"Do you mean Crabbe has got clear of the 'Old Jug'?"

"I do; and that it's probable we may happen upon him in a certain quarter of the town to which I can lead you."

"Should this be true, Amesbury—" the Chief replied, but left the sentence unfinished. The outlook must have appeared hopeless to him. "We mustn't waste words here," he resumed quickly. "As we go you can relate whatever it is you have fathomed. Come along."

Hurried directions were left with Joyce, and then, warmly clad, the Governor and I plunged across the waste land that encircled the prison. The damp and heavy murk encompassed us. What few sounds reached us through that cloaking fog came dull and rounded to our ears. In vain we sought to penetrate the obscurity.

At length we ran with startling suddenness upon the first block of houses that lined the common. A few steps further and we trod familiar paving-stones. It was at this point I pieced together for the Governor the clues which chance had thrown in my way, and the meaning of which faculties of observation and deduction had rendered clear to me.

"After bursting his way into the yard," I began, "the movements of Crabbe were directed towards the flagstaff. In the scarcely-set asphalt are the imprints of his bare toes, and at the foot of the pole they stop. There are no tracks *leaving* the pole. The obvious conclusion is that Crabbe climbed the pole."

"The dickens!" exclaimed the governor. "But—man alive! The fellow was as weak as a baby; the pole smooth and wet!"

"Precisely; but he had assistance."

The Governor laughed aloud at the idea. "Assistance!" he scoffed.

"Certainly. The polished surface of the

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pole I found to be scored at intervals as though a curry-comb had been applied. Fish is an item of infirmary diet, and dried fish skins fastened to the knees would give a grip."

"Why not sand-paper?" laughed the governor.

"Fish-skin or sand-paper," I answered, "it was obvious Crabbe had climbed the flag-staff."

"One would imagine him to be no better off there in the fog than on the ground."

"Yet it is impossible to think the ingenuity of the man ceased at that point," I continued. "Clearly, he must have planned some method of escape from the pole-top to the ground outside the walls. By a simple calculation you will find that the distance to be covered would be about fifty feet in a straight line."

"A rope!"

"Impossible in the fog, I should say. There is no evidence that Crabbe possessed such a thing, and however skilful an accomplice might be with a lasso, it would be next door to miraculous to succeed in casting the line immediately and accurately, even in daylight, to a point forty feet above ground and fifty feet from his standing-point. Crabbe could not have earned his reputation as the most cunning and successful of prison-breakers had he trusted to such vague chances as that. No; he had arranged, either while free, or through one of the workmen, a much more certain method."

"Has the fire-escape returned?" I inquired

"This gets interesting," observed the Governor. "Fire ahead."

"From the foot of the pole I picked up a half-burnt braided fusee. It's presence there puzzled me, because the 'Old Jug' has electric-light installation, and smoking is forbidden. In the kitchens and elsewhere, as you know, safety matches alone are used. Then memory of the occasion when last I had seen such fusees recurred to me. It was during the visit of the photographer to picture the prison for the projected official volume. And he had used them to ignite the magnesium riband when photographing the interior views. Magnesium riband! No

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sooner had I recalled the facts than the whole puzzling matter was clear. How was it possible for Crabbe accurately to signal his position to his waiting accomplices, unless he possessed the means of guiding their eyes in the darkness? A piece of magnesium riband and a match would solve the difficulty. I suspect the riband and match were purloined in the dark at the time the infirmary was being photographed. However that may be, it appears certain Crabbe possessed the means of indicating his exact position on the pole. Finally as to his descent to outside *terra firma*, a ladder would appear to have provided the prosaic means."

"A fifty-foot ladder!" exclaimed the Governor.

"An unusual length, I admit."

"All this is extremely ingenious, Amesbury; but where are you leading me to? Are we heading for the fifty-foot ladder?"

"Direct for it, sir," I replied. "In fact we have now reached it."

We paused outside the George Street Fire Station.

"*An escape!*" ejaculated my companion, directly his eyes fell upon the red lamp.

"An escape *by* an escape," I replied smiling.

A booted and helmeted figure answered our ringing.

"Has the fire-escape returned?" I inquired.

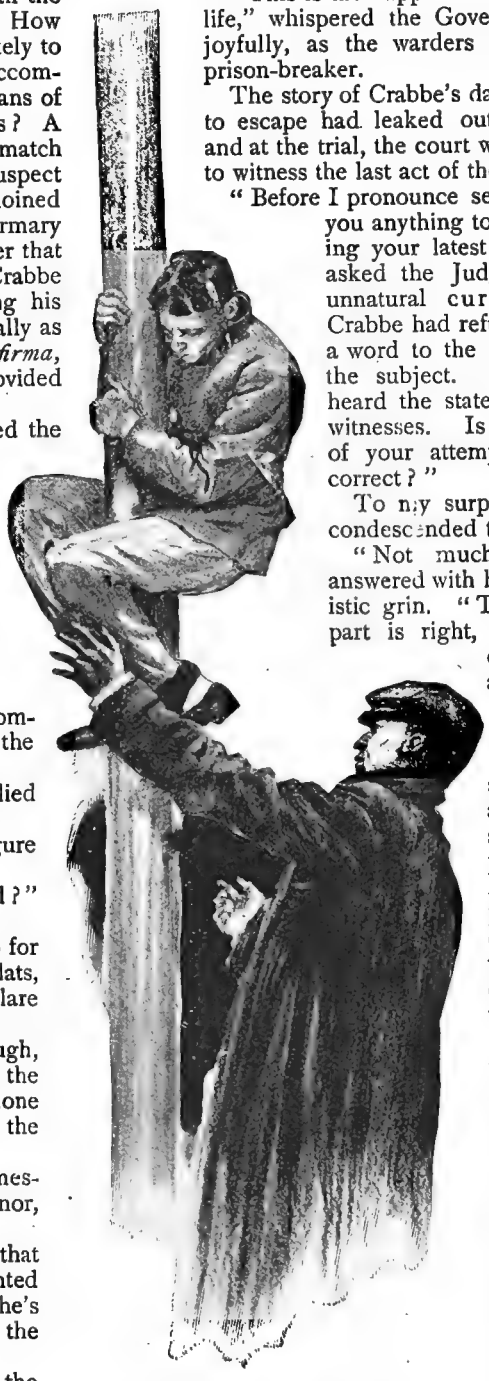
"No, sir. It left an hour ago for South Town. Big blaze at the flats, I understand. You can see the glare from the roadway."

We stepped out, and sure enough, in a direction entirely away from the "Old Jug," a dull yellow light shone through the fog. I was aghast at the discovery.

"What does this mean, Amesbury?" demanded the Governor, gazing sternly at me.

"It signifies," I stammered, "that Crabbe's friends have disappointed him at the call of duty, and that he's still waiting in airy apparel at the top of the pole."

And when again we reached the prison, Crabbe himself furnished confirmation of my surmise by slipping down from his chilly perch into the Governor's arms.



When again we reached the prison, Crabbe himself furnished confirmation . . by slipping down . . . into the Governor's arms.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," whispered the Governor to me, joyfully, as the warders secured the prison-breaker.

The story of Crabbe's daring attempt to escape had leaked out, of course, and at the trial, the court was crammed to witness the last act of the drama.

"Before I pronounce sentence, have you anything to say respecting your latest escapade?" asked the Judge, with not unnatural curiosity, for Crabbe had refused to utter a word to the Governor on the subject. "You have heard the statements of the witnesses. Is their theory of your attempted escape correct?"

To my surprise, Crabbe condescended to reply.

"Not much of it," he answered with his characteristic grin. "The ventilator part is right, as any fool could see, and of course I went up the pole because I came down again. But as to the fish-skin and fusee part ——" A most expressively contemptuous shrug completed the sentence.

"How, then, did you hope to escape from the pole-top?"

"Easily enough, by coming down when the hue and cry was over and finding another way out.

And that was the last Crabbe would say upon the subject.

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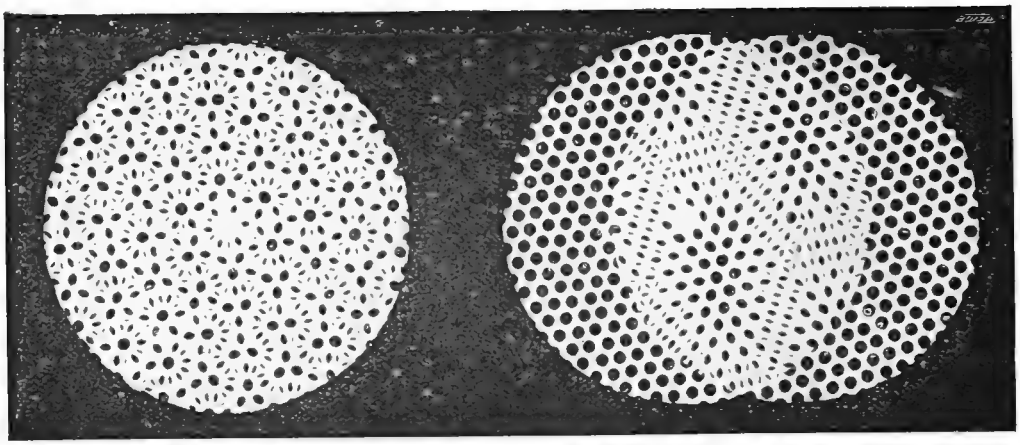

The pretty effect shown in the picture on the left is obtained by overlapping two discs of perforated zinc, and holding them up to the light.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

Quaint and Curious Photographs are Acceptable for this Feature.

A PRETTY DEVICE.

THE first of the two pictures above, appears not unlike the flower, commonly called the snowball. But no flower of any sort was used to obtain this photograph.

The pretty effect was arrived at by merely overlapping two discs of perforated zinc, and then making a shadowgraph. This is done by placing the discs in an ordinary photographic printing-frame with a piece of sensitised paper behind them.

Besides it being possible to produce an almost unlimited variety of designs by slightly changing the position of the zinc discs, the combination of the two metal circles forms an excellent "revolving wheel" slide for a magic-lantern. The effect is, of course, immensely enhanced by carefully covering each disc with a coloured transparency.

Anyone who cares can produce results equally as charming as those shown in the illustration.

A RAISER OF SEA-LOST TREASURES.

To make the sea give up the wealth that she has swallowed up, has been the dream of many.

But to Cavaliere Guiseppe Pino this is a dream no longer. By a clever and simple machine of his own invention, called "The Elevator," he has proved the possibility of raising wrecks, and, indeed, anything from the sea-bed. In fact, as far as raising goes, there is nothing that it cannot "elevate," from a cockle-shell to a huge battleship.

A clever invention of Cavaliere Giuseppe Pino, for the purpose of raising wrecks and other objects from the depths of the sea.

The Elevator consists of two steel platforms, buoyed up by cork. To them a number of long air-bags are attached. The size of the Elevator in operation is governed by the weight and bulk of the object to be raised.

Having located the sunken wreck, the elevator is lowered down to it in a deflated condition. Divers next make it fast to the hulk. Compressed air is then pumped into the bags. When, presto! up rises the wreck.

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WHEN THE PUMA HUNTS.

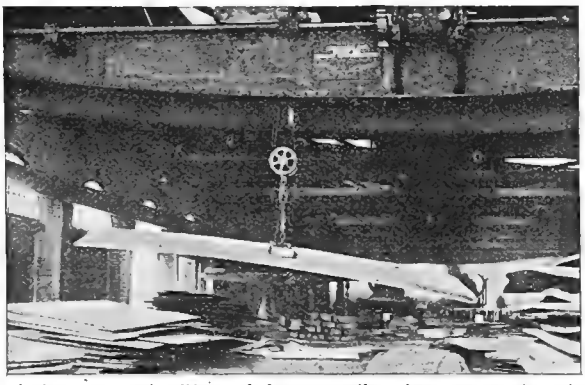
HERE, in England, the farmer dreads most the appearance of foxes in his neighbourhood. But Master Reynard's depredations amongst geese and fowl are insignificant compared to what the farmer in South America suffers from the puma.

This cunning and fierce animal seldom goes far from his home in the forest; preferring, however, when he does, to visit some farm lying in the vicinity. There he plays sad havoc amongst the sheep, killing sometimes thirty or more apparently from mere wantonness.

When not on a marauding expedition the puma catches his prey by the simple expedient of concealing himself in a tree and springing on to the back of the first animal that passes beneath. Terrified at the sudden onslaught the unfortunate creature runs until it drops dead from the many wounds the puma has inflicted during the mad flight for life.

The photograph is of particular interest, as it was taken in the jungles of South America, and shows the puma making a headlong dive at some innocent animal browsing quite twenty feet below.

A unique snap-shot of a puma in the act of springing from a tree on to an unfortunate animal beneath.



A giant magnet that lifts steel plates as easily as its penny counterpart picks up pen-nibs and nails.

A NOVEL METHOD OF LIFTING STEEL.

WHO amongst us has not at some time or other possessed a magnet? That little horse-heel-shaped piece of steel to which pen-nibs and nails cling as if by magic power has always interested us.

One can easily imagine how very different it would be picking up huge sheets of iron by this means. Yet it is to this purpose that the magnet has now been put.

The giant magnets employed are of rectangular shape, and present a flat surface to the plates that it is required to raise.

From a huge crane the magnet is suspended by chains. When in use it is lowered until it touches the steel to which it instantly attaches itself. No adjustment is necessary, as in the old system. This alone affords an immense saving in labour and time.

Besides this, what is of more value, the magnet is capable of lifting steel plates in a heated state. Hitherto this has been considered a well-nigh impossible undertaking. The lifting power of these wonderful magnets is extraordinary, one weighing no more than three hundred pounds is actually capable of lifting four-and-a-half tons.

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CAP AND BELLS

THE IDEAL.

There's a girl that I'm in love with,
Just an outdoor English maid;
She is not too sentimental,
Nor too flippant, nor too staid.

She's too beautiful for telling,
Hair of gold and eyes of blue;
She's a charming, gracious manner,
And her age is twenty-two.

Outdoor games are her vocation,
And she loves all forms of sport;
She never plays the violin
Or the pianoforte.

With gun in hand, or dog at heel,
She's never at a loss.
She still detests a motor car,
And dotes upon a horse.

She's a champion at tennis,
Where she has some killing strokes;
She's a perfect sense of humour,
So she understands my jokes.

She's a maid of moods and tenses,
Sometimes grave as well as gay;
And she really can be silent
When she hasn't much to say.

When she dances she's a fairy
With a fairy's airy tread;
And she doesn't waltz the polka,
But she sits it out instead.

And about this charming maiden
I have only one regret:
I admit that she is perfect,
But I haven't met her yet.

G. W. M.

HALFPENNY WHIFFS.

LIPSLEY: "You know those cigars Miss Beacon sent me for Christmas?"

LAPSLEY: "Yes."

LIPSLEY: "Well, I gave a lot to my friends, and now I haven't any left."

LAPSLEY: "What, cigars?"

LIPSLEY: "No, friends!"

* * *

'TWAS EVER THUS.

If you earn a thousand nearly,
You think two thousand yearly
Would be just the proper figure to make your happiness complete;
But your income when it doubles
Only multiplies your troubles,
For the outgo then increases, and the ends they still don't meet.

* *

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

EMPLOYER: "I have noticed, Mr. Johnson, that you, of all the clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into the work; that no detail is too small to escape your critical attention, no hours too long to cause you to repine."

CLERK (joyfully): "Y—yes, sir."

EMPLOYER: "And so, Mr. Johnson, I am forced to discharge you at once. It is such men as you that go out and start rival establishments after they have got the whole thing down pat."

SO YOUNG AND YET SO WISE!

TEACHER: "Give me the solution of the following problem: Two cyclists start from the same point, the first going at twenty miles an hour, starting at mid-day, and the second at fifteen miles, starting half an hour later; where will they meet?"

SMALL BOY: "At the first public-house."

"Whatever are you doing right on the top of that tree, Mike? Don't you see that it's being cut down?"

Mike: "Yes, your honour; the last time ye had a tree cut down it fell on the top of me, and, begorra, I'll be safe this time."

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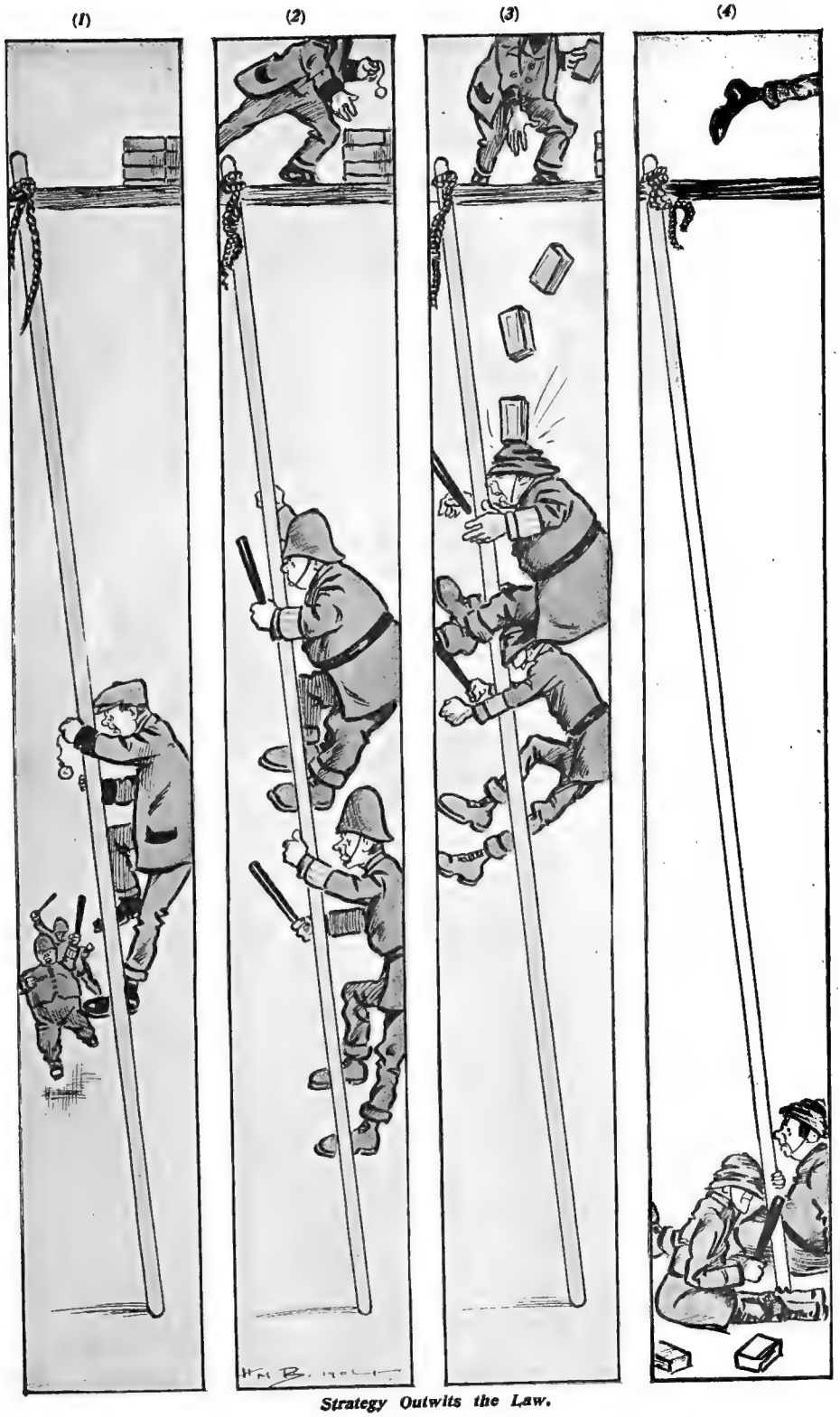

Strategy Outwits the Law.

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PAPA APPRECIATES A GOOD THING.

***Kind Father:* "My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you."**
***Daughter:* "Are you sure of that, Papa?"**
***Kind Father:* "Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months, and still he keeps coming."**

* * * * * * * * * *

MUSIC APPRECIATED.

MISS THUMPP-HARDIE: "Did you ask Mrs. Nextdoor if my piano-playing disturbed her baby?"

SERVANT: "Yes, mum; and she said the baby liked it, and she was much obliged to you fer playin' so much."

MISS THUMPP-HARDIE: "Did she, really?"

SERVANT: "Yes, mum. She said it saved her the trouble of poundin' on a tin pan."

* * *

HE WAS EXCUSED.

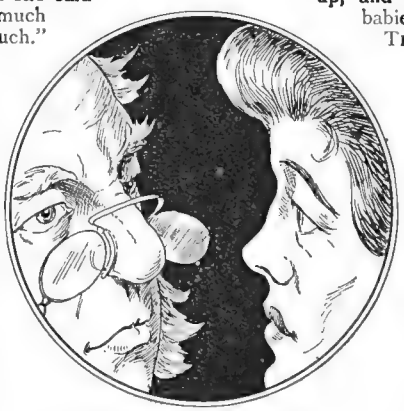
"You bust excuse be this evydig, Biss Billigad," said Mr. Addlethwaine, "if by peech is a liddle thick, for I have a terrible cold id by head."

"I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "and that reminds me that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."

"Why so, Biss Billigad?"

"She told me, the other day, that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that she made a mistake."

* * *



WISDOM OF THE M.D.

***Anxious Wife:* "What do you think of my husband's case?"**

***Physician:* "Oh, he'll pull through all right. What he needs is rest, so I have prescribed an opiate."**

***Anxious Wife:* "How often shall I give it to him?"**

***Physician:* "Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself."**

QUITE ANOTHER MATTER.

INDIGNANT LANDLORD (to tenant of flat): "I thought you said that all your children were grown up, and here you've got these noisy babies in the house."

TENANT: "Yes; these are my grandchildren."

* * *

GIVING AND TAKING.

HOBSON: "I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing."

THE POOR FATHER: "Taking is not the word; giving is more like it."

* * *

VIRTUE REWARDED.

THE MANAGER: "How came you to leave your last place?"

APPLICANT: "I was discharged for good behaviour, sir."

THE MANAGER: "Discharged for good behaviour. That's unusual, isn't it?"

APPLICANT: "Well, you see, good conduct took three months off my sentence."

* * *

HE WASN'T AN ACROBAT.

Mr. Masher had seated himself on a rail on the Esplanade the better to see and be seen, when he lost his balance, but managed to hold on. A passer-by said to his wife: "Well, here's another of those acrobats, John—here are a rare lot in this place. I'll give the poor fellow a penny."

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A LITTLE MISTAKE.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that jeweller is!"

"How so?" inquired his friend.

"Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved on the engagement ring the letters 'From A. to Z.'—From Arthur to Zenobia, you know—and the idiot went to work and put in the whole alphabet!"

* * * * *

These are hard days for good temperance people. They can't prevent their noses from bearing a suspicious appearance, and even the thermometer takes a drop occasionally.

* * * * *

NO LAUGHING MATTER.

STRANGER: "You are the only gentleman in the room."

GUEST: "In what way, sir?"

STRANGER: "When I tripped in the dance, and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh."

GUEST: "The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress."

FROM THE SHOULDER.

JUDGE (to prisoner): "Your statement does not agree with the evidence of the last witness."

PRISONER: "I don't wonder. He's a bigger liar than I am."

* * * * *

MATRIMONIAL CLOUDS.

OLETIMER: "Family troubles, eh? Doesn't your wife trust you?"

NEWLYWED: "Why, yes. But, confound it, the butcher won't."

* * * * *

KNEW THE CAUSE.

GIGGLETON: "I nearly died with laughter last night."

PARKER: "Which one of your jokes were you telling?"

* *

BIASSED.

SHE: "Oh, yes, I quite believe there's a fool in every family. Don't you?"

HE: "Well—er—my opinion's rather biassed. You see, I'm the only member of the family."

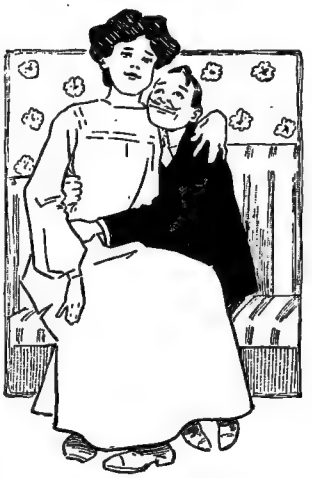
* *

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

MRS. PLUTUS: "John, I want you to take Fido for a walk on the parade."

JOHN: "If you please, mum, Fido won't follow me."

MRS. PLUTUS: "Well, then, you must follow Fido."



HAD DONE IT.

Paterfamilias: "And could you support my daughter, sir?"

Her Lover: "I have two strong arms."

Paterfamilias: "But can they support her?"

Her Lover: "They often have, sir."

* * *

SO NEAR & YET SO FAR!

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MR. EDITOR —HIS PAGE.

Don't Miss this Page simply because it's the Last in the Number.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

It's time you began saving your sixpennies, for the grand enlarged Christmas number of THE ROYAL makes its stately entry into the world on the 22nd of November. I'm an old-fashioned person, and, consequently, a great believer in keeping my best for Christmas, and this year I've a very satisfactory bill of fare to put before all my readers.

Personally, though it gave me considerable work and trouble, I thoroughly enjoyed thinking it out and getting it together. My idea has always been to make a Christmas number as varied in interest as possible—not to harp too persistently on the one string: Christmas topics. I have at least one typically seasonable article, an aspect of Christmas never before treated, so far as my memory serves, and two or three charming Christmas stories—one by Owen Oliver, and about the prettiest of that popular writer's work.

More I won't say, as I prefer the rest to come as a pleasant surprise, although I should like to tell you some funny details concerning the Christmas article in "The World Through Other Eyes" series. Never mind, you'll hear everything next month.

THOSE MUSICALLY INCLINED

Should be very interested to hear that we are making a revolution in the publication of music. One shilling and fourpence or two shillings is the lowest price you have hitherto paid for songs. You can now get them for sixpence, under the general title, **Pearson's 6d. Music,** and without the fag of going to a musicseller or publisher. These songs can be had at any bookstall, or can be *ordered* through any newsagent. You can get them at Smith's stalls with your evening paper.

Personally, I am not a musician, and know very little about music, but I have plenty of musical friends, and they thought the idea an excellent one, especially when I told them that each song was in two keys, so as to suit different voices. They wanted to know how the publishers were going to make the songs pay. How, indeed! I am sure I don't know.

The first of this new series, "Homeward," written and composed by Gerald Lane, is now on sale. Let's hear what you think of it.

THE RIVAL PAPERS.

I heard an amusing and perfectly true story a short while ago. Two men were travelling in the same railway carriage. One of them was reading a certain popular weekly paper which I will call *The Germ*, the other the most redoubtable rival of that paper, which you may know as *The Microbe.* After a while those fellow-travellers fell into conversation, and the weather and the war having been duly discussed, Mr. A. (he who was engrossed in *The Germ*) alluded to weekly papers generally and soon the rival merits of *The Microbe* and *The Germ* became the subject of a lively argument. Now, strangely enough, Mr. A., although he had purchased *The Germ* at the railway station, thought it about the rottenest paper he had ever set eyes upon, and, equally strange to say, Mr. B., in spite of the penny he had given for *The Microbe*, affirmed that he had never read such bosh as that paper contained weekly.

And again, strange to relate, both these gentlemen heartily disagreed with each other, Mr. A. declaring *The Microbe* to be a really fine publication, Mr. B. being of the firm conviction that *The Germ* was impossible to beat. The argument was fast becoming acrimonious, and nasty insinuations were being thrust back and forth, when Mr. A. thought to clinch the argument with: "After all, I speak from special knowledge being an editor myself."

"And so am I," said Mr. B.

They both disbelieved the other.

"What's your paper?" asked Mr. A.

"Er—well," replied Mr. B.—"what's yours."

"Er—*The Microbe*," said Mr. A. with a flush.

"And mine, *The Germ*," confessed Mr. B.

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Do you understand

he immense importance of the unique superiority of Odol? While all other preparations for cleansing the mouth and teeth are effective only during the few moments of application, the antiseptic and refreshing power of Odol continues gently but persistently *for hours afterwards.* Odol penetrates the interstices of the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, to a certain extent impregnating them, and leaving an antiseptic deposit on the surface. In this manner a continuous antiseptic effect is secured, by means of which the whole oral cavity, to the minutest recesses, is completely freed from and protected against all fermenting processes and injurious bacteria. Owing to this characteristic, *peculiar only to Odol,* fermentation is absolutely arrested and the healthy condition of mouth and teeth assured. Sold by all Chemists at half-a-crown the full size, and eighteenpence the half-size flask.

Odol not only cleanses the teeth but also insures them against decay.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE

"VASELINE"

The Original Screw Cap Bottles have the Company's name stamped on the glass.

2 oz. size, 3d. 5 oz. size, 6d.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO. (Consd.)
42, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.
Sole Proprietors and Makers.

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THOMAS DIXON.

British Representative, Page-Davis School of Advertising, 193, 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

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The Development of the Advertising Profession.

An Instructive Article for Young Men and Women.

By Thomas Dixon.

When you study the advertising of the present day, it must be apparent that a significant change has taken place in the public attitude concerning the broad business value of a first-hand knowledge of this science. Only a few years ago it was almost universally held that a knowledge of advertising was the exclusive province and property of the advertising expert, and that the ordinary business man not specially or directly charged with the oversight or preparation of advertising matter, had no call to concern himself with the art of advertisement writing.

To-day the tables are completely turned. While the profession of the advertising expert has been steadily and rapidly expanded, and its standard consistently elevated, until its foremost exponents receive salaries and fees which make their earnings equal to those of the executive of large business enterprises, it is felt that a thorough grounding of the art of advertising is no longer the monopoly of the professional expert.

This striking change in the public attitude towards advertising has been co-extensive with the adoption of those vital qualities in publicity which make its appeal more convincing and at the same time more sparkling and suggestive. This element is as yet in its infancy, but the near future will see its development in the revolution of the old methods. It involves a richer strain of originality expressed in more telling style. Its widening scope is daily opening up the prospects of greater success in every field, while its possibilities urgently demand that every progressive business man, and especially the younger generation, who are pushing forward for higher places and improved positions, should have a practical knowledge of the art. The change of public opinion is of vital interest and importance. Its history can be traced directly and distinctly to the growth and expansion of the pioneer school of instruction in the art, the Page-Davis Correspondence School of Advertising, 195 Oxford Street, London, W. This remarkable institution was the first to conceive the startling idea that the art of advertising could be successfully taught, and the first to say and prove that this kind of instruction could be successfully given by means of correspondence.

A. SOMERTON,
Ad-writer to The Chiswick Soap Co., Manufacturers of the famous Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

Fully seventy-five per cent. of the students of this School are active business men in various branches of mercantile and commercal pursuits, and a very considerable proportion of them hold executive positions of responsibility and importance. The reason why many students do not adopt advertising as a profession is simply due to the consideration that they undertook the study of it as an essential part of the equipment of an all-round business man. It is indisputable that this acquisition repays them a hundredfold in practical efficiency in all that relates to the upbuilding of success.

ARTHUR TAYLOR,
Ad-writer to "Cycling," the well-known cycle journal.

With an average amount of business foresight men cannot fail to appreciate that advertising plays a prominent part in the world of keen commercial competition; but comparatively few realise the value of a working knowledge of this art to the man who does not intend to follow the advertising profession, but is determined to use his knowledge of this department of business activity as a lever with which to lift himself into higher positions and larger responsibilities.

A. H. CLARKE,
Midland Representative of well-known London Papers.

Unexploited Advertising Territory.

It has not yet been recognised by the young men of the country that in their own localities or towns they have ground to work upon which has never been covered. No matter where a young man may be residing there are manufactures, either the outcome of the hand or of the ground, which can be advertised successfully. There are tradesmen in every neighbourhood who advertise, and who go on in the same old crude way simply through

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lack of a guiding hand to show them successful methods. Young men should think of the many merchants in their own locality who would be glad of assistance; several of these under a student's care would add considerably to their profits.

Study the above maps for your own particular ground. With the space at our disposal we cannot enter fully into the various manufactures, but supplementary information, which can be obtained from any local directory, will convince you of the many commodities which can be advertised, and the many merchants who are willing to branch out in this essential part of their business, if you will only offer them the guidance of a specially trained mind in the way indicated by the Page-Davis School.

It is scarcely possible that any man can to-day be found who will not instantly admit that advertising is one of the most vital and important elements of business in this age of fierce competition, which has made the words "publicity and promotion" familiar to every ear. Nor will any bright business man of to-day question the statement that the clerk, the accountant, or the employé of any kind who knows the value of advertising, the comparative values of the various advertising mediums, the proper construction of a successful advertisement, the details of reproduction processes, of *papers*, *newspapers*, *rates*, and, above all, of how to express himself in crisp and convincing language, is of far greater value to his employer than the equally bright employé who is uninformed on these particulars.

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A. LE PINE STRANGE,
Of Strange Bros., Eastbourne.

It is strictly within the truth to say that scores and even hundreds of promotions have been made because employers have learned that those in their service have volunteered ideas in relation to advertising which have been of practical and immediate value. These same employers have also discovered that the persons making these helpful and intelligent suggestions acquired their knowledge of advertising through a course of correspondence instruction.

The Directors of large Public Companies are continually on the look-out for young men who are anxious to learn, and when they see them taking up a course of instruction such as the Page-Davis study, they are only too glad to encourage them, as they recognise that they will not only be working for their own benefit, but also for the furtherance of the Company's Interests.

There can be no doubt that a large element in the confidence which the public has shown in this School is due to the fact that the institution does not assume to teach the art of advertising in any arbitrary number of lessons, or within a given time-limit, but realises the fact of human nature that the usual endowments and industry of some students will enable them to acquire a thorough working knowledge of the subject in a fraction of the time demanded to place the less industrious or less favourably equipped student at the same stage of development. This emergency, arising through the different circumstances surrounding the various pupils and the difference in their natural endowment, has been met by the School's adoption of the rule that the payment of enrolment fee entitles each student to pursue his studies until he has reached a satisfactory degree of proficiency. As already mentioned, business men have taken up the study to enable them to control and guide their advertisement departments more efficiently. These men cannot devote all their time to this department of their business, and the School has been able to introduce students of promise who have carried out and improved upon their ideas. This service is at the disposal of any business firm in the country, as there are always a number of students on the books of the School who would be an acquisition to any firm.

E. E. KING,
Manager to the Tyne and Wear Billposting Co.

H. C. PRIESTLEY,
A successful South Coast Student.

Well, now, what are you going to do? Make up your mind to study the subject of advertising. No observer can study the methods of the Page-Davis School without being impressed as never before that not only is this the age of advertising, but that a knowledge of it is a great aid to advancement in commercial life.

The writer of this article will be only too pleased to enter into correspondence with any Business House or reader who is interested in the subject. He will be glad to consult as to the methods of improving an already existing department, to introduce a capable student, or to enter into details with any bright and ambitious young man who is desirous of obtaining a sound knowledge of the subject of advertising.

CUT THIS OUT.

Cut out this form and post it to the Page-Davis School of Advertising. Fill in your name and address; and they will give you a complete understanding of the possibilities of your position and the attainment of an advertising knowledge. Thomas Dixon, Page-Davis Co. (Dept. R.P.), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

Please send me your free prospectus showing the various successes of your tuition. I am interested in the subject and would like to have complete particulars.

Name.....

Date..... *Address*.....

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The Second Piece

PEARSON'S
6D
MUSIC
Echoes
WRITTEN BY
CLIFTON BINGHAM.
COMPOSED BY
ROBERT EDEN.
COPYRIGHT
1904
Dear, I can not do with out you-out you There is such a charm a-bout you-bout you
Published for C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd and the DAILY EXPRESS by ELKIN & Co Ltd. 8 & 10 Beak St. Regent St. London. W.

of

Pearson's Sixpenny Music.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE NOV. 1.

(This song may be heard at any of the Agencies of the Gramophone & Typewriter Co., Ltd.) . . . . .

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"Sound" advice for a hostess

GRAND PRIX
PARIS 1900

Have a COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE to entertain your friends.

An outfit (with gold-moulded COLUMBIA RECORDS, now reduced to One Shilling each) will provide endless fun for your guests and will also make your home more attractive to your growing sons and daughters.

GRAPHOPHONES *are sold from* ***18/6*** *to* ***£15 15s.***

CYLINDER AND DISC STYLES. *From any of our* 10,000 *dealers.*

"Grand Opera" Records can now be had at no extra charge. Our handsome illustrated Record Catalogue (new edition) FREE on request.

Write for "Price Book C."

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Genl.,

89, Gt. Eastern St., London, E.C. 200, Oxford St., W. Glasgow—50, Union St. Cardiff—96, St. Mary St.

MAKES WOMEN BEAUTIFUL.

Marvellous Development accomplished by the new and wonderful Diano method of enlarging the female bust.

Thin women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested; but those who by some unfortunate circumstances of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called DIANO, and is controlled by the well-known ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. There is no doubt about the marvellous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about DIANO should send her name and address to the ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY. They will send free in plain sealed envelope by post a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life, showing the actual development induced, and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists, and prominent ladies, all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of DIANO to enlarge the bust, no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need to do is to send name and address and a stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address—
LADY MANAGER, A.T. ESPANOLA MEDICINE COMPANY (Dept. 109), 203a Regent Street, London, W.

"The desire to possess Beauty is keenest where refinement is strongest."

Massage to prevent adhesions; Strengthen muscles, etc. **The R.E.P. Book.** also treats of Gouty Synovitis, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Back Ache, Sprains, Common Ailments, etc.

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HUMAN TREATMENT **The R.E.P. Book.** (256 PAGES. Illustrated). Post free throughout the world in exchange for postal order or stamps (Foreign stamps accepted) to the value of 1s. or Post Free throughout the world upon receipt of Three booklet covers enclosed for the purpose in the cartons of 1s. 1½d. or One booklet cover from 2s. 9d. bottles of Elliman's UNIVERSAL Embrocation; or order of your bookseller 1s. net. ELLIMAN, SONS & Co., SLOUGH, ENG.

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CURED
BY ABSORPTION

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Send your name to-day and get

4/6 WORTH FREE

Rheumatism is a blood disease caused by the presence of uric acid. MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS (the genuine) possess the remarkable property of being able to draw out and absorb this acid through the pores of the feet. Our FREE BOOKLET explains and illustrates in colours how this is done.

R. A. OLIVER, Secretary.

The process is simple but wonderful, and the discovery is of vast importance to this country, so burdened with the curse of rheumatism. Here is one of hundreds of letters we are receiving daily:

"Magic Foot Draft Co.,

"Dear Sirs,—I have used your MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS, and they have wrought a perfect cure. It seemed as though they drew the pain from the hips and legs to my feet. I am over 60 years of age, and I think it is wonderful. You are at liberty to use my name as reference.—Very truly yours, (Signed) M. J. LIDDELL, Granville Road, Middlesboro'."

MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS (the genuine) cure to stay cured, for when the acid poisons are once removed the cause of pain is gone. The treatment is guaranteed absolutely harmless and safe. Send your name to-day. Return post will bring a pair of Drafts absolutely free, post paid, and **you will never be asked to pay a penny for them.** Remember this treatment is guaranteed to cure. Write to-day to MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., 1135 Victoria Chambers, 65 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM

(clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids; ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lbs., 4s. 4d., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. Conyers, Chagford, R.S.O., Devon.

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Five Professionals, including H. W. Stevenson, broke their records with "Crystalate" last Season.

Sold by Billiard Houses and Sports Depots throughout the Empire.

Throw same angle as ivory.

Look the same.

Sound the same.

Last Longer, and Cost Less than Half the Price.

MADE IN ENGLAND

THE ENDOLITHIC MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
POMONA BUILDINGS, FORD ST., LONDON, E.C.

WORLD'S Cycling RECORDS

HAVE RECENTLY BEEN MADE on

A Bicycle fitted with the

FAGAN
TWO-SPEED
HUB

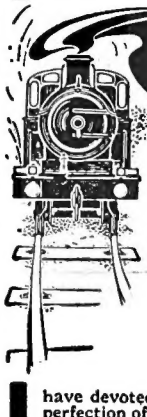
	H. M. S.
100 Mile Midland Cycling and Athletic Club's Road Race in	5 15 9
100 Mile Bath Road Cycling Club's Road Race in.....	5 5 23
100 Mile Southern Counties Road Record in	5 18 50

The Fagan Hub is fitted with the famous Hyde Clutch, Freewheeling on both Speeds.

Write at once for Booklet, post free, Dept. 6

EADIE MFG. CO. LTD.,
REDDITCH.

"INTEREST YOUR BOY IN ENGINEERING."



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From the moment you buy a packet until the last flake is cooked you have

Quaker Oats Economy!

More nourishment, more real strength and vitality than from any other food.

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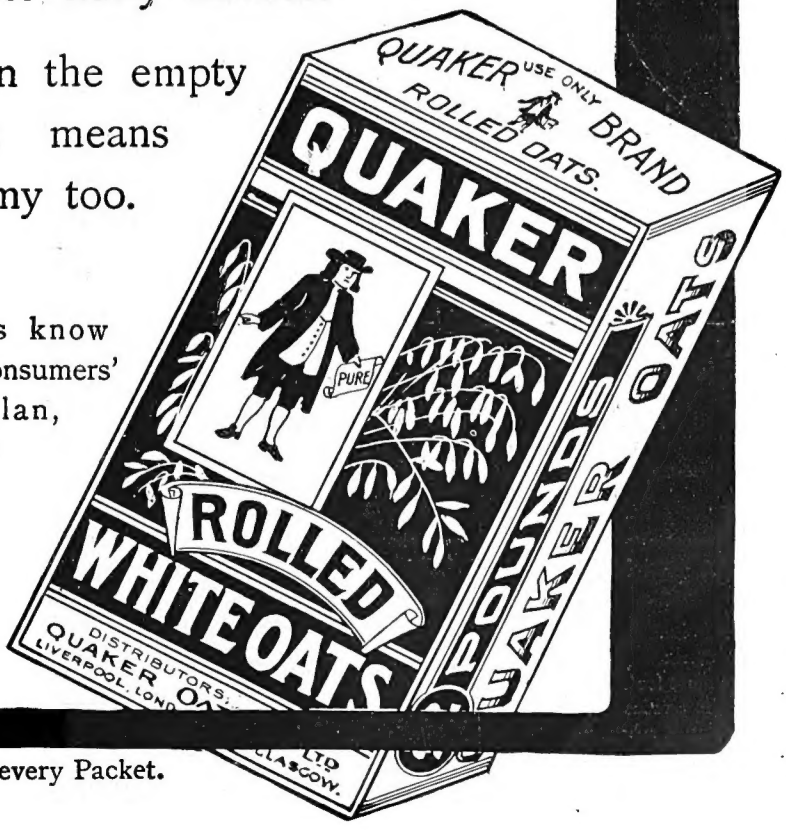
Even the empty packet means economy too.



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See Circular in every Packet.

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PEARS' ANNUAL

CHRISTMAS, 1904.

Ready Nov. 21st.

A **Picture Gallery** FOR **6d.** ONLY.

Will contain a series of Christmas Tales from Dickens's Works, entitled—

"CHRISTMAS DAYS WITH CHARLES DICKENS."

Selected by PERCY FITZGERALD.

Illustrated with reproductions, in **COLOURS**, of the Drawings in the Original Text by PHIZ and JOHN LEECH, Supplemented by Additial Pictures in Dickensian Spirit, by CHARLES GREEN and FRANK DADD.

WITH THE ABOVE ARE

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Cocoas treated with alkali and chemicals have a medicinal scent, and being darker when in liquor, present a fictitious appearance of strength.

"CADBURY's is universally considered by the leading medical authorities as the highest type of a pure Cocoa."

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"Cocoa in itself is an excellent and nutritious food. . . . the practice of adding foreign substances should be condemned."

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"CADBURY'S is the standard of highest purity at present attainable in regard to Cocoa."

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